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1810



"THE ORDER OF RELEASE."

From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

Some Early Recollections of Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

BY FRANCES H. LOW.



YEAR ago, when Sir John Millais was less sought after by the interviewer than he is to-day, I had the privilege and pleasure of an hour's converse with him; and much of what he said upon that occasion appears to me to be of sufficient interest, to those who care about this great painter's pictures, to print. Upon receiving Sir John's permission to do this, he volunteered to let me adorn my little article with some of his early drawings, which were for the moment mislaid, but which it was hoped would be recovered in time.

Now, alas, it is certain that these sketches and studies, to the number of five hundred, have been stolen; and great as is their loss to the President of the Academy, who told me he would give hundreds of pounds to recover them, it is a still greater one to the readers of this Magazine, who would have appreciated the opportunity of examining the first ideas and studies from which Sir John Millais developed his beautiful complete art. Happily the delicate little study that we are able to reproduce here has been preserved, and will be recognised by those

John Millais has never painted anything finer than the face of the Highlander's wife, with its calm triumph and endurance, nobleness and tenderness. Her face is admirably contrasted and harmonized with the strong physiognomy of the gaoler, who examines, with something of scepticism, the document that she hands him; and that is to release her husband, who has taken part in the rebellion of '45. The collie and the true Highland child, with its plaid and bare legs, breathe the very spirit of reality, and carry back the imagination to scenes in past history that will never fail to touch and enchant when presented by the hand of a master.

"Ophelia" is another, and one of the very few modern pictures that are wholly unforgettable. The exquisite solemn beauty of the landscape, with its reeds and rushes and lilies, serves to accentuate the tragic fate of the drifting figure—beautiful in its pathos and helplessness—which will ere long find calm and peace beneath the waters.

The long gallery of child figures, which have given Sir John Millais a place beside Sir Joshua Reynolds as the painter of lovely, innocent English childhood, includes few sweeter pictures than those reproduced in our



STUDY FOR "APPLE BLOSSOMS," BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

who are familiar with the picture called "Apple Blossoms."

The other pictures of which we are enabled to give illustrations are, for the most part, early ones, and may possibly not have been seen in the original by the younger generation who read these pages. The "Order of Release" is one of the pictures that, once seen, remain for ever in the memory. Sir

pages under the titles of "My First Sermon" and "My Second Sermon," "Asleep" and "Awake," and "The Minuet."

"The Vale of Rest," an early and extremely fine example of Millais's pre-Raphaelite period of production, is one of those supreme pictures whose beauty of colour is rather form than mere decoration; and that can, therefore, be but faintly conveyed by the finest



From the Picture by]

"OPHELIA."

[Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P. R. A.

engraving or etching. Who that has ever seen this picture forgets the wondrous sunset light that lingers with a thousand evanescent hues over the evening face of Nature, transforming and transfiguring decay, death itself, into a radiant golden vision? The spell of the figure is deepened by the dramatic face of the nun, whose deep, mysterious, and inscrutable eyes seem to reflect the spirit of inanimate Nature with its unsurpassed loveliness and terror; and bid the troubled human soul seek its answer there.

Sir John Millais is the gifted son of a real old Norman family settled in Jersey. He is very proud of his descent, and took care to impress upon me the distinction between Norman and French, and the position of Jersey as a country.

"Thackeray once asked me," he said, "meaning to get a rise out of me, when England took Jersey; and I remember how he laughed when I said, decisively, 'Never; Jersey conquered England!'" which statement his present interviewer does not recollect to have seen in the history-books.

So far as he knows, his family have never produced painters, but his brother and sisters were extremely fond of music and accomplished musicians, and his mother had not only a love of music, but had many cultivated tastes, and was an extremely clever woman. She recognised her son's talent in his childhood, but, naturally, was unable to



"THE MINUET."
From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

estimate its future greatness, this discernment being due to Sir Hilgrove Turner, the Governor of Jersey, who was so confident of the lad's artistic genius that, when he was barely seven years old, he told his father and mother they must make him an artist.

"I remember," said the artist, "that as a little fellow of six or seven I was perpetually drawing, and was perfectly happy in the possession of a pencil. I did all sorts of things, and had a special love for butterflies and birds. I did a number of pen-and-ink tournaments, which I hoped to have been able to let you have; but they are amongst the stolen drawings."

I asked Sir John whether he thought the beautiful scenery and surroundings of Jersey

had exercised any influence over his early ideas and compositions. He answered that he believed his early associations not only of country and scenery, but also of people, had been one of his most strong and permanent influences. There was a family living at Roselle called Lempriere, who came of an old and distinguished race, and of whom the great painter says: "I do not think any impressible child or young man could have been brought into their presence without recognising, and for ever remembering, the beauty and attractiveness, of dignity of deportment and grace, and urbanity of manner. The head of the family at the time, Philip Raoul Lempriere, Seigneur of

Rosselle Manor, was a most handsome, noble man, and his manner down to the poorest dependent was exquisitely fine. One carried away an impression that was unforgettable."

I ventured to say that the humble interviewer of Sir John Millais could recognise that not only had the example been impressive, but that it had also been of practical effect, and its happy fruits added to the other gifts possessed by our greatest modern painter.

"His wife," he continued, with a deprecating smile, "had her own feminine beauty and grace, and the sons and daughters were worthy of them. One of the grandsons, now General Lempriere, was the original of the figure in 'The Huguenots.' There was an atmosphere

of nobleness and beauty there, which was in itself an education incomparably finer than that of college. They were very fond of me, and I spent much of my time there, and learned unconsciously to care for what was lovely. I remember at a very early age noticing their beautiful hands, and being content to watch them. You understand, they had not only rare beauty of form, but the highest standard of honour and rectitude."

At the age of eight Millais's family removed to London, and the boy's exceptional powers obtained his admission to the British Museum, where he drew from the cast every day for several hours. A few years later he won the medal of the Society of Arts, was later on



"MY FIRST SERMON."

From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

admitted to the Academy School, and exhibited his first picture at the Academy at the age of fifteen.

Nothing can exceed the modesty with which the painter speaks of his early marvellous achievements.

"You must have been very happy," I remarked, "not only to have been able to give outward form to your artist powers at so early an age, but to have also had so prompt a recognition?"

"Prompt recognition!" repeated Sir John. "I never had any encouragement at all. All my early pictures were damned by the critics, and my parents were so discouraged that my father said over and over again: 'Give up painting, Jack, and take to something else.'"

"I have had a happy life on the whole, but my youth was very unhappy. I had to work hard, illustrating and doing portraits and all sorts of inferior work, to help at home, ever since I was a lad, and my early pictures received nothing but abuse. The critics were a greater power at that time than they are to-day; and however it may have been with other men, I had no consciousness of ultimate triumph then. I went on for years in a storm of disapproval."

"But, surely," I asked, rather puzzled, "your famous picture, 'The Huguenots,' was painted whilst you were still a young man?"

"Oh, well, yes; young so far as age, as I was only

twenty-two; but then," catching my smile, "I had been painting for years."

Yet to most of us, whose lot is the commonplace one of non-achievement and failure, the figure of this young man producing his immortal picture at an age when genius is generally still immature and dumb, is sufficiently dazzling; and the years of heartsick disappointment and struggle seem but the grey clouds through which the golden sun presently gleams. It may be an encouragement to others to know that Sir John Millais's compositions have not been produced with that ease and lightness that are popularly supposed to accompany great powers. To use his own expressive words,



"MY SECOND SERMON."

From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.



"ASLEEP."

From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

his pictures have always been done "with great travail."

"I am always dissatisfied, and when the picture is done, I loathe it and never want to see it again. After a time I can regard it from an objective point of view; but, even then, everything comes back to me, and I get for the moment the same feelings."

Art students will hear with interest the views that the President of the Royal Academy holds upon art education.

"I do not believe much in direct instruction. Surround a boy with great art, and he will learn; and if he is too stupid to learn from the models before him, he is no good at all."

At the finish of this utterance Sir John spoke with warmth of the folly of hammering an art into persons who had neither feeling nor appreciation for it. He alluded to the way that music is drummed into a girl for years and years, and at the end of



"AWAKE."

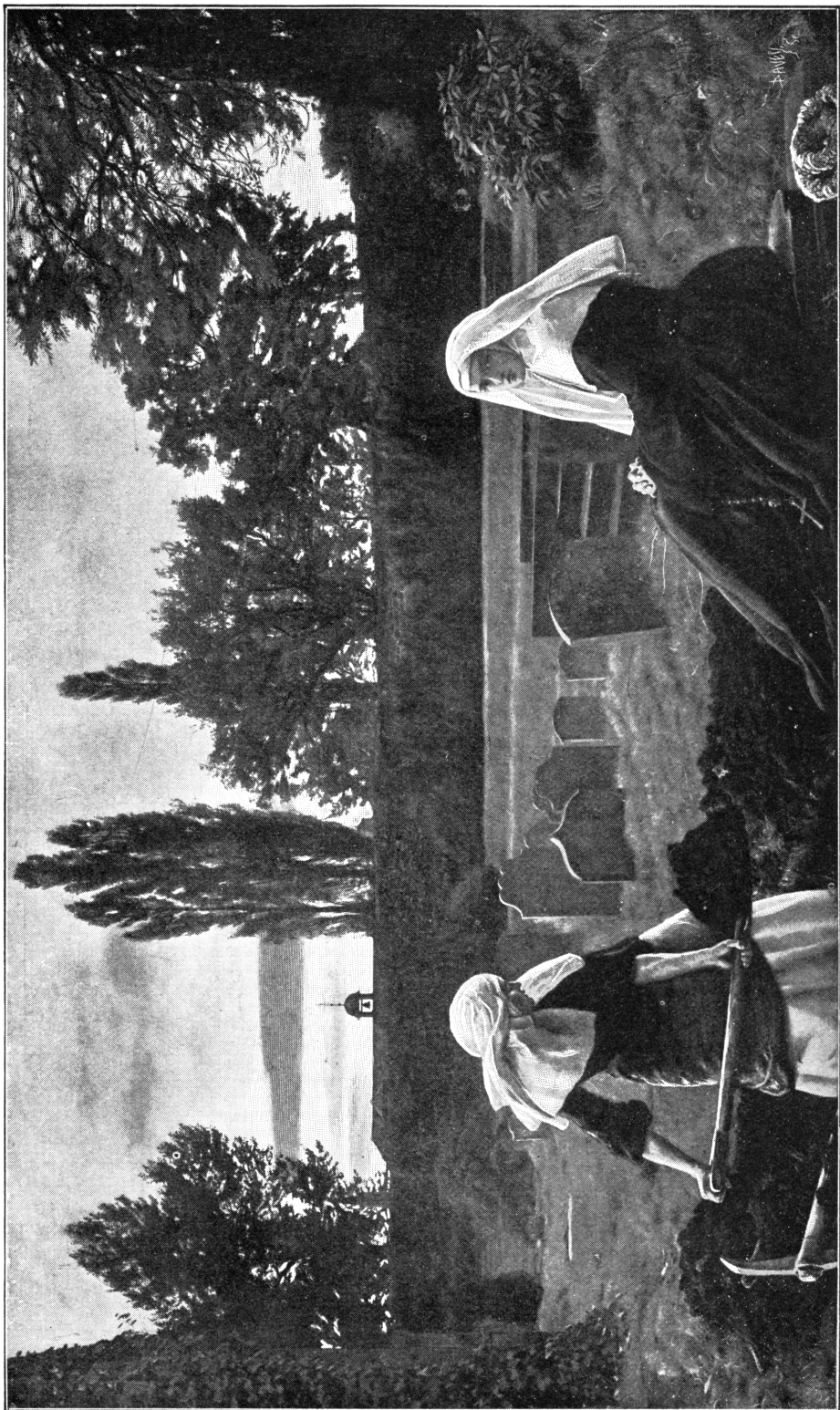
From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

them she is unable to distinguish Beethoven from Mendelssohn.

Sir John Millais is a believer in great men. He told me that the best education of his life had been gained by associating with great men, especially painters and men of letters. He said he never forgot going, as a boy of fourteen, to a breakfast at the house of Rogers, the poet. All sorts of men came to these functions, and upon this occasion he heard Hazlitt, Sir

G. Cornwall Lewis, and Macaulay in conversation.

"I need not tell you I listened in absolute silence; in fact, I do not think anyone spoke to me; but it was an education all the same, and one of the high pleasures of life. A few months later I met Wordsworth. I looked at him intently. I didn't know who he was, but his face interested me. He was a very spare man, and wore a double-breasted dress coat, and I thought he was a country clergy-



By permission of the]

"THE VALE OF REST."

From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

[Berlin Photographic Company.

man. As soon as he had left the table, Mr. Rogers called me to him and said :—

“‘Boy, did you notice that gentleman who has just left the table?’ and when I said ‘Yes,’ the old poet went on: ‘That was Wordsworth, and some day you will be very proud to have sat at the table with him.’”

Sir John Millais, in common with most men and women who have been familiar with cultivated literary society in the early part of this century, says that modern society and conversation are entirely different. To-day everyone, however undistinguished or however little claim he has to speak, has his say, and is listened to as a matter of course; whereas in those days, when society, or at least literary society, meant a collection of persons of scholarship, wit, and talent, the great man held the table and everybody listened.

“I recall distinctly Rogers one day turning to Macaulay, and saying, ‘Macaulay, will you favour us with your ideas?’ etc.”

What a change has come over the spirit of time, when all the little people are screaming in print and conversation so loudly that it is difficult if not impossible to hear the voices of the few great men who are worth hearing!

It is hardly necessary to tell anyone who is familiar with the pictures of the most distinguished member of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood that the President has a passionate love for the poetry of Keats. He repeated, with obvious pleasure, twenty or thirty lines from “Isabella,” and said: “I know that poem and ‘St. Agnes’ Eve’ by heart; and I think that Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and myself did something for Keats. I know he did much for me, although I have always been a great reader and lover of poetry. I believe I have got a feeling for literary form instinctively, and when I stayed with Tennyson and he was writing ‘Maud,’ he would give me a line in half-a-dozen different ways, all exquisite, and ask me to decide. I used to get at last confused as he refined and refined.”

This has rather led us away from the starting point of education, but it is really closely connected with Sir John’s essential principle, that he who would do great things must familiarize himself with the spirit of the great, with their pictures, their busts, their poems, and, above all, by their living presence and conduct. As regards the education of the day, he takes a less pessimistic view than most of his contemporaries. He speaks with gratefulness of what he learned at the Academy, and says if modern art instruction leaves something to be desired, a man has compensations and advantages that were unknown

to his father. In every art school to-day there is superb sculpture, and in addition to the supreme art of the Greeks, there is all the knowledge that has been gathering ever since.

“But,” and the words seemed to me of sufficient import to a younger generation to-day to take down from the master’s lips, “I think the great defect to-day—I cannot help seeing it in young men—is the want of reverence. Until a young man can admire, nay, until he can give homage, there is no hope for him. It is the first maxim to impress on a young man, and one that seems to me in danger of being forgotten in this age of scepticism and cynicism.”

Perhaps in some of our schools, where competition and success in examinations and the rest of the modern gospel is preached with so much assiduity, we might do worse than embellish the walls with that word, which implies the surrender of the petty and personal, and the generous yielding of what is highest and deepest within our souls.

Remembering the interest, legitimate enough, that is taken by the public in the personal likings of a great man, I asked the subject of this little paper, not without some misgivings as to how he would receive the question, whether he would tell me which of his pictures were his favourites. Sir John, with that kindly indulgence which characterizes him and which makes him beloved of the humble interviewer, said “The Order of Release” and “The Vale of Rest” (both of which pictures are reproduced with this article) were, perhaps, the pictures that gave him most pleasure, “although,” he added, “I had both pain and pleasure in painting them. I have always been fondest of pictures which appeal to the sad feelings and instincts; and it is the same with poetry. I believe this is the case with many, if not most, artists. They suffer most and enjoy most; but I have known few that are really happy.”

Is not this another rendering of Shelley’s cry—

The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;

and is it not, perhaps, a law of Nature that what is most beautiful ever brings to the mind of man a vague feeling of tender melancholy? To know that he to whom we owe the perfect pictorial conception of the most pathetic feminine figure in song, and the loveliest of autumn landscapes, wrought his art in moods of sorrow as well as joy, is not to diminish our delight and wonder and admiration, but rather to deepen them and draw us nearer to their creator.

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER X. (*continued*).



HE old gladiator looked round him in great contempt.

"Vy, from vot I see," Buckhorse cried, in his high, broken treble, "there's some on you that ain't fit to flick a fly from a joint o' meat. You'd make werry good ladies' maids, the most of you, but you took the wrong turnin' ven you came into the ring."

"Give 'im a wipe over the mouth," said a hoarse voice.

"Joe Berks," said Jackson, "I'd save the hangman the job of breaking your neck if His Royal Highness wasn't in the room."

"That's as it may be, guv'nor," said the half-drunken ruffian, staggering to his feet. "If I've said anything wot isn't genelman-like——"

"Sit down, Berks!" cried my uncle, with such a tone of command that the fellow collapsed into his chair.

"Vy, vich of you would look Tom Slack in the face?" piped the old fellow; "or Jack Broughton?—him vot told the old Dook of Cumberland that all he vanted vas to fight the King o' Proosia's guard, day by day, year in, year out, until 'e 'ad worked out the whole regiment of 'em—and the smallest of 'em six foot long. There's not more'n a few of you could 'it a dint in a pat o' butter, and if you gets a smack or two it's all over vith you. Vich among you could get up again after such a vipe as the Eytalian Gondoleery cove gave to Bob Vittaker?"

"What was that, Buckhorse?" cried several voices.

"'E came over 'ere from voreign parts, and 'e was so broad 'e 'ad to come edgewise through the doors. 'E 'ad so, upon my davy! 'E was that strong that wherever 'e 'it the bone had got to go; and when 'e'd cracked a jaw or two it looked as though nothing in the country could stan' against him. So the King 'e sent one of his genelman down to Figg and he said to him: 'Ere's a cove vot cracks a bone every time 'e lets vly, and it'll be little credit to the Lunnon boys if they lets 'im get away without a vacking.' So Figg he ups, and he says, 'I do not know, master, but he may break 'one of 'is countryman's jawbones vid 'is

vist, but I'll bring 'im a Cockney lad and 'e shall not be able to break 'is jawbone with a sledge 'ammer.' I vas with Figg in Slaughter's coffee-'ouse, as then vas, ven 'e says this to the King's genelman, and I goes so, I does!" Again he emitted the curious bell-like cry, and again the Corinthians and the fighting-men laughed and applauded him.

"His Royal Highness—that is, the Earl of Chester—would be glad to hear the end of your story, Buckhorse," said my uncle, to whom the Prince had been whispering.

"Vell, your R'yal 'Ighness, it vas like this. Ven the day came round, all the volk came to Figg's Amphitheatre, the same that vos in Tottenham Court, an' Bob Vittaker 'e vos there, and the Eytalian Gondoleery cove 'e vas there, and all the purlitest, genteelest crowd that ever vos, twenty thousand of 'em, all sittin' with their 'eads like purtaties on a barrer, banked right up round the stage, and me there to pick up Bob, d'ye see, and Jack Figg 'imself just for fair play to do vot was right by the cove from voreign parts. They vas packed all round, the folks was, but down through the middle of 'em was a passage just so as the gentry could come through to their seats, and the stage it vas of wood, as the custom then vas, and a man's 'eight above the 'eads of the people. Vell, then, ven Bob was put up opposite this great Eytalian man I says 'Slap 'im in the vind, Bob,' 'cos I could see vid 'alf an eye that he vas as puffy as a cheesecake; so Bob he goes in, and as he comes the vorriner let 'im 'ave it amazin' on the konk. I 'eard the thump of it, and I kind o' velt somethin' vistle past me, but ven I looked dere vas the Eytalian a feelin' of 'is muscles in the middle o' the stage, and as to Bob, there vern't no sign of 'im at all no more'n if 'e'd never been."

His audience were riveted by the old prize-fighter's story. "Well," cried a dozen voices, "what then, Buckhorse: 'ad 'e swallowed 'im, or what?"

"Vell, boys, that vas vat I wondered, when sudden I seed two legs a-stickin' up out o' the crowd a long vay off, just like these two vingers, d'ye see, and I knewed they vas Bob's legs, seein' that 'e 'ad kind o' yellow small clothes vid blue ribbons—vich blue vas 'is colour—at the knee. So they up-ended 'im, they did, an' they made a lane for 'im an' cheered 'im to give 'im 'eart,



"THE OLD PRIZE-FIGHTER'S STORY."

old Buckhorse's story, and I saw the Prince of Wales hand something to the waiter, who brought it round and slipped it into the skinny hand of the veteran, who spat upon it before thrusting it into his pocket. The table had in the meanwhile been cleared, and was now studded with bottles and glasses, while long clay pipes and tobacco-boxes were handed round. My uncle never smoked, thinking that the habit might darken his teeth, but many of the Corinthians, and the Prince amongst the first of

though 'e never lacked for that. At virst 'e vas that dazed that 'e didn't know if 'e vas in church or in 'Orsemonger Gaol; but ven I'd bit 'is two ears 'e shook 'isselt together. 'Ve'll try it again, Buck,' says 'e. 'The mark!' says I. And 'e vinked all that vas left o' one eye. So the Eytalian 'e lets swing again, but Bob 'e jumps inside an' 'e lets 'im 'ave it plumb square on the meat safe, as 'ard as ever the Lord would let 'im put it in."

"Well? Well?"

"Vell, the Eytalian 'e got a touch o' the gurgles, an' 'e shut 'imself right up like a two-foot rule. Then 'e pulled 'imself straight, an' 'e gave the most awful Glory Allelujah screech as ever you 'eard. Off 'e jumps from the stage an' down the passage as 'ard as 'is 'oofs would carry 'im. Up jumps the 'ole crowd, and after 'im as 'ard as they could move for laughin'. They vas lyin' in the kennel three deep all down Tottenham Court Road wid their 'ands to their sides just vit to break themselves in two. Vell, ve chased 'im down 'Olburn, an' down Fleet Street, an' down Cheapside, an' past the 'Change, and on all the way to Voppin', an' we only caught im in the shippin' office, vere 'e vas askin' 'ow soon 'e could get a passage to voreign parts."

There was much laughter and clapping of glasses upon the table at the conclusion of

them, set the example of lighting up. All restraint had been done away with, and the prize-fighters, flushed with wine, roared across the tables to each other, or shouted their greetings to friends at the other end of the room. The amateurs, falling into the humour of their company, were hardly less noisy, and loudly debated the merits of the different men, criticising their styles of fighting before their faces, and making bets upon the results of future matches.

In the midst of the uproar there was an imperative rap upon the table, and my uncle rose to speak. As he stood with his pale, calm face and fine figure, I had never seen him to greater advantage, for he seemed, with all his elegance, to have a quiet air of domination amongst these fierce fellows, like a huntsman walking carelessly through a springing and yapping pack. He expressed his pleasure at seeing so many good sportsmen under one roof, and acknowledged the honour which had been done both to his guests and himself by the presence there that night of the illustrious personage whom he should refer to as the Earl of Chester. He was sorry that the season prevented him from placing game upon the table, but there was so much sitting round it that it would perhaps be hardly missed (cheers and laughter). The sports of the ring had, in

his opinion, tended to that contempt of pain and of danger which had contributed so much in the past to the safety of the country, and which might, if what he heard was true, be very quickly needed once more. If an enemy landed upon our shores it was then that, with our small army, we should be forced to fall back upon native valour trained into hardihood by the practice and contemplation of manly sports. In time of peace also the rules of the ring had been of service in enforcing the principles of fair play, and in turning public opinion against that use of the knife or of the boot which was so common in foreign countries. He begged, therefore, to drink "Success to the Fancy," coupled with the name of John Jackson, who might stand as a type of all that was most admirable in British boxing.

Jackson having replied with a readiness which many a public man might have envied, my uncle rose once more.

"We are here to-night," said he, "not only to celebrate the past glories of the prize ring, but also to arrange some sport for the future. It should be easy, now that backers and fighting men are gathered together under one roof, to come to terms with each other. I have myself set an example by making a match with Sir Lothian Hume, the terms of which will be communicated to you by that gentleman."

Sir Lothian rose with a paper in his hand.

"The terms, your Royal Highness and gentlemen, are briefly these," said he. "My man, Crab Wilson, of Gloucester, having never yet fought a prize battle, is prepared to meet, upon May the 18th of this year, any man of any weight who may be selected by Sir Charles Tregellis. Sir Charles Tregellis's selection is limited to men below twenty or above thirty-five years of age, so as to exclude Belcher and the other candidates for championship honours. The stakes are two thousand pounds against a thousand, two hundred to be paid by the winner to his man; play or pay."

It was curious to see the intense gravity of them all, fighters and backers, as they bent their brows and weighed the conditions of the match.

"I am informed," said Sir John Lade, "that Crab Wilson's age is twenty-three, and that, although he has never fought a regular P.R. battle, he has none the less fought within ropes for a stake on many occasions."

"I've seen him half-a-dozen times at the least," said Belcher.

"It is precisely for that reason, Sir John,

that I am laying odds of two to one in his favour."

"May I ask," said the Prince, "what the exact height and weight of Wilson may be?"

"Five foot eleven and thirteen-ten, your Royal Highness."

"Long enough and heavy enough for anything on two legs," said Jackson, and the professionals all murmured their assent.

"Read the rules of the fight, Sir Lothian."

"The battle to take place on Tuesday, May the 18th, at the hour of ten in the morning, at a spot to be afterwards named. The ring to be twenty foot square. Neither to fall without a knock-down blow, subject to the decision of the umpires. Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground, namely, two in ordinary and one in reference. Does that meet your wishes, Sir Charles?"

My uncle bowed.

"Have you anything to say, Wilson?"

The young pugilist, who had a curious, lanky figure, and a craggy, bony face, passed his fingers through his close-cropped hair.

"If you please, zir," said he, with a slight west country burr, "a twenty-voot ring is too small for a thirteen-stone man."

There was another murmur of professional agreement.

"What would you have it, Wilson?"

"Vour-an'-twenty, Sir Lothian."

"Have you any objection, Sir Charles?"

"Not the slightest."

"Anything else, Wilson?"

"If you please, zir, I'd like to know whom I'm vighting with."

"I understand that you have not publicly nominated your man, Sir Charles?"

"I do not intend to do so until the very morning of the fight. I believe I have that right within the terms of our wager."

"Certainly, if you choose to exercise it."

"I do so intend. And I should be vastly pleased if Mr. Berkeley Craven will consent to be stake-holder."

That gentleman having willingly given his consent, the final formalities which led up to these humble tournaments were concluded.

And then, as these full-blooded, powerful men became heated with their wine, angry eyes began to glare across the table, and amid the grey swirls of tobacco smoke the lamp-light gleamed upon the fierce, hawk-like Jews, and the flushed, savage Saxons. The old quarrel as to whether Jackson had or had not committed a foul by seizing Mendoza by the hair on the occasion of their battle at Hornchurch, eight years before, came to the front once more. Dutch

Sam hurled a shilling down upon the table, and offered to fight the Pride of Westminster for it if he ventured to say that Mendoza had been fairly beaten. Joe Berks, who had grown noisier and more quarrelsome as the evening went on, tried to clamber across the table, with horrible blasphemies, to come to blows with an old Jew named Fighting Yussef, who had plunged into the discussion. It needed very little more to finish the supper by a general and ferocious battle, and it was only the exertions of Jackson, Belcher, Harrison, and others of the cooler and steadier men, which saved us from a riot.

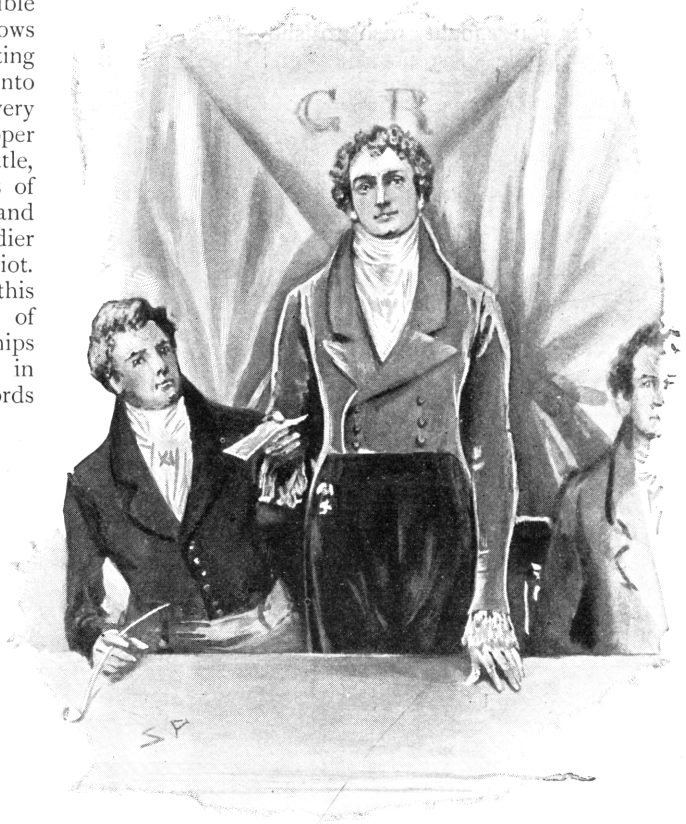
And then, when at last this question was set aside, that of the rival claims to championships at different weights came on in its stead, and again angry words flew about and challenges were in the air. There was no exact limit between the light, middle, and heavy-weights, and yet it would make a very great difference to the standing of a boxer whether he should be regarded as the heaviest of the light-weights, or the lightest of the heavy-weights. One claimed to be ten-stone champion, another was ready to take on anything at eleven, but would not run to twelve, which would have brought the invincible Jem Belcher down upon him. Faulkner claimed to be champion of the seniors, and even old Buckhorse's curious call rang out above the tumult as he turned the whole company to laughter and good humour again by challenging anything over eighty and under seven stone.

But in spite of gleams of sunshine, there was thunder in the air, and Champion Harrison had just whispered in my ear that he was quite sure we should never get through the night without trouble, and was advising me, if it got very bad, to take refuge under the table, when the landlord entered the room hurriedly and handed a note to my uncle.

He read it, and then passed it to the Prince, who returned it with raised eyebrows and a gesture of surprise. Then my uncle

rose with the scrap of paper in his hand and a smile upon his lips.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is a stranger waiting below who desires a fight to a finish with the best man in the room."



"HE ROSE WITH A SCRAP OF PAPER IN HIS HAND."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGHT IN THE COACH-HOUSE.

THE curt announcement was followed by a moment of silent surprise, and then by a general shout of laughter. There might be argument as to who was champion at each weight; but there could be no question that all the champions of all the weights were seated round the tables. An audacious challenge which embraced them one and all, without regard to size or age, could hardly be regarded otherwise than as a joke—but it was a joke which might be a dear one for the joker.

"Is this genuine?" asked my uncle.

"Yes, Sir Charles," answered the landlord; "the man is waiting below."

"It's a kid!" cried several of the fighting-men. "Some cove is a gammonin' us."

"Don't you believe it," answered the landlord. "He's a real, slap-up Corinthian, by his dress; and he means what he says, or else I ain't no judge of a man."

My uncle whispered for a few moments with the Prince of Wales. "Well, gentlemen," said he, at last, "the night is still young, and if any of you should wish to show the company a little of your skill, you could not ask a better opportunity."

"What weight is he, Bill?" asked Jem Belcher.

"He's close on six foot, and I should put him well into the thirteen stones when he's buffed."

"Heavy metal!" cried Jackson. "Who takes him on?"

They all wanted to, from the nine-stone Dutch Sam upwards. The air was filled with their hoarse shouts and their arguments why each should be the chosen one. To fight when they were flushed with wine and ripe for mischief—above all, to fight before so select a company with the Prince himself at the ringside, was a chance which did not often come in their way. Only Jackson, Belcher, Mendoza, and one or two others of the senior and more famous men remained silent, thinking it beneath their dignity that they should condescend to so irregular a by-battle.

"Well, you can't all fight him," remarked Jackson, when the babel had died away. "It's for the chairman to choose."

"Perhaps your Royal Highness has a preference," said my uncle.

"By Jove, I'd take him on myself if my position was different," said the Prince, whose face was growing redder and his eyes more glazed. "You've seen me with the mufflers, Jackson! You know my form!"

"I've seen your Royal Highness, and I have felt your Royal Highness," said the courtly Jackson.

"Perhaps Jem Belcher would give us an exhibition," said my uncle.

Belcher smiled and shook his handsome head.

"There's my brother Tom here has never been blooded in London yet, sir. He might make a fairer match of it."

"Give him over to me!" roared Joe Berks. "I've been waitin' for a turn all evenin', an' I'll fight any man that tries to take my place. 'E's my meat, my masters. Leave 'im to me if you want to see 'ow a calf's 'ead should be dressed. If you put Tom Belcher before me I'll fight Tom Belcher, an' for that matter I'll fight Jem

Belcher, or Bill Belcher, or any other Belcher that ever came out of Bristol."

It was clear that Berks had got to the stage when he must fight someone. His heavy face was gorged and the veins stood out on his low forehead, while his fierce grey eyes looked viciously from man to man in quest of a quarrel. His great red hands were bunched into huge, gnarled fists, and he shook one of them menacingly as his drunken gaze swept round the tables.

"I think you'll agree with me, gentlemen, that Joe Berks would be all the better for some fresh air and exercise," said my uncle. "With the concurrence of His Royal Highness and of the company, I shall select him as our champion on this occasion."

"You do me proud," cried the fellow, staggering to his feet and pulling at his coat. "If I don't glut him within the five minutes, may I never see Shropshire again."

"Wait a bit, Berks," cried several of the amateurs. "Where's it going to be held?"

"Where you like, masters. I'll fight him in a sawpit, or on the outside of a coach if it please you. Put us toe to toe, and leave the rest with me."

"They can't fight here with all this litter," said my uncle. "Where shall it be?"

"'Pon my soul, Tregellis," cried the Prince, "I think our unknown friend might have a word to say upon that matter. He'll be vastly ill-used if you don't let him have his own choice of conditions."

"You are right, sir. We must have him up."

"That's easy enough," said the landlord, "for here he comes through the doorway."

I glanced round and had a side view of a tall and well-dressed young man in a long, brown travelling coat and a black felt hat. The next instant he had turned and I had clutched with both my hands on to Champion Harrison's arm.

"Harrison!" I gasped. "It's Boy Jim!"

And yet somehow the possibility and even the probability of it had occurred to me from the beginning, and I believe that it had to Champion Harrison also, for I had noticed that his face grew grave and troubled from the very moment that there was talk of the stranger below. Now, the instant that the buzz of surprise and admiration which was caused by Jim's face and figure had died away, Harrison was on his feet gesticulating in his excitement.

"It's my nephew Jim, gentlemen," he cried. "He's not twenty yet, and it's no doing of mine that he should be here."



"IT'S BOY JIM!"

"Let him alone, Harrison," cried Jackson. "He's big enough to take care of himself."

"This matter has gone rather far," said my uncle. "I think, Harrison, that you are too good a sportsman to prevent your nephew from showing whether he takes after his uncle."

"It's very different from me," cried Harrison, in great distress. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, gentlemen. I never thought to stand up in a ring again, but I'll take on Joe Berks with pleasure, just to give a bit o' sport to this company."

Boy Jim stepped across and laid his hand upon the prize-fighter's shoulder.

"It must be so, uncle," I heard him whisper. "I am sorry to go against your wishes, but I have made up my mind, and I must carry it through."

Harrison shrugged his huge shoulders.

"Jim, Jim, you don't know what you are doing! But I've heard you speak like that before, boy, and I know that it ends in your getting your way."

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"I trust, Harrison, that your opposition is withdrawn?" said my uncle.

"Can I not take his place?"

"You would not have it said that I gave a challenge and let another carry it out?" whispered Jim. "This is my one chance. For Heaven's sake don't stand in my way."

The smith's broad and usually stolid face was all working with his conflicting emotions. At last he banged his fist down upon the table.

"It's no fault of mine!" he cried. "It was to be and it is. Jim, boy, for the Lord's sake remember your distances, and stick to out-fightin' with a man that could give you a stone."

"I was sure that Harrison would not stand in the way of sport," said my uncle. "We are glad that you have stepped up, that we might consult you as to the arrangements for giving effect to your very sporting challenge."

"Who am I to fight?" asked Jim, looking round at the company, who were now all upon their feet.

"Young man, you'll know enough of who you 'ave to fight before you are through with it," cried Berks, lurching heavily through the crowd. "You'll need a friend to swear to you before I've finished, d'ye see?"

Jim looked at him with disgust in every line of his face.

"Surely you are not going to set me to fight a drunken man!" said he. "Where is Jem Belcher?"

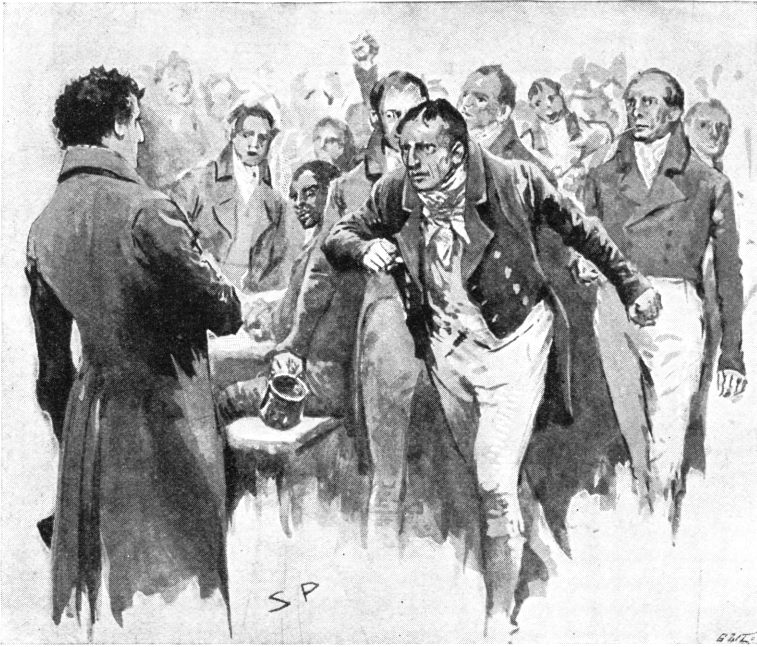
"My name, young man."

"I should be glad to try you, if I may."

"You must work up to me, my lad. You don't take a ladder at one jump, but you do it rung by rung. Show yourself to be a match for me, and I'll give you a turn."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Jim.

"And I like the look of you, and wish you well," said Belcher, holding out his hand. They were not unlike each other, either in face or figure, though the Bristol man was a few years the older, and a murmur of critical



"JIM LOOKED AT HIM WITH DISGUST."

admiration was heard as the two tall, lithe figures, and keen, clean-cut faces were contrasted.

"Have you any choice where the fight takes place?" asked my uncle.

"I am in your hands, sir," said Jim.

"Why not go round to the Five's Court?" suggested Sir John Lade.

"Yes, let us all go to the Five's Court."

But this did not at all suit the views of the landlord, who saw in this lucky incident a chance of reaping a fresh harvest from his spendthrift company.

"If it please you," he cried, "there is no need to go so far. My coach-house at the back of the yard is empty, and a better place for a mill you'll never find."

There was a general shout in favour of the coach-house, and those who were nearest the door began to slip through, in the hope of securing the best places. My stout neighbour, Bill Warr, pulled Harrison to one side.

"I'd stop it if I were you," he whispered.

"I would if I could. It's no wish of mine that he should fight. But there's no turning him when once his mind is made up." All his own fights put together had never reduced the pugilist to such a state of agitation.

"Wait on 'im yourself, then, and chuck up the sponge when things begin to go wrong. You know Joe Berks's record?"

"He's since my time."

"Well, 'e's a terror, that's all. It's only Belcher that can master 'im. You see the man for yourself, six foot, fourteen stone, and full of the devil. Belcher's beat 'im twice, but the second time 'e 'ad all 'is work to do it."

"Well, well, we've got to go through with it. You've not seen Boy Jim put his mawleys up, or maybe you'd think better of his chances. When he was short of sixteen he licked the Cock of the South Downs, and he's

come on a long way since then."

The company was swarming through the door and clattering down the stair, so we followed in the stream. A fine rain was falling, and the yellow lights from the windows glistened upon the wet cobblestones of the yard. How welcome was that breath of sweet, damp air after the fetid atmosphere of the supper-room. At the other end of the yard was an open door sharply outlined by the gleam of lanterns within, and through this they poured, amateurs and fighting-men jostling each other in their eagerness to get to the front. For my own part, being a smallish man, I should have seen nothing had I not found an upturned bucket in a corner, upon which I perched myself with the wall at my back.

It was a large room with a wooden floor and an open square in the ceiling, which was fringed with the heads of the ostlers and stable boys who were looking down from the harness-room above. A carriage lamp was slung in each corner, and a very large stable lantern hung from a rafter in the centre. A coil of rope had been brought in, and under the direction of Jackson four men had been stationed to hold it.

"What space do you give them?" asked my uncle.

"Twenty-four, as they are both big ones, sir."

"Very good, and half-minutes between rounds, I suppose? I'll umpire if Sir Lothian Hume will do the same, and you can hold the watch and referee, Jackson."

With great speed and exactness every preparation was rapidly made by these experienced men. Mendoza and Dutch Sam were commissioned to attend to Berks, while Belcher and Champion Harrison did the same for Boy Jim. Sponges, towels, and some brandy in a bladder were passed over the heads of the crowd for the use of the seconds.

"Here's our man," cried Belcher. "Come along, Berks, or we'll go to fetch you."

Jim appeared in the ring stripped to the waist, with a coloured handkerchief tied round his middle. A shout of admiration came from the spectators as they looked upon the fine lines of his figure, and I found myself roaring with the rest. His shoulders were sloping rather than bulky, and his chest was deep rather than broad, but the muscle was all in the right place, rippling down in long, low curves from neck to shoulder and from shoulder to elbow. His work at the anvil had developed his arms to their utmost, and his healthy country living gave a sleek gloss to his ivory skin, which shone in the lamp-light. His expression was full of spirit and confidence, and he wore a grim sort of half-smile which I had seen many a time in our boyhood, and which meant, I knew, that his pride had set iron hard, and that his senses would fail him long before his courage.

Joe Berks in the meanwhile had swaggered in and stood with folded arms between his seconds in the opposite corner. His face had none of the eager alertness of his opponent, and his skin, of a dead white, with heavy folds about the chest and ribs, showed even to my inexperienced eyes that he was not a man who should fight without training. A life of toping and ease had left him flabby

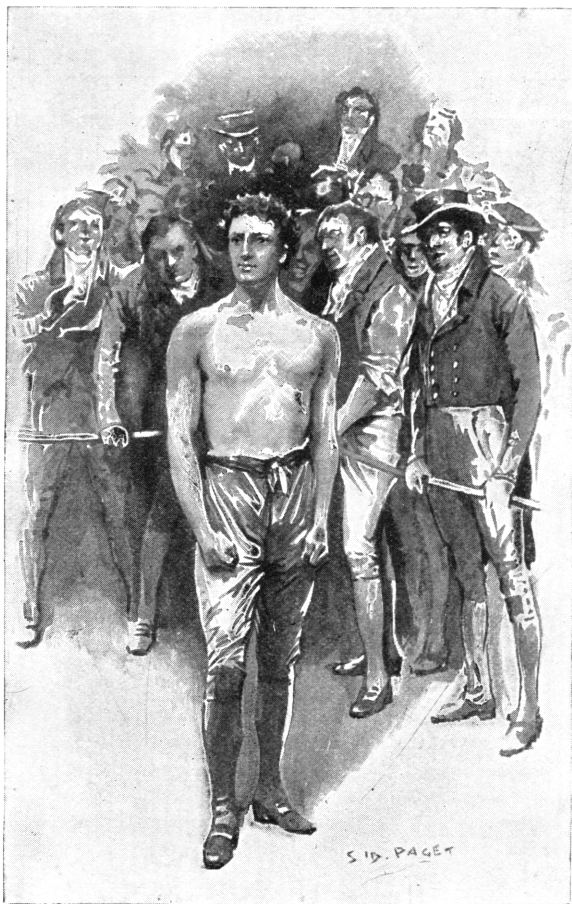
and gross. On the other hand, he was famous for his mettle and for his hitting power, so that, even in the face of the advantages of youth and condition, the betting was three to one in his favour. His heavy-jowled, clean-shaven face expressed ferocity as well as courage, and he stood with his small, blood-shot eyes fixed viciously upon Jim, and his lumpy shoulders stooping a little forwards, like a fierce hound straining on a leash.

The hubbub of the betting had risen until it drowned all other sounds, men shouting their opinions from one side of the coach-house to the other, and waving their

hands to attract attention, or as a sign that they had accepted a wager. Sir John Lade, standing just in front of me, was roaring out the odds against Jim, and laying them freely with those who fancied the appearance of the unknown.

"I've seen Berks fight," said he to the Honourable Berkeley Craven. "No country hawbuck is going to knock out a man with such a record."

"He may be a country hawbuck," the other answered, "but I have been reckoned



"JIM APPEARED IN THE RING."

a judge of anything either on two legs or four, and I tell you, Sir John, that I never saw a man who looked better breed in my life. Are you still laying against him?"

"Three to one."

"Have you once in hundreds."

"Very good, Craven! There they go! Berks! Berks! Bravo! Berks! Bravo! I think, Craven, that I shall trouble you for that hundred."

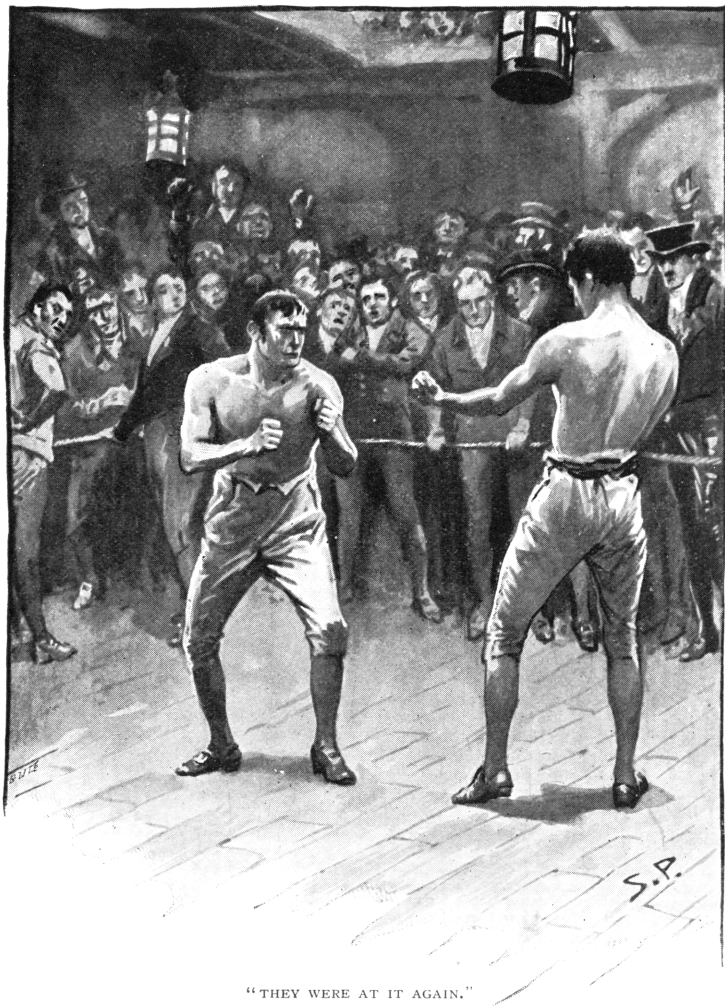
The two men had stood up to each other, Jim as light upon his feet as a goat, with his left well out and his right thrown across the

hitting, bored Jim down into his corner. It was a backward slip rather than a knock-down, but a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of Jim's mouth. In an instant the seconds had seized their men and carried them back into their corners.

"Do you mind doubling our bet?" said Berkeley Craven, who was craning his neck to get a glimpse of Jim.

"Four to one on Berks! Four to one on Berks!" cried the ringsiders.

"The odds have gone up, you see. Will you have four to one in hundreds?"



"THEY WERE AT IT AGAIN."

lower part of his chest, while Berks held both arms half extended and his feet almost level, so that he might lead off with either side. For an instant they looked each other over, and then Berks, ducking his head and rushing in with a hand-over-hand style of

"Very good, Sir John."

"You seem to fancy him more for having been knocked down."

"He was pushed down, but he stopped every blow, and I liked the look on his face as he got up again."

"Well, it's the old stager for me. Here they come again! He's got a pretty style, and he covers his points well, but it isn't the best looking that wins."

They were at it again, and I was jumping about upon my bucket in my excitement. It was evident that Berks meant to finish the battle off-hand, whilst Jim, with two of the most experienced men in England to advise him, was quite aware that his correct tactics were to allow the ruffian to expend his strength and wind in vain. There was something horrible in the ferocious energy of Berks's hitting, every blow fetching a grunt from him as he smashed it in, and after each I gazed at Jim, as I have gazed at a stranded vessel upon the Sussex beach when wave after wave has roared over it, fearing each time that I should find it horribly mangled. But still the lamplight shone upon the lad's clear, alert face, upon his well-opened eyes and his firm-set mouth, while the blows were taken upon his forearm or allowed, by a quick duck of the head, to whistle over his shoulder. But Berks was artful as well as violent. Gradually he worked Jim back into an angle of the ropes from which there was no escape, and then, when he had him fairly penned, he sprang upon him like a tiger. What happened was so quick that I cannot set its sequence down in words, but I saw Jim make a quick stoop under the swinging arms, and at the same instant I heard a sharp, ringing smack, and there was Jim dancing about in the middle of the ring, and Berks lying upon his side on the floor, with his hand to his eye.

How they roared! Prize-fighters, Corinthians, Prince, stable-boy, and landlord were all shouting at the top of their lungs. Old Buckhorse was skipping about on a box beside me, shrieking out criticisms and advice in strange, obsolete ring-jargon, which no one could understand. His dull eyes were shining, his parchment face was quivering with excitement, and his strange musical call rang out above all the hubbub. The two men were hurried to their corners, one second sponging them down whilst the other flapped a towel in front of their faces, whilst they, with arms hanging down and legs extended, tried to draw all the air they could into their lungs in the brief space allowed them.

"Where's your country hawbuck now?" cried Craven, triumphantly. "Did ever you witness anything more masterly?"

"He's no Johnny Raw, certainly," said Sir John, shaking his head. "What odds are you giving on Berks, Lord Sele?"

"Two to one."

"I take you twice in hundreds."

"Here's Sir John Lade hedging!" cried my uncle, smiling back at us over his shoulder.

"Time!" said Jackson, and the two men sprang forward to the mark again.

This round was a good deal shorter than that which had preceded it. Berks's orders evidently were to close at any cost, and so make use of his extra weight and strength before the superior condition of his antagonist could have time to tell. On the other hand, Jim, after his experience in the last round, was less disposed to make any great exertion to keep him at arms' length. He led at Berks's head, as he came rushing in, and missed him, receiving a severe body blow in return which left the imprint of four angry knuckles above his ribs. As they closed Jim caught his opponent's bullet head under his arm for an instant, and put a couple of half-arm blows in, but the prize-fighter pulled him over by his weight, and the two fell panting side by side upon the ground. Jim sprang up, however, and walked over to his corner, while Berks, distressed by his evening's dissipation, leaned one arm upon Mendoza and the other upon Dutch Sam as he made for his seat.

"Bellows to mend!" cried Jem Belcher. "Where's the four to one now?"

"Give us time to get the lid off our pepper-box," said Mendoza. "We mean to make a night of it."

"Looks like it," cried Jack Harrison. "He's shut one of his eyes already. Even money that my boy wins it!"

"How much?" asked several voices.

"Two pound four and threepence," cried Harrison, counting out all his worldly wealth.

"Time!" said Jackson once more.

They were both at the mark in an instant, Jim as full of sprightly confidence as ever, and Berks with a dogged grin upon his bulldog face and a most vicious gleam in the only eye which was of use to him. His half-minute had not enabled him to recover his breath, and his huge, hairy chest was rising and falling with a quick, loud panting like a spent hound. "Go in, boy! Bustle him!" roared Harrison and Belcher. "Get your wind, Joe; get your wind!" cried the Jews. So now we had a reversal of tactics, for it was Jim who went in to hit with all the vigour of his young strength and unimpaired energy, while it was the savage Berks who was paying his debt to Nature for the many injuries which he had done her. He gasped,

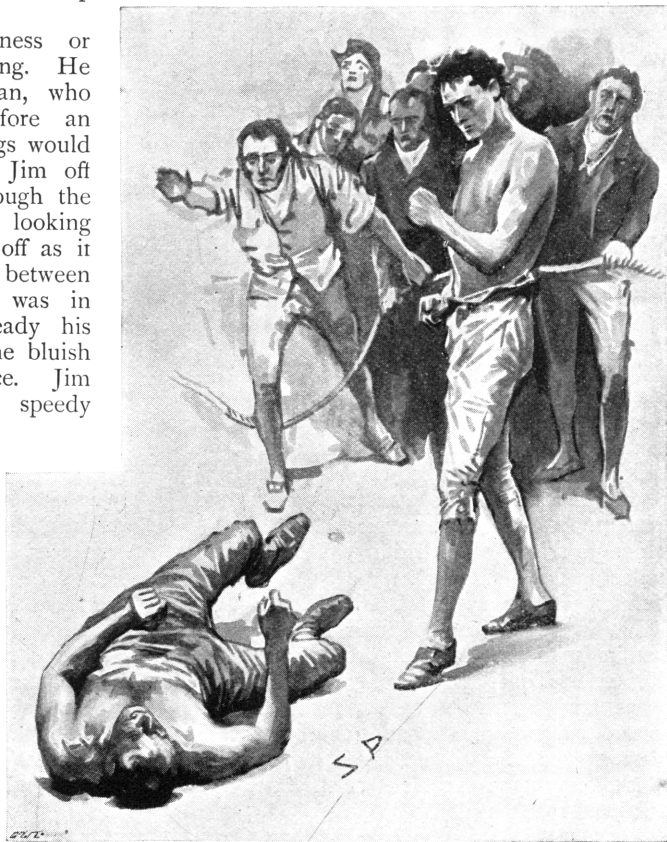
he gurgled, his face grew purple in his attempts to get his breath, while with his long left arm extended and his right thrown across, he tried to screen himself from the attack of his wiry antagonist. "Drop when he hits!" cried Mendoza. "Drop and have a rest!"

But there was no shyness or shiftiness about Berks's fighting. He was always a gallant ruffian, who disdained to go down before an antagonist as long as his legs would sustain him. He propped Jim off with his long arm, and though the lad sprang lightly round him looking for an opening, he was held off as if a forty-inch bar of iron were between them. Every instant now was in favour of Berks, and already his breathing was easier and the bluish tinge fading from his face. Jim knew that his chance of a speedy victory was slipping away from him, and he came back again and again as swift as a flash to the attack without being able to get past the passive defence of the trained fighting-man. It was at such a moment that ringcraft was needed, and luckily for Jim two masters of it were at his back.

"Get your left on his mark, boy," they shouted, "then go to his head with the right."

Jim heard and acted on the instant. Plunk! came his left just where his antagonist's ribs curved from his breast-bone. The force of the blow was half broken by Berks's elbow, but it served its purpose of bringing forward his head. Spank! went the right, with the clear, crisp sound of two billiard balls clapping together, and Berks reeled, flung up his arms, spun round, and fell in a huge, fleshy heap upon the floor. His seconds were on him instantly, and propped him up in a sitting position, his head rolling helplessly from one shoulder to the other, and finally toppling backwards with his chin pointed to the ceiling. Dutch Sam thrust the brandy-bladder between his teeth, while Mendoza shook him savagely and howled insults in his ear, but neither the spirits nor the sense of injury could break into that serene insensibility. "Time!" was

duly called, and the Jews, seeing that the affair was over, let their man's head fall back with a crack upon the floor, and there he lay, his huge arms and legs asprawl, whilst the Corinthians and fighting-



"BERKS SPUN ROUND AND FELL."

men crowded past him to shake the hand of his conqueror.

For my part, I tried also to press through the throng, but it was no easy task for one of the smallest and weakest men in the room. On all sides of me I heard a brisk discussion from amateurs and professionals of Jim's performance and of his prospects.

"He's the best bit of new stuff that I've seen since Jem Belcher fought his first fight with Paddington Jones at Wormwood Scrubs four years ago last April," said Berkeley Craven. "You'll see him with the belt round his waist before he's five-and-twenty, or I am no judge of a man."

"That handsome face of his has cost me a cool five hundred," grumbled Sir John Lade. "Who'd have thought he was such a punishing hitter?"

"For all that," said another, "I am confident that if Joe Berks had been sober he would have eaten him. Besides, the lad was in training, and the other would burst like an overdone potato if he were hit. I never saw a man so soft, or with his wind in such condition. Put the men in training, and it's a horse to a hen on the bruiser."

Some agreed with the last speaker and some were against him, so that a brisk argument was being carried on around me. In the midst of it the Prince took his departure, which was the signal for the greater part of the company to make for the door. In this way I was able at last to reach the corner where Jim had just finished his dressing, while Champion Harrison, with tears of joy still shining upon his cheeks, was helping him on with his overcoat.

"In four rounds!" he kept repeating in a sort of an ecstasy. "Joe Berks in four rounds! And it took Jem Belcher fourteen!"

"Well, Roddy," cried Jim, holding out his hand, "I told you that I would come to London and make my name known."

"It was splendid, Jim!"

"Dear old Roddy! I saw your white face staring at me from the corner. You are not changed, for all your grand clothes and your London friends."

"It is you who are changed, Jim," said I; "I hardly knew you when you came into the room."

"Nor I," cried the smith. "Where got you all these fine feathers, Jim? Sure I am that it was not your aunt who helped you to the first step towards the prize-ring."

"Miss Hinton has been my friend—the best friend I ever had."

"Humph! I thought as much," grumbled the smith. "Well, it is no doing of mine, Jim, and you must bear witness to that when we go home again. I don't know what—but, there, it is done, and it can't be helped. After all, she's—now the deuce take my clumsy tongue!"

I could not tell whether it was the wine which he had taken at supper or the excitement of Boy Jim's victory which was affecting Champion Harrison, but his usually placid face wore a most disturbed expression, and his manner seemed to betray an alternation of exultation and embarrassment. Jim looked curiously at him, wondering evidently what it was that lay behind these abrupt sentences and sudden silences. The coach-house had in the meantime been cleared; Berks with many curses had staggered at last to his feet, and had gone off in company with two other bruisers, while Jem Belcher alone remained chatting very earnestly with my uncle.

"Very good, Belcher," I heard my uncle say.

"It would be a real pleasure to me to do it, sir," said the famous prize-fighter, as the two walked towards us.

"I wished to ask you, Jim Harrison, whether you would undertake to be my champion in the fight against Crab Wilson of Gloucester?" said my uncle.



"THERE ARE HEAVY STAKES UPON THE EVENT."

"That is what I want, Sir Charles—to have a chance of fighting my way upwards."

"There are heavy stakes upon the event—very heavy stakes," said my uncle. "You will receive two hundred pounds, if you win. Does that satisfy you?"

"I shall fight for the honour, and because I wish to be thought worthy of being matched against Jem Belcher."

Belcher laughed good-humouredly.

"You are going the right way about it, lad," said he. "But you had a soft thing on to-night with a drunken man who was out of condition."

"I did not wish to fight him," said Jim, flushing.

"Oh, I know you have spirit enough to fight anything on two legs. I knew that the instant I clapped eyes on you; but I want you to remember that when you fight Crab Wilson, you will fight the most promising man from the west, and that the best man of the west is likely to be the best man in England. He's as quick and as long in the reach as you are, and he'll train himself to the last half-ounce of tallow. I tell you this now, d'ye see, because if I'm to have the charge of you——"

"Charge of me!"

"Yes," said my uncle. "Belcher has consented to train you for the coming battle if you are willing to enter."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," cried Jim, heartily. "Unless my uncle should wish to train me, there is no one I would rather have."

"Nay, Jim; I'll stay with you a few days, but Belcher knows a deal more about training than I do. Where will the quarters be?"

"I thought it would be handy for you if we fixed it at the 'George,' at Crawley. Then, if we have choice of place, we might choose

Crawley Down, for, except Molesey Hurst and, maybe, Smitham Bottom, there isn't a spot in the country that would compare with it for a mill. Do you agree to that?"

"With all my heart," said Jim.

"Then you're my man from this hour on, d'ye see?" said Belcher. "Your food is mine, and your drink is mine, and your sleep is mine, and all you've to do is just what you are told. We haven't an hour to lose, for Wilson has been in half-training this month back. You saw his empty glass to-night."

"Jim's fit to fight for his life at the present moment," said Harrison. "But we'll both come down with you to Crawley, to-morrow. So good-night, Sir Charles."

"Good-night, Roddy," said Jim. "You'll come down to Crawley and see me at my training quarters, will you not?"

And I heartily promised that I would.

"You must be more careful, nephew," said my uncle, as we rattled home in his model *vis-à-vis*. "*En première jeunesse* one is a little inclined to be ruled by one's heart rather than by one's reason. Jim Harrison seems to be a most respectable young fellow, but after all he is a blacksmith's apprentice, and a candidate for the prize-ring. There is a vast gap between his position and that of my own blood relation, and you must let him feel that you are his superior."

"He is the oldest and dearest friend that I have in the world, sir," I answered. "We were boys together, and have never had a secret from each other. As to showing him that I am his superior, I don't know how I can do that, for I know very well that he is mine."

"Hum!" said my uncle, drily, and it was the last word that he addressed to me that night.

(To be continued.)

Curiosities of Angling.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



NOTHING is so universal as a hobby. The *haut ton* of New Guinea collect human heads, and would doubtless marvel greatly on learning that we tamely confine our energies to autographs, foreign stamps, and things of that sort. Now, angling may be defined as the collecting of fish in a pleasurable and scientific manner; and unquestionably the gentle art exercises strange fascination over all classes—statesmen, poets, artists, authors. The Princess of Wales herself is a pronounced expert in wielding the rod and landing trout or even salmon.

Chantrey declared that the taking of two salmon in one morning gave him more satisfaction than the completion of his best statue. Nelson continued to fish with the left hand after he had lost the right; and Gordon Cumming preferred gaffing a Tweed salmon to an elephant or rhinoceros hunt in the heart of Equatorial Africa. Again, Sir Walter Scott (ever an enthusiastic angler), when he tried to form an idea of Paradise, always imagined a trout stream running through it.

One more instance. The theologian and philosopher, Paley, was one day asked by the Bishop of Durham when one of his most important works was likely to be finished. "My lord," replied Paley, earnestly, "I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over."

Pondering these things, I came to think—like the lady at the palmist's—that "there must be something in it." Accordingly, I approached one of the foremost English angling clubs—The Piscatorial Society—and periodically cross-

examined its members after the manner of a special correspondent in an Armenian village. The president of the society, Mr. T. R. Sachs, whose portrait is given on this page in the robes of immortal Izaak, is the *doyen* of the angling fraternity—a mine of anecdote and wonderful adventure, mainly Piscatorial; he is now eighty-two. Mr. Sachs is now the only living angler who is allowed to fish in the Serpentine; and his permit, dated from Cambridge House, 8th of June, 1846, and signed "Adolphus, Ranger," is before me as I write.

The Piscatorial Society was established on October 16th, 1836, having first met at a house in South Audley Street. There were then only about a dozen members; and the regulations respecting "fish to be preserved at the expense of the society" contain some funny reading—especially those dealing with half-ounce prickle-backs and two-ounce minnows. Fancy sending these to Rowland Ward! Very different, indeed, are the specimens that now adorn the walls of the society's museum at the Holborn Restaurant; and several of these figure in the following pages, accompanied by the details of their capture.

The very first Rhine salmon caught with rod and line fell to the venerable president of the Piscatorial Society, who has followed the gentle art in many lands. It was near Schaffhausen; and this particular fish weighed 16½ lb. So extraordinary was the feat considered by the English, American, French, and Swiss visitors, that the hotel-keeper effusively



MR. T. R. SACHS, PRESIDENT OF THE PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.

20lb. jack. Startling fishing stories are not, as a general rule, conspicuously veracious — especially when narrated by gentlemen who take part in that mysterious function known as a “peg-down match.” This contest is usually held by non-aristocratic clubs. Each member has a station “pegged out,” or allocated to him, and there he is supposed to fish all day for dear life and, perhaps, a Colonial joint. A pistol-shot is the signal to commence, and a bell is rung when the “match” is over. The catches are then weighed at the inn, and prizes awarded—nothing fantastic, mind you, but something useful in the way of blankets, potatoes, or coals.

During many such matches liquor is consumed in large or small quantities—generally large. The writer of this article himself attended one of these interesting events at Ware. The anglers, on taking their stations, merely placed their rods in position, and then cast about them for means to beguile the tedium of waiting for a bite. They jumped ditches, being then greatly exhilarated; they boxed, ran races, stalked bulls in the adjacent meadows, and finally fought gamely among themselves. They did everything, in fact—except fish; and on climbing into the brake for the homeward journey, everybody declared it had been a most successful day.

I was speaking of “tall” angling stories; but every one of the 22,000 fishermen in London will bear me out when I say that anglers do occasionally have some surprising adventures which are absolutely authentic, as well as very remarkable.

Mr. Sachs was out fishing one day with Rolfe, the artist, when a huge pike took both their baits simultaneously. It was Sachs who struck,



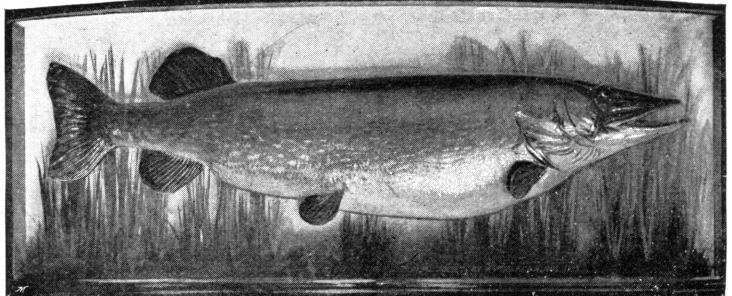
THE LOVING-CUP AND CHAIRMAN'S HAMMERS;
PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.

however, consequently the fish was his. It is shown in the accompanying reproduction, and is known to members of the Piscatorial Society (in whose museum it is placed) by the name of the “Union Jack Pike.” The largest pike the president remembers was one of 82lb., caught in Lake Constance. It was for some time kept in a moat round a castle, and thousands came to see it. This monster, nearly 6ft. long, was ultimately served

up at a banquet given to the Austrian Emperor; and although Mr. Sachs tried hard to secure the head for the society's museum, he did not succeed in obtaining any relic of that giant pike.

This veteran angler was one day fishing for codlings from the end of Deal Pier, and had secured quite a number, when he missed a thirty-guinea diamond ring from the third finger of his left hand. This ring being an heirloom, Mr. Sachs resolved to send to London for a diver, so that the bottom of the sea thereabouts might be searched. Next day, however, the missing ring was found inside one of the codlings, into whose mouth it had dropped during the process of unhooking. Many similar instances—more or less true—are recorded; but this is absolutely authentic.

Mr. Sachs was one day fishing at Laleham with Mr. William Maxwell, the well-known law publisher, and former president of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. The latter, being then an unsophisticated fisher-



THE “UNION JACK” PIKE.

man, did actually hook a big pike and lost it. His line got entangled in some bushes and the rod broke. Next day Mr. Sachs caught the very same fish—a twelve-pounder—in the very same spot. How did he recognise it? Well, there was Mr. Maxwell's tackle hanging from the pike's mouth! This reminds me that all manner of queer things have been found in captured pikes—tooth-brushes (a Piscatorial dandy, surely!), bits of glass, and metal fragments of watch-chains, and lots of impotent hooks. And I may say that herein lies one of the great temptations of the Piscatorial story-teller. Yet there are perfectly well-authenticated instances of pikeish voracity. A member of the society once took an 18lb. pike in Gloucestershire, by trolling; and inside this fish was found one of its own species, undigested, weighing 4lb. More extraordinary still, a 1lb. fish was further discovered in the stomach of the 4lb. pike; so that the angler took three fish with the one bait.

On another occasion a large pike was caught in the Ouse; it weighed 28lb., and was sold for a guinea to a certain gentleman, whose cook found in it a watch with black ribbon and keys attached. The maker's name was on the dial, and when inquiries were made, it transpired that the watch had belonged to a valet, out of employment, who had drowned himself in despair.

The next photograph reproduced shows the Ham Mill Pool on the Piscatorial Society's own water at Newbury, about fifteen

practically the only trout water within easy reach of London.

A fine basket of five trout, weighing altogether 20lb., was caught by the society's hon. secretary, Mr. W. T. Galloway, in two days in June, 1894. These five were the pick of some twenty fish taken while spinning and live-baiting the Ham Mill Pool. The others were returned to the water in accordance with those weight regulations that are so faithfully observed by all good anglers. "The capture of these trout," writes Mr. Galloway, "seemed to have cleared the way, as it were, for Mr. E. M. Mayes, who caught his eleven-pound fish the following week, in precisely the same spot."

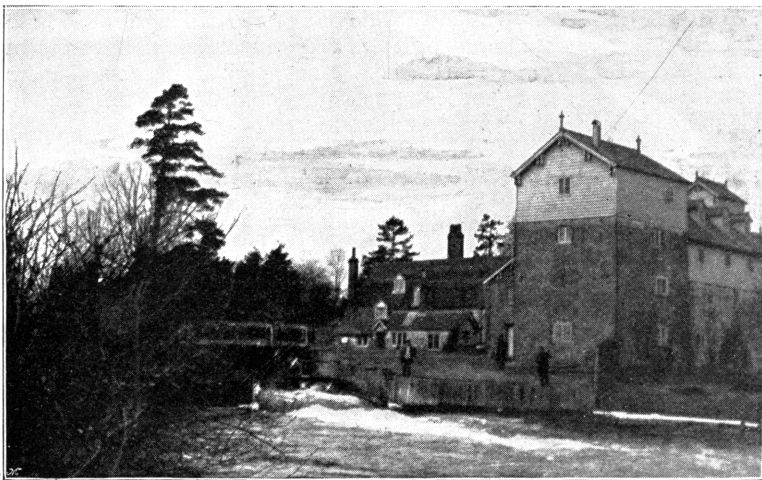
The trout referred to is next shown; strictly speaking, it weighs $11\frac{3}{4}$ lb. On the evening of June 24th, 1894, Mr. Mayes was fishing the mill pool near the Weir with a greenheart fly-rod, baited with a live gudgeon. His companions were also trying to tempt the big trout that had so often baffled them in the same spot, when they heard a great shout from Mayes. Leaving their own rods they went to his assistance, and then saw he had a big fish on. Immediately on striking, the trout went off down stream, making for a sunken willow about 40yds. away. Presently the miller and his men arrived on the scene, and shut down the two sluices of the weir. Beyond question this favoured the angler; and, after a few frantic rushes, Mr. Trout began to feel the heavy strain, and came quietly towards the excited fisherman.

The moment the trout saw the landing net, however, he plunged madly for dear life, and another quarter of an hour's grand sport was obtained before the net could be slipped under him.

Mr. Mayes had only just joined the society, but it is often thus, as every angler knows. The merest tyro, taken out for a day's fishing, will often catch finer

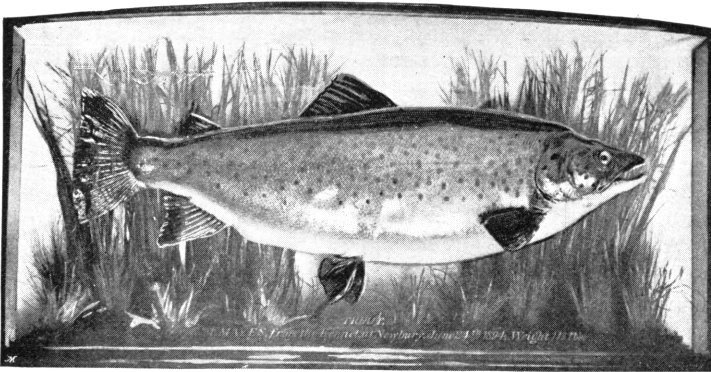
fish than the greatest expert that ever wielded the rod.

Almost every water known to a body of



THE HAM MILL POOL; PISCATORIAL SOCIETY'S WATER AT NEWBURY.

miles from Reading. The society pays about £250 a year for two and a half miles of the Kennet; but it also rents water at Radlett—



MR. MAYES' TROUT; WEIGHT 11 1/4 LB.

anglers contains a more or less mythical "big fish." This legend at one time attached to Elstree reservoir, and wonderful stories were told by Piscatorials concerning a gigantic pike that haunted that water. One angler after another related his adventures in search of that pike; and one day a particularly expert member, fishing with several others, roared out that he had the great fish "on." Without doubt he had cause for excitement, because the water was agitated and his rod bent to a perilous degree. The others were quite as excited as he, and they hastened to him with advice dictated by years of experience. "Keep him, Jones" (I will call this angler Jones); "play him—don't be in a hurry." Jones brought into play every device he knew. He must have travelled miles round that water, gesticulating strangely and working dreadfully hard. And for what? *An open carriage umbrella!* Yes, there it was, decorated here and there with the broken hooks and lines of bygone disappointed anglers. It was left for a dignified sportsman, of twenty years' experience, to fish up that hideous thing after a furious, scientific battle that lasted three-quarters of an hour.

Somewhat similarly, two Piscatorials were fishing

for barbel at Richmond one day, when one of them suddenly declared he had the biggest barbel on record at the end of his line. It was a tin kettle! This brings me to comical catches—an interesting part of angling. Consider for a moment the accompanying illustration, which depicts an incident that actually happened. It is reproduced from an

album of water-colour drawings belonging to the Piscatorial Society; and every pictorial anecdote is more than "founded on fact," with the exception of two or three caricatures. The society commissioned an artist to perpetuate in this way some of the most curious adventures of its members.

The swan incident is very curious. Three members of the society were one day bottom-fishing for jack, using live dace as bait; and when one of these anglers wound in his line the swan seized the bait, hook and all, greatly to its own detriment. But swans are often a nuisance to fishermen, as also are ducks; and here is a unique—and perfectly true—angling incident concerning one of the last-named birds. A couple of Piscatorial men were once assiduously fly-fishing, heedless of



"A QUEER FISH."

the unwelcome attention of half-a-dozen ducks. One of these, more daring than her fellows, *would* insist on investigating things; and at last the line accidentally passed across the bird, who suddenly turned round, twisted the gut about her own neck, and fixed the hook of the dropper-fly in her own breast. Thus entangled and hooked, she soon broke off the gut above the dropper, and sailed down the stream with the end of the fly trailing behind her in a manner that would have done credit to a veteran angler.

Naturally enough, the duck had not gone far before a trout of about a pound and a half took the fly effectually. Then commenced a most extraordinary struggle. Whenever the trout exerted itself, the duck's terror was most manifest; she fluttered her wings wildly, and dragged her "take" under some bushes, the human anglers following closely.

Presently, by chance, the gut that united unwilling angler and angled got across a branch that drooped into the water; whereupon the duck, taking advantage of the purchase given her in this way, dragged her fish from its hole and compelled it to show its head above water. At this point the specta-

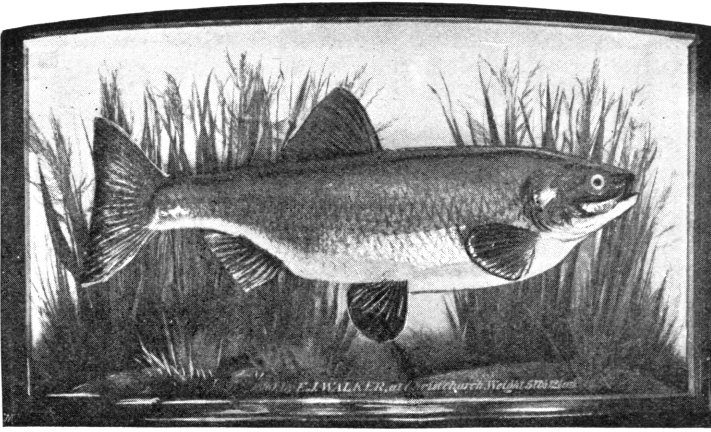
tors put an end to the novel contest by releasing the exhausted bird.

Sea-gulls and water-rats have also taken the bait; but here is a still more peculiar case of a queer catch in another element. One of my informants had occasion once to wade across a stream, carrying his rod on his shoulder. A brisk breeze presently carried out the spare line, fly-hooks and all; and immediately after, a *swallow*, evidently mistaking the hook for a real fly, snapped at it like lightning, and was made fast. More than this, many an amiable Piscatorial has become for the nonce a "fisher of men"; in other words, his hook has caught in the clothes of a drowned person. Such dismal "takes" are, of course, handed over to the police.

I reproduce here another of the cartoons in the Piscatorial Society's album; needless to say, it does *not* illustrate an actual incident. But it serves to emphasize the well-known solicitude displayed for his piscine charges by Mr. W. H. Brougham, the popular secretary of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. This corporate body, as is well known, is vested with power to search the well of any angler's punt in search of undersized fish; and if necessary it prosecutes those fisher-



FACSIMILE OF CARTOON FROM PISCATORIAL SOCIETY'S ALBUM.



MR. E. J. WALKER'S CHUB; WEIGHT 5LB. 12½OZ.

men who offend against the regulations. The T.A.P.S. employs a number of detectives who are known as river bailiffs; and it is owing to the exertions of similar societies that such enormities as shooting pike and salmon-spearing on horseback have been steadily discouraged.

The pastime of angling inculcates many virtues — especially patience. The fine chub shown in this photograph weighs 5lb. 12½oz.; and it was caught by Mr. E. J. Walker, an ardent Piscatorial member, after seven hours' steady fishing without a single bite. On being hooked, it went some twenty yards across the river, but immediately returned and plunged into a bed of weeds in three feet of water.

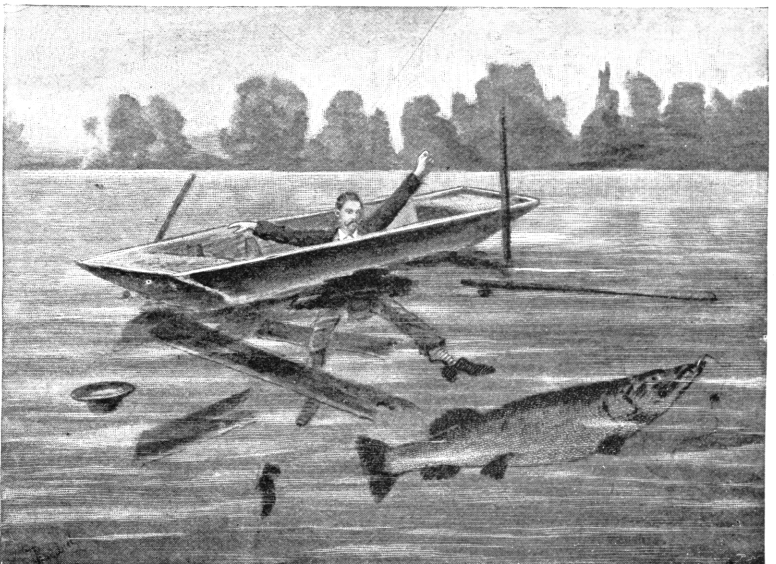
"I put my two feet there, also," writes Mr. Walker, facetiously (they are jolly dogs, these anglers), "and slipped the net under my beauty in a moment."

The fisherman's luck is exceedingly capricious; and it sometimes happens that the rod will catch fish on its own account. Another Piscatorial, Dr. Head, was one day fishing the Ham Mill Pool, and chanced to leave his rod on

number descried a wooden reel gyrating spasmodically in the water ahead. They pursued that reel, landed it with the hay-rake, and then recovered Dr. Startin's rod. The line was run right out, and on the end was a 7lb. trout, who was towing the whole concern. Dr. Head's rod was never recovered.

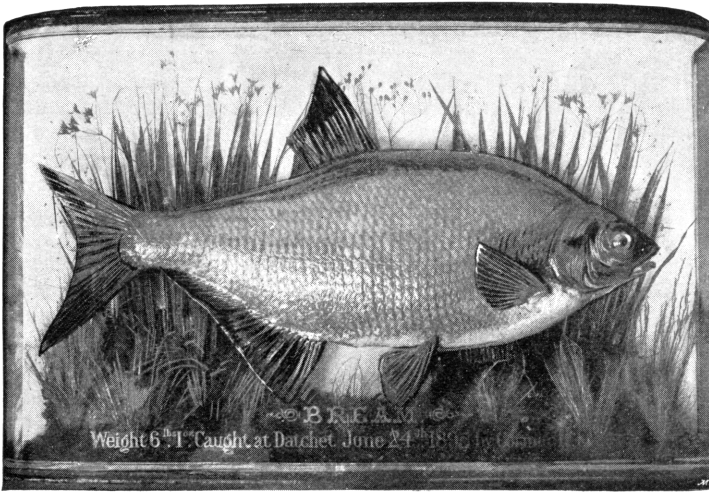
No one can appreciate an angler's enthusiasm but an angler. Men will wade for hours in a cold stream, hoping to catch a fish of decent size. One enthusiast was actually dragged off a precarious perch (a narrow plank bridge) by a big pike; and, notwithstanding his tumble into the river, he maintained his hold on his rod while he was actually towed a little way by the fish.

This leads up to another picture in the



ACTUAL RESULT OF A STRUGGLE WITH A BIG PIKE.

the weir for a few minutes, the line dangling in the water. When he came back the whole apparatus had vanished. About an hour after this, another member, Dr. Startin, also left his rod in the same place — quite unwittingly, though. This disappeared, too. Of course, then the forlorn anglers organized an expedition to search for those rods. They put off in a punt down stream, armed only with a hay-rake. Presently one of their



MR. CORMAC O'DOWD'S BREAM.

Piscatorial Society's album. The situation will be appreciated by non-anglers, also. This actually happened to a member while pike-fishing. So violently did the fish struggle, and so keen was the angler on its capture, that the bottom came out of the punt!

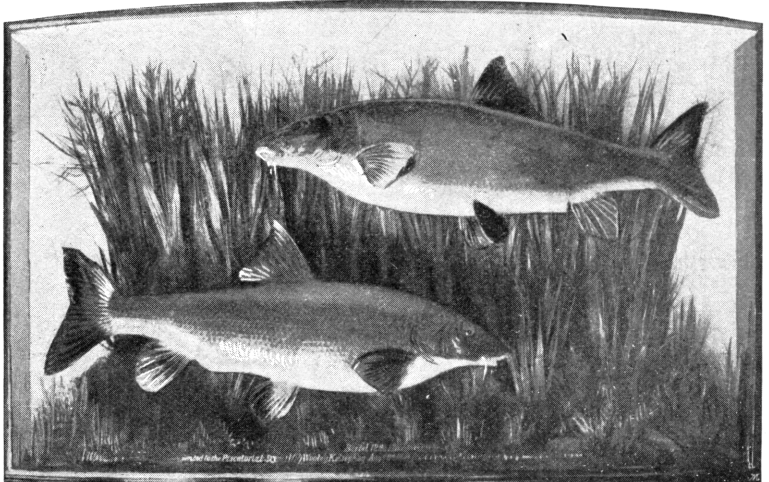
Next is seen a fine bream, one of three caught at Datchet, one morning before breakfast, by Mr. Cormac O'Dowd, the genial secretary of the Press Club. In the afternoon it weighed 6lb. 10oz., but at ten o'clock that night it only scaled 6lb. 10z. Bream, it is well known, lose a great deal of weight after being caught; which reminds me of a curious story recorded in the minutes of the Piscatorial Society.

Two members were fishing the barbel competition together in the same punt; and one of them, in order to distinguish his own fish from his companion's, cut off each a portion of the tail fin. When the competitors' fish were weighed in that night, it was proved that if this marking process had not taken place, the angler would have won the first prize, his neighbour in the punt having beaten him by less than half an ounce. On another occa-

sion, a couple of members were fishing the dace competition together; and they had such a grand day's sport that each felt confident of winning a prize. In the evening the big basket of fish was placed on the flat space at the head of the punt, when a passing steam launch caused such a wash that the precious basket was swept overboard into the river.

The last Piscatorial trophy shown is a splendid brace of barbel, caught by Mr.

Woolley Kelsey in the society's own water at Newbury, in August, 1894. Here is Mr. Kelsey's own account of the capture: "I had often been told of the giant barbel that were sometimes seen disporting themselves in the Kennet; so, one glorious morning, I opened an attack upon them, or their humbler brethren; I was accompanied by a fellow-member. The water was slightly coloured and in fair quantity. I tackled the Mill Pool; and the miller amused me with incredible stories of the 20lb. barbel he had seen in that very spot. For two days I fruitlessly fished every inch of the pool, although I tried every known delicacy, from a paste of ancient Gorgonzola down to fresh, well-scoured lob-worms. On the third day I was on the spot at five o'clock in the



A SLENDER BRACE OF BARBEL.

morning—and a raw morning it was for August. I put on a very fine and long Hercules gut cast, and threaded a tempting lob on a No. 1 Alcock round-bend hook. Soon the 'knock' came, and I answered; my reel whizzed as a big fish sailed off to the deep pool. It was useless to try to stop him; I could only hope that he would keep clear of the submerged piles. I dared not put any strain on my light tackle.

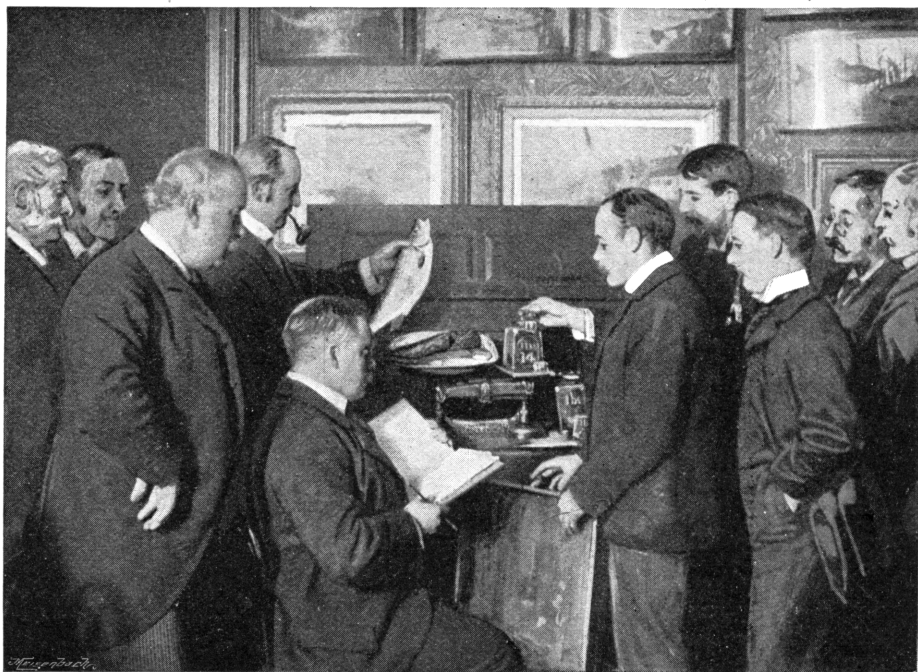
"At last the fish made for the river bank, thus enabling my friend to judge his size. The result was that my companion dashed off, with a shout, to the inn for a large landing net, and, on his return, we landed a splendid barbel of 10lb. 8oz., measuring 29in. After breakfast I had several smaller barbel of from 2lb. to 4½lb., returning to the water all under 3½lb.

"At last another big 'knock' was given, and away went yet another big fish into deep water. I had hard work to keep him clear of the piles and the bottom. Again I sent for

the big net, but there was really no hurry, for the fish was game, if I may say so. Up and down the pool he careered, and then he tried the old plan of boring. When he was just on the bottom, I risked a smash, and put the strain on. My rod was a 10ft. light cane specially built for me, with a tapered thin plaited silk line; and the fine gut was simply perfection.

"My second big barbel was grassed after half an hour's hard fight. He weighed 12¾lb. and measured 33in. Altogether I took 40lb. weight of barbel that day in the pool."

The last illustration depicts the interesting process of weighing-in which takes place at the Piscatorial Society's head-quarters every Monday night. The hon. secretary, Mr. W. T. Galloway, notes the weights, the librarian weighs, and the curator of the museum stands by, on the look-out for record fish that may be preserved and hung on the walls.



WEIGHING IN THE FISH.

Transformation.

BY ROBERT BARR.*



LF you grind castor sugar with an equal quantity of chlorate of potash, the result is an innocent-looking white compound, sweet to the taste, and sometimes beneficial in the case of a sore throat. But if you dip a glass rod in a small quantity of sulphuric acid, and merely touch the harmless-appearing mixture with the wet end of the rod, the dish which contains it becomes instantly a roaring furnace of fire, vomiting forth a fountain of burning balls, and filling the room with a dense, black, suffocating cloud of smoke.

So strange a combination is that mystery which we term Human Nature, that a touch of adverse circumstance may transform a quiet, peaceable, law-abiding citizen into a malefactor whose heart is filled with a desire for vengeance, stopping at nothing to accomplish it.

In a little narrow street off the broad Rue de Rennes, near the great terminus of Mont-Parnasse, stood the clock-making shop of the brothers Delore. The window was filled with cheap clocks, and, depending from a steel spring attached to the top of the door, was a bell which rang when anyone entered; for the brothers were working clock-makers, who were continually busy in the room at the back of the shop, and trade in the neighbourhood was not brisk enough to allow them to keep an assistant. The brothers had worked amicably in this small room for twenty years, and were reported by the denizens of that quarter of Paris to be enormously rich. They were certainly contented enough, and had plenty of money for their frugal wants, as well as for their occasional exceedingly mild dissipations at the neighbouring *café*. They had always a little money for the church, and a little money for charity, and no one had ever heard either of them speak a harsh word to any living soul, and least of all to each other. When the sensitively adjusted bell at the door announced the arrival of a possible customer, Adolph left his work and attended to the shop, while Alphonse continued his

task without interruption. The former was supposed to be the better business man of the two, while the latter was admittedly the better workman. They had a room over the shop, and a small kitchen over the work-room at the back; but only one occupied the bedroom above, the other sleeping in the shop, as it was supposed that the wares there displayed must have formed an almost irresistible temptation to any thief desirous of accumulating a quantity of timepieces. The brothers took week-about at guarding the treasures below, but in all the twenty years no thief had yet disturbed their slumbers.

One evening, just as they were about to close the shop and adjourn together to the *café*, the bell rang, and Adolph went forward to learn what was wanted. He found waiting for him an unkempt individual of appearance so disreputable, that he at once made up his mind that here at last was the thief for whom they had waited so long in vain. The man's wild, roving eye, that seemed to search out every corner and cranny in the place and rest nowhere for longer than a second at a time, added to Delore's suspicions. The unsavoury visitor was evidently spying



"THE UNSAVOURY VISITOR WAS EVIDENTLY SPYING OUT THE LAND."

* Copyright, 1896, by Robert Barr, in the United States of America.

out the land, and Adolph felt certain he would do no business with him at that particular hour, whatever might happen later.

The customer took from under his coat, after a furtive glance at the door of the back room, a small paper-covered parcel, and, untying the string somewhat hurriedly, displayed a crude piece of clockwork made of brass. Handing it to Adolph, he said, "How much would it cost to make a dozen like that?"

Adolph took the piece of machinery in his hand and examined it. It was slightly concave in shape, and among the wheels was a strong spring. Adolph wound up this spring, but so loosely was the machinery put together, that when he let go the key, the spring quickly uncoiled itself with a whirring noise of the wheels.

"This is very bad workmanship," said Adolph.

"It is," replied the man, who, notwithstanding his poverty-stricken appearance, spoke like a person of education. "That is why I come to you for better workmanship."

"What is it used for?"

The man hesitated for a moment. "It is part of a clock," he said at last.

"I don't understand it. I never saw a clock made like this."

"It is an alarm attachment," replied the visitor, with some impatience. "It is not necessary that you should understand it. All I ask is, can you duplicate it and at what price?"

"But why not make the alarm machinery part of the clock? It would be much cheaper than to make this and then attach it to a clock."

The man made a gesture of annoyance.

"Will you answer my question?" he said, gruffly.

"I don't believe you want this as part of a clock. In fact, I think I can guess why you came in here," replied Adolph, as innocent as a child of any correct suspicion of what the man was, thinking him merely a thief, and hoping to frighten him by this hint of his own shrewdness.

His visitor looked loweringly at him and then, with a quick eye, seemed to measure the distance from where he stood to the pavement, evidently meditating flight.

"I will see what my brother says about this," said Adolph. But before Adolph could call his brother, the man bolted and was gone in an instant, leaving the mechanism in the hands of the bewildered clockmaker.

Alphonse, when he heard the story of their belated customer, was even more convinced

than his brother of the danger of the situation. The man was undoubtedly a thief, and the bit of clockwork merely an excuse for getting inside the fortress. The brothers, with much perturbation, locked up the establishment, and instead of going to their usual *café*, they betook themselves as speedily as possible to the office of the police, where they told their suspicions and gave a description of the supposed culprit. The officer seemed much impressed by their story.

"Have you brought with you the machine he showed you?"

"No. It is at the shop," said Adolph. "It was merely an excuse to get inside, I am sure of that, for no clockmaker ever made it."

"Perhaps," said the officer. "Will you go and bring it? Say nothing of this matter to anyone you meet, but wrap it up in paper and bring it as quickly and as quietly as you can. I would send a man with you, only I do not wish to attract attention."

Before morning the man, who gave his name as Jacques Picard, was arrested, but the authorities made little by their zeal. Adolph Delore swore positively that Picard and his visitor were the same person, but the prisoner had no difficulty in proving that he was at a *café* two miles away at the time the visitor was in Delore's shop, while Adolph had to admit that the shop was rather dark when the conversation about the clockwork took place. Picard was ably defended, and his advocate submitted that, even if he had been in the shop as stated by Delore, and had bargained as alleged for the mechanism, there was nothing criminal in that, unless the prosecution could show that he intended to put what he bought to improper uses. As well arrest a man who entered to buy a key for his watch. So Picard was released, although the police, certain he was one of the men they wanted, resolved to keep a close watch on his future movements. But the suspected man, as if to save them unnecessary trouble, left two days later for London, and there remained.

For a week Adolph slept badly in the shop, for although he hoped the thief had been frightened away by the proceedings taken against him, still, whenever he fell asleep, he dreamt of burglars, and so awoke himself many times during the long nights.

When it came the turn of Alphonse to sleep in the shop, Adolph hoped for an undisturbed night's rest in the room above, but the Fates were against him. Shortly after midnight he was flung from his bed to the

floor, and he felt the house rocking as if an earthquake had passed under Paris. He got on his hands and knees in a dazed condition, with a roar as of thunder in his ears, mingled with the sharp crackle of breaking glass. He made his way to the window, wondering whether he was asleep or awake, and found the window shattered. The moonlight poured into the deserted street, and he noticed a cloud of dust and smoke rising from the front of the shop. He groped his way through the darkness towards the stairway and went down, calling his brother's name, but the lower part of the stair had been blown away, and he fell upon the *débris* below, lying there half-stunned, enveloped in suffocating smoke.

When Adolph partially recovered consciousness, he became aware that two men were helping him out over the ruins of the shattered shop. He was still murmuring the name of his brother, and they were telling him, in a reassuring tone, that everything was all right, although he vaguely felt that what they said was not true. They had their arms linked in his, and he stumbled helplessly among the wreckage, seeming to have lost control over his limbs. He saw that the whole front of the shop was gone, and noticed through the wide opening that a crowd stood in the street kept back by the police. He wondered why he had not seen all these people when he looked out of the shattered window. When they brought him to the ambulance, he resisted slightly, saying he wanted to go to his brother's assistance, who was sleeping in the shop, but with gentle force they placed him in the vehicle, and he was driven away to the hospital.

For several days Adolph fancied that he was dreaming, that he would soon awake and take up again the old pleasant, industrious life. It was the nurse who told him he would never see his brother again, adding by way of consolation that death had been painless

and instant, that the funeral had been one of the grandest that quarter of Paris had ever seen, naming many high and important officials who had attended it. Adolph turned his face to the wall and groaned. His frightful dream was to last him his life.

When he trod the streets of Paris a week later, he was but the shadow of his former portly self. He was gaunt and haggard, his clothes hanging on him as if they had been made for some other man, a fortnight's stubbly beard on the face which had always heretofore been smoothly shaven. He sat silently at the *café*, and few of his friends recognised him at first. They heard he had received ample compensation from the Government, and now would have money enough to suffice him all his life, without the necessity of working for it; and they looked on him as a fortunate man. But he sat there listlessly,

receiving their congratulations or condolences with equal apathy. Once he walked past the shop. The front was boarded up, and glass had been put in the upper windows.

He wandered aimlessly through the streets of Paris, some saying he was insane, and that he was looking for his brother; others that he was searching for

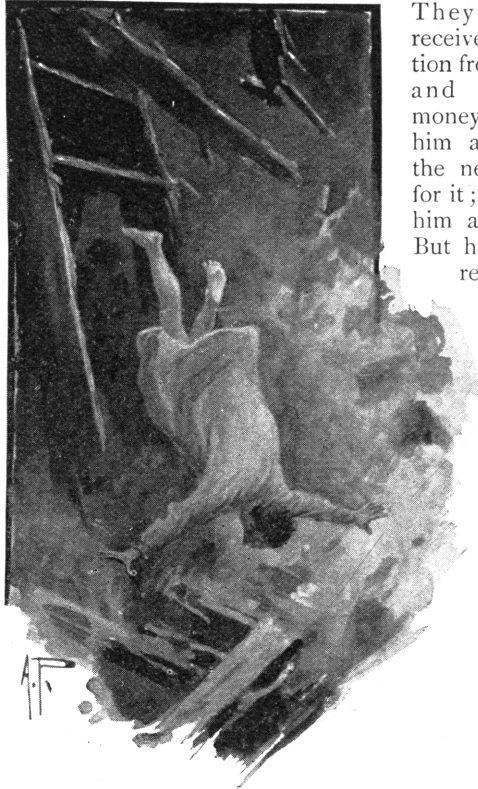
the murderer. One day he entered the police-office where he had first made his unlucky complaint.

"Have you arrested him yet?" he asked of the officer in charge.

"Who?" inquired the officer, not recognising his visitor.

"Picard. I am Adolph Delore."

"It was not Picard who committed the crime. He was in London at the time, and is there still."



"HE FELL UPON THE DÉBRIS BELOW."

"Ah! He said he was in the north of Paris when he was with me in the south. He is a liar. He blew up the shop."

"I quite believe he planned it, but the deed was done by another. It was done by Lamoine, who left for Brussels next morning and went to London by way of Antwerp. He is living with Picard in London at this moment."

"If you know that, why has neither of them been taken?"

"To know is one thing; to be able to prove quite another. We cannot get these rascals from England merely on suspicion, and they will take good care not to set foot in France for some time to come."

"You are waiting for evidence, then?"

"We are waiting for evidence."

"How do you expect to get it?"

"We are having them watched. They are very quiet just now, but it won't be for long. Picard is too restless. Then we may arrest someone soon who will confess."

"Perhaps I could help. I am going to London. Will you give me Picard's address?"

"Here is his address, but I think you had better leave the case alone. You do not know the language, and you may merely arouse his suspicions if you interfere. Still, if you learn anything, communicate with me."

The former frank, honest expression in Adolph's eyes had given place to a look of cunning, that appealed to the instincts of a French police-officer. He thought something might come of this, and his instincts did not mislead him.

Delore with great craftiness watched the door of the house in London, taking care that no one should suspect his purpose. He saw Picard come out alone on several occasions, and once with another of his own stripe, whom he took to be Lamoine.

One evening, when crossing Leicester Square, Picard was accosted by a stranger in his own language. Looking around with a start, he saw at his side a cringing tramp, worse than shabbily dressed.

"What did you say?" asked Picard, with a tremor in his voice.

"Could you assist a poor countryman?" whined Delore.

"I have no money."

"Perhaps you could help me to get work. I don't know the language, but I am a good workman."

"How can I help you to work? I have no work myself."

"I would be willing to work for nothing, if I could get a place to sleep and something to eat."

"Why don't you steal? I would if I were hungry. What are you afraid of? Prison? It is no worse than tramping the streets hungry; I know, for I have tried both. What is your trade?"

"I am a watchmaker and a first-class workman, but I have pawned all my tools. I have tramped from Lyons, but there is nothing doing in my trade."

Picard looked at him suspiciously for a few moments.

"Why did you accost me?" he asked, at last.

"I saw you were a fellow-countryman; Frenchmen have helped me from time to time."

"Let us sit down on this bench. What is your name, and how long have you been in England?"

"My name is Adolph Carrier, and I have been in London three months."

"So long as that? How have you lived all that time?"

"Very poorly, as you may see. I sometimes get scraps from the French restaurants, and I sleep where I can."

"Well, I think I can do better than that for you. Come with me."

Picard took Delore to his house, letting himself in with a latchkey. Nobody seemed to occupy the place but himself and Lamoine. He led the way to the top story, and opened a door that communicated with a room utterly bare of furniture. Leaving Adolph there, Picard went downstairs again and came up with a lighted candle in his hand, followed by Lamoine, who carried a mattress.

"This will do you for to-night," said Picard, "and to-morrow we will see if we can get you any work. Can you make clocks?"

"Oh, yes, and good ones."

"Very well. Give me a list of the tools and materials you need, and I will get them for you."

Picard wrote in a note-book the items Adolph recited to him, Lamoine watching their new *employé* closely, but saying nothing. Next day a table and a chair were put into the room, and in the afternoon Picard brought in the tools and some sheets of brass.

Picard and Lamoine were somewhat suspicious of their recruit at first, but he went on industriously with his task,

and made no attempt to communicate with anybody. They soon saw that he was an expert workman, and a quiet, innocent, half-draft, harmless creature, so he was given other things to do, such as cleaning up their rooms and going errands for beer and other necessities of life.

When Adolph finished his first machine, he took it down to them and exhibited it with pardonable pride. There was a dial on it exactly like a clock, although it had but one hand.

"Let us see it work," said Picard: "set it so that the bell will ring in three minutes."

Adolph did as requested, and stood back when the machine began to work with a scarcely audible tick-tick. Picard pulled out his watch, and exactly at the third minute the hammer fell on the bell. "That is very satisfactory," said Picard; "now, can you make the next one slightly concave, so that a man may strap it under his coat without attracting attention? Such a shape is useful when passing the Customs."

"I can make it any shape you like and thinner than this one if you wish it."

"Very well. Go out and get us a quart of beer, and we will drink to your success. Here is the money."

Adolph obeyed with his usual docility, staying out, however, somewhat longer than usual. Picard, impatient at the delay, spoke roughly to him when he returned, and ordered him to go upstairs to his work. Adolph departed meekly, leaving them to their beer.

"See that you understand that machine, Lamoine," said Picard. "Set it at half an hour."

Lamoine, turning the hand to the figure VI. on the dial, set the works in motion, and to the accompaniment of its quiet tick-tick they drank their beer.

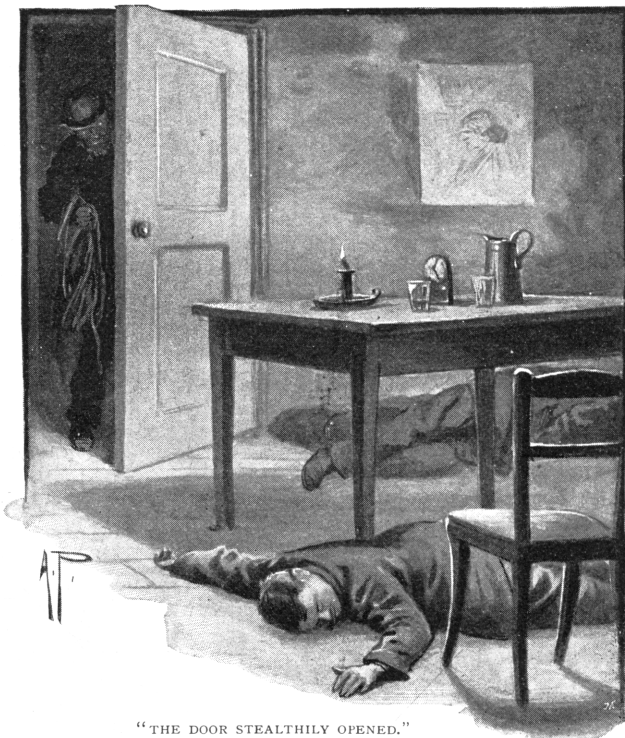
"He seems to understand his business," said Lamoine.

"Yes," answered Picard. "What heady stuff this English beer is. I wish we had some good French bock; this makes me drowsy."

Lamoine did not answer, he was nodding in his chair. Picard threw himself down on his mattress in one corner of the room;

Lamoine, when he fell from his chair, muttered an oath, and lay where he fell.

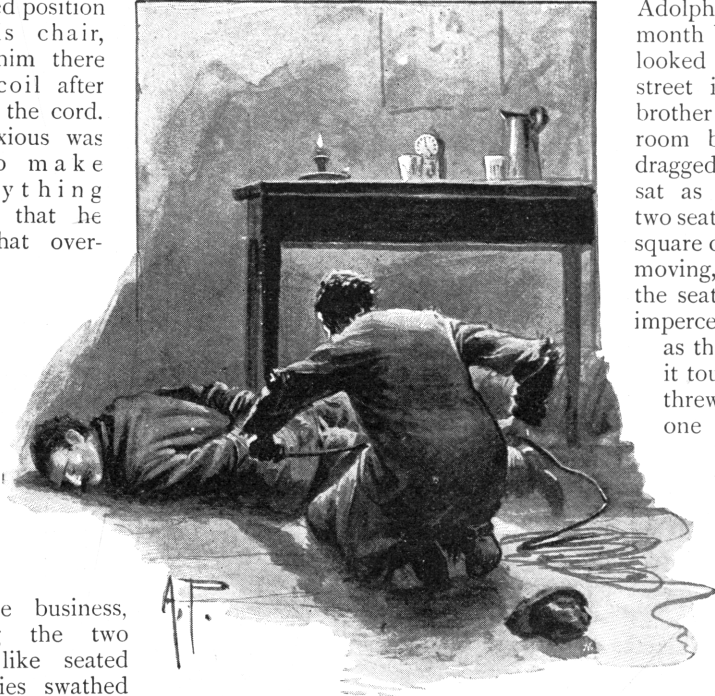
Shortly after the door stealthily opened and Adolph's head cautiously reconnoitred the situation, coming into the silent apartment inch by inch, his crafty eyes rapidly



"THE DOOR STEALTHILY OPENED."

searching the room and filling with malicious glee when he saw that everything was as he had planned. He entered quietly and closed the door softly behind him. He had a great coil of thin strong cord in his hand. Approaching the sleeping men on tip-toe, he looked down on them for a moment, wondering whether the drug had done its work sufficiently well for him to proceed. The question was settled for him with a suddenness that nearly unnerved him. An appalling clang of the bell, a startling sound that seemed loud enough to wake the dead, made him spring nearly to the ceiling. He dropped his rope and clung to the door in a panic of dread, his palpitating heart nearly suffocating him with its wild beating, staring with affrighted eyes at the machine which had given such an unexpected alarm. Slowly recovering command over himself, he turned his gaze on the sleepers: neither had moved; both were breathing as heavily as ever.

Pulling himself together, he turned his attention first to Picard, as the more dangerous man of the two, should an awakening come before he was ready for it. He bound Picard's wrists tightly together; then his ankles, his knees, and his elbows. He next did the same for Lamoine. With great effort he got Picard in a seated position on his chair, tying him there with coil after coil of the cord. So anxious was he to make everything secure, that he somewhat over-



"HE NEXT DID THE SAME FOR LAMOINE."

did the business, making the two seem like seated mummies swathed in cord. The chairs he fastened immovably to the floor, then he stood back and gazed with a sigh at the two grim seated figures, with their heads drooping helplessly forward on their corded breasts, looking like silent effigies of the dead.

Mopping his perspiring brow, Adolph now turned his attention to the machine that had startled him so when he first came in. He carefully examined its mechanism to see that everything was right. Going to the cupboard, he took up a false bottom and lifted carefully out a number of dynamite cartridges that the two sleepers had stolen from a French mine. These he arranged in a battery, tying them together. He raised the hammer of the machine, and set the hand so that the blow would fall in sixty minutes after the machinery was set in motion. The whole deadly combination he placed on a small table, which he drew close in front of the two sleeping men. This done, he sat down on a chair patiently to await the

awakening. The room was situated at the back of the house, and was almost painfully still, not a sound from the street penetrating to it. The candle burnt low, guttered and went out, but Adolph sat there and did not light another. The room was still only half in darkness, for the moon shone brightly in at the window, reminding Adolph that it was just a month before when he had looked out on a moonlit street in Paris, while his brother lay murdered in the room below. The hours dragged along, and Adolph sat as immovable as the two seated before him. The square of moonlight, slowly moving, at last illuminated the seated form of Picard, imperceptibly climbing up, as the moon sank, until it touched his face. He threw his head first to one side, then back, yawned, drew a deep breath, and tried to struggle.

"Lamoine," he cried, "Adolph. What the deuce is this? I say, here. Help! I am betrayed."

"Hush," said Adolph, quietly.

"Do not cry so loud. You will wake Lamoine, who is beside you. I am here; wait till I light a candle, the moonlight is waning."

"Adolph, you fiend, you are in league with the police."

"No, I am not. I will explain everything in a moment. Have patience." Adolph lit a candle, and Picard, rolling his eyes, saw that the slowly awakening Lamoine was bound like himself.

Lamoine, glaring at his partner and not understanding what had happened, hissed:—

"You have turned traitor, Picard, you have informed, curse you."

"Keep quiet, you fool. Don't you see I am bound as tightly as you?"

"There has been no traitor and no informing, nor need of any. A month ago to-night, Picard, there was blown into eternity a good and honest man, who never harmed you or anyone. I am his brother. I am Adolph Delore, who refused to make your infernal

machine for you. I am much changed since then ; but perhaps now you recognise me ?”

“I swear to God,” cried Picard, “that I did not do it. I was in London at the time. I can prove it. There is no use in handing me over to the police, even though, perhaps, you think you can terrorize this poor wretch into lying against me.”

“Pray to the God, whose name you so lightly use, that the police you fear may get you before I am done with you. In the police, strange as it may sound to you, is your only hope, but they will have to come quickly if they are to save you. Picard, you have lived, perhaps, thirty-five years on this earth. The next hour of your life will be longer to you than all those years.”

Adolph put the percussion cap in its place and started the mechanism. For a few moments its quiet tick-tick was the only sound heard in the room, the two bound men staring with wide-open eyes at the dial of the clock, while the whole horror of their position slowly broke upon them.

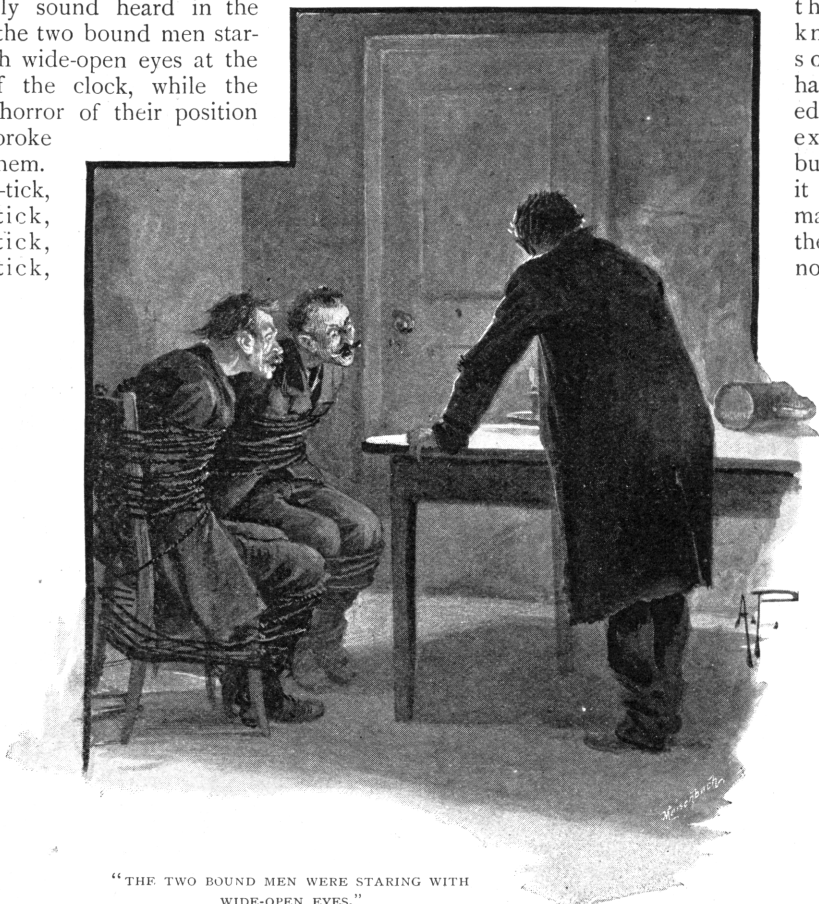
Tick-tick,
tick-tick,
tick-tick,
tick-tick,

tick-tick, tick-tick. Each man's face was paled, and rivulets of sweat ran down from their brows. Suddenly Picard raised his voice in an unearthly shriek.

“I expected that,” said Adolph, quietly. “I don't think anyone can hear, but I will gag you both, so that we may run no risks.” When this was done, he said : “I have set the clock-work at sixty minutes ; seven of those are already spent. There is still time enough left for meditation and repentance. I place the candle here so that its rays will shine upon the dial. When you have made your own peace, pray for the souls of any you have sent into eternity without time for preparation.”

Delore left the room as softly as he had entered it, and the doomed men tried ineffectually to cry out as they heard the key turning in the door.

The authorities knew that someone had perished in that explosion, but whether it was one man or two they could not tell.



“THE TWO BOUND MEN WERE STARING WITH WIDE-OPEN EYES.”

Railway Facts in Fancy Frames.*

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)

EVEN nowadays, there are many people in this country who have never seen a railway station or a locomotive. A year or two ago I was in a remote Cornish hamlet, which contained at least a score of old or elderly persons who had never seen a railway track, but who had only, and at very rare intervals, travelled as far as the nearest market town, and, to these Cornish peasants, their Launceston was almost the rival of our London—London, to them a place inaccessible, and whose din had never even faintly touched the dull imagination of those far-away and static Cornish folk. The Cornish people talk about “going to England” when one crosses the boundary line of Cornwall.

And we ourselves, to whom railways are of the most familiar of those things that touch our daily life, even we have but a scant knowledge of the vast extent to which the railway enterprise of this country has spread during its relatively short life. I propose to deal with some railway facts and figures in a way that will, I hope, clearly illustrate the present condition of one of the most remarkable and energetic activities of Queen Victoria's reign.

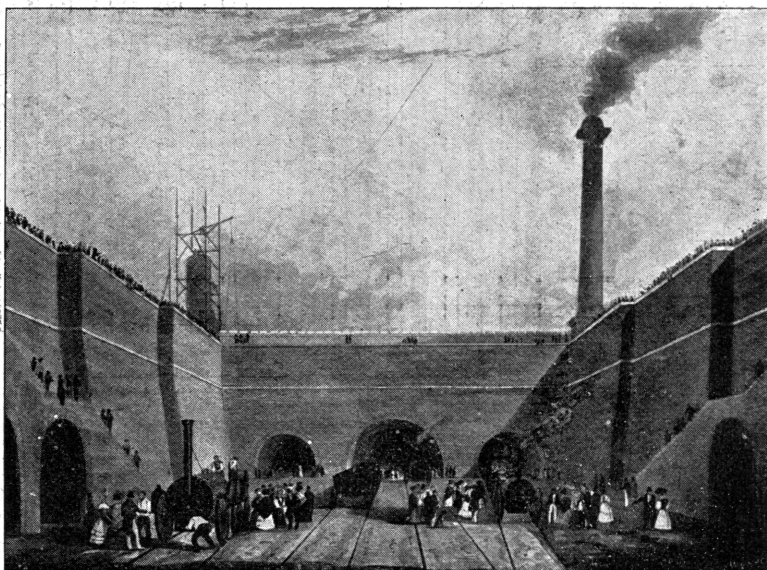
By way of contrast with railway surroundings as we now know them, just glance at this picture of the railway station at Edge Hill, Liverpool, in the year 1831 [No. 1]—a great pit for a station, with the tunnels opening into it; no hand-rails to the steep steps, no platforms or waiting-rooms, no Smith's book-stall smothered with newspapers and magazines; in

fact, “no nothink.” The passengers are casually strolling about the permanent way, preparatory to getting into the carriages, which, as we see, are merely open waggons, or they are having explained to them the wonderful proportions of the latest form of “Puffing Billy”—see the little group at the left of the picture: is not this almost grotesque to us?—and yet only sixty-five years have passed since the date of the scene depicted in this print. Even six years later than 1831, McCulloch wrote in his “Account of the British Empire,” published in 1837:—

... Exclusive of the means of communication by the common roads now described, and by canals, *railroads have lately engaged a large share of the public attention*, and will, most likely, be established, at no distant period, between all the great towns of the empire—where the ground is at all practicable. *They are made either of wood or iron*; but those only that are made of the latter could be advantageously constructed in this country. . . .

The words now italicized in the above quotation read strangely indeed to us of A.D. 1896: and so does McCulloch's statement:—

... The length of the Liverpool railway is 31 miles; and the fact that passengers were regularly



No. 1.—Entrance to the Railway Station at Edge Hill, Liverpool, in the year 1831. [*Open trucks for carriages, “Puffing Bilities” for engines, no shelters or platforms for passengers, and no hand-rails on the steep steps that lead down to the railway level.*]

* Copyright by John Holt Schooling, 1896.

conveyed that distance, in carriages drawn by locomotive engines, in from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, produced an extraordinary sensation. The advantages likely to be derived from the extension of the system to other parts of the country have, we believe, been a good deal exaggerated. . . .

Probably some of the good folk who made this journey at the wonderful speed of fifteen to twenty miles per hour, and who almost quaked at their own temerity, are now alive to test the sixty-miles-an-hour pace of a modern express.

Turn from this suggestion of the past to the diagram in No. 2, which serves to illustrate the vast and still increasing growth of railway enterprise, through the very practical medium of the amount of money invested in railways in this kingdom. When I ascertained the vast bulk of modern

railway capital, I was at a loss how to convey a clearer idea of its immensity than can be given by mere figures, until it occurred to me to contrast the official facts for the last ten years, 1885-1894, with the corresponding amounts of the National Debt of this country during the same period.

Inspection of No. 2 shows that, even in the year 1885, the paid-up railway capital of the United Kingdom had outstripped the amount of the National Debt, vast as that debt was; and, running the eye from left to right of No. 2, we see that the preponderance of railway capital over National Debt became greater year by year until, in 1894, the National Debt was nowhere. This surprising result has been caused both by the growth of railway capital and by the shrinkage of the National Debt; for one sees in No. 2 that, with the exception of the year 1886, the solid black columns

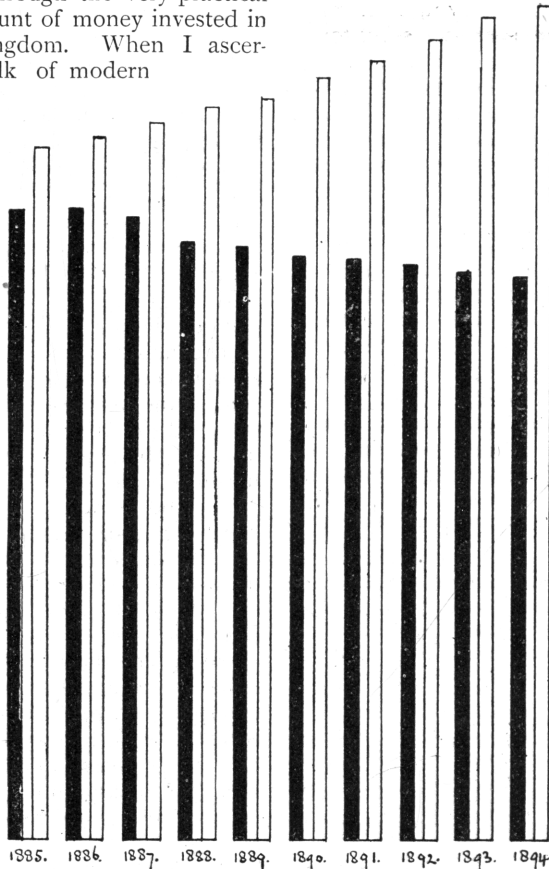
representing the debt of the country become shorter, while the outline - columns representing railway capital steadily grow taller. For the sake of completeness, I give the figures upon which No. 2 has been drawn:—

Year.	National Debt (millions).	Railway Capital (millions).
1885	749'3	815'9
1886	742'3	828'4
1887	735'3	846'0
1888	705'6	864'7
1889	698'4	876'6
1890	689'9	897'5
1891	684'1	919'4
1892	677'7	944'3
1893	671'0	971'3
1894	666'2	985'4

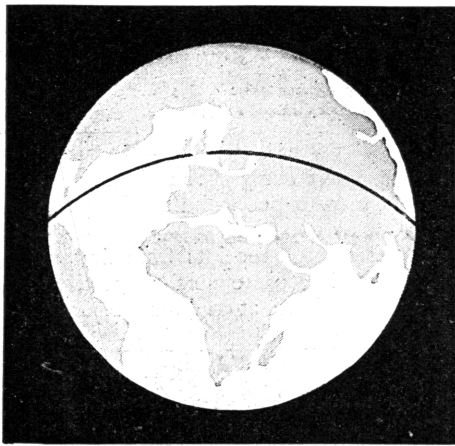
The yearly income of the railway companies of the

United Kingdom is large enough to make even a Chancellor of the Exchequer's mouth water. Taking the most recent year for which official facts are available, 1894, the total receipts of these wonderful railway companies were the stupendous amount of over £84,000,000 sterling, of which, nearly eighty millions were receipts from traffic; the actual receipts into the Exchequer of the United Kingdom for the year 1894 being ninety-one millions—so that running the railways brings in a yearly revenue not far short of that produced by running this kingdom. The total railway working expenditure for 1894 was over forty-seven millions, or more

than one-half the total cost of running the United Kingdom for the same year; or, to compare the total railway expenditure with the total receipts, the expenses swallowed say 56 per cent. of the receipts, thus leaving a margin of thirty-seven millions of profit for the year, or rather over $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.



No. 2.—A comparison, for the ten years 1885-1894, of the amount of the National Debt with the amount of paid-up Railway Capital in the United Kingdom. [The solid black columns represent the National Debt; the outline columns represent the paid-up Railway Capital.]



No. 3.—Round the World in Forty Minutes. The trains of the United Kingdom completed an average mileage equal to the circumference of the Earth *every 39½ minutes of the year 1894*, day and night without cessation. In other words, the miles travelled by these trains during 1894 would suffice to “put a girdle round the Earth” no fewer than 13,374 times.

on the railway capital of 985 millions just mentioned.

The length of railways open for traffic throughout the United Kingdom had, in 1894, reached a total of nearly 21,000 miles (20,908 miles), and as the circumference of the earth may be put at about 25,000 miles, we see that the length of railroad open in this country is not far short of equal to the entire circuit of the earth! If the extension of our railway system during the past ten years be continued during the next twenty years, the length of open railroad will then equal the earth's circumference: an extension of 200 miles of road per annum will, in twenty years, make up the 4,000 miles of the earth's circumference by which our length of railroad now falls short. I may say that, on an average, every mile of railroad throughout the United Kingdom is traversed nearly forty-four times per day.

But when we come to the number of miles travelled by trains in the United Kingdom during one year, we shall find that earthly measurements and comparisons begin to fail us, and we shall have to press the sun into our service as an aid to clear perception of the facts. First, look at illustration No. 3, and bear in mind that the description of it and its meaning, which is printed below this illustration, is no freak of fancy, but a solid fact, based upon entirely reliable official information, the actual figures being:—

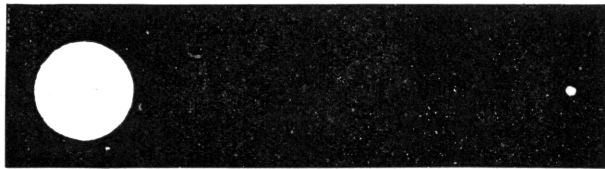
Miles travelled by trains in the United Kingdom during the year 1894.

(Passenger trains)	(Goods trains)	(Mixed trains)	(Total)
Miles.	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
179'8 million.	149'5 million.	3'7 million.	333'0 million.

This extraordinary total of 333 millions of miles travelled by our trains during one year only is *equal to these trains going all round the world every forty minutes of the year, day and night, without cessation!* So that in less time than is occupied by an express from London to Brighton, this magnificent activity of the railway service of the kingdom has girdled the earth, as regards distance travelled, during this short time (say 39 1-3rd minutes), and as regards the amount of energy expended. This means that every time the second-hand of your watch completes a revolution, that during every minute of time which passes from the present into the past, our massive trains with their heavy load of human beings and goods cover more than six hundred and thirty-three miles! And this goes on day and night without a break, and the distance is increasing year by year. The yearly mileage of our trains is long enough to “put a girdle round the earth” more than thirteen thousand times every year.

The illustrative statements just made will, I hope, convey to my readers a clear impression of the really wonderful results now daily achieved by the railway enterprise of our country; but, should they fail to make my meaning vivid, an inspection of illustration No. 4 and a description of it will perhaps effect the desired purpose. We, as dwellers on the planet Earth, know that our domain in space is very small, and that all of us and everything we possess are entirely insignificant and petty when compared with the space outside the earth, and with what that space contains. But, thanks to our railway enterprise, we are supplied with facts which serve to slightly lessen this sense of our own nothingness, since we are able to use even the mighty Sun and his distance from us as a useful gauge of one year's railway activity.

If we take the mean distance of the sun



SUN 92,890,000 miles EARTH.

No. 4.—Return trips, twice a year, from the Earth to the Sun. The distance travelled in the year 1894 by the trains of the United Kingdom is nearly equal to going to the Sun and back twice during the year.

from the earth to be 92,890,000 miles, and apply to this immense distance the train-mileage of the United Kingdom during the year 1894, we find that this train-mileage is nearly equal to two return trips from the earth to the sun, for two of these inconceivably long return journeys would occupy only about six weeks in excess of the year's travelling! In order to assist the mind to understand what the distance illustrated in No. 4 really means, I may say that a cannon-ball fired at the sun from the mouth of an Armstrong gun, and which rushes through space at the speed of twelve miles per minute without any slackening of pace, would take from fourteen to fifteen years to reach the sun; or, again, if a baby were born with an arm (say) ninety-three million miles long, and who on the first day of its life accidentally touched the sun, then, according to the best estimates of the rate of speed at which feeling travels, the baby might grow to manhood, and the man attain to extreme old age, without even feeling the pain of the burn inflicted on the tip of his finger by the sun when he, as a baby, burnt his finger on the first day of his life! Now we realize, perhaps, what the vast distance in No. 4 means, a distance which is yet travelled (nearly) *four times a year, or once every three months*, by these wonderful trains of the United Kingdom!

Leaving these truly splendid "Solar records" of our train-mileage, let us glance at the more mundane question of receipts from passenger and goods traffic, respectively, and from first, second, and third class passengers, viewed separately.

Nos. 5 and 6 are a new sort of railway ticket, executed in black and white, and used for the present occasion only. No. 5 is divided into two "halves," one of which—to

PASSENGER	GOODS TRAFFIC
TRAFFIC	
£ 364,954.88	£ 43,379,078

No. 5.—The Traffic ticket for the year 1894, United Kingdom, divided into the receipts from Passenger and Goods traffic respectively. [Including season tickets.]

use an Irishism—is bigger than the other: the white "half" stands for receipts from passenger traffic, and the black "half" represents the receipts from goods traffic. Of course, as these latter receipts are larger than the passenger receipts, the "goods

traffic" occupies a proportionately larger part of the ticket in No. 5:—

Receipts from passenger traffic in 1894	...	£ 36,495,488	or 45.7 per cent.
Receipts from goods traffic in 1894	...	£ 43,379,078	or 54.3

Total traffic receipts in 1894 ... £ 79,874,566 or 100.0

Thus, out of every £100 of traffic receipts, £46 (say) were contributed by passengers and £54 by goods.

As regards the receipts from first, second, and third class passengers, respectively, the most casual glance at diagram No. 6 will show

1 st CLASS £ 24,028,000	3 rd CLASS £ 24,028,000	2 nd CLASS £ 24,028,000
------------------------------------	------------------------------------	------------------------------------

No. 6.—The Passenger ticket for the year 1894, United Kingdom, divided into the receipts from each class. The fare was £4,042,000 FIRST CLASS, £2,792,000 SECOND CLASS, £24,028,000 THIRD CLASS; total fare £30,862,000. [Including season-tickets, but not including an item of £5,633,488 paid for excess luggage, etc., which cannot be split up into the three classes.]

that it is the third-class passenger who is the mainstay of the railway companies. This "ticket" is divided into three parts, each of which is in proportion to the receipts from first, second, and third class passengers respectively. The figures are:—

Receipts from passenger traffic during the year 1894.			
First-class		£4,042,000	or 13 per cent.
Second-class		2,792,000	or 9 per cent.
Third-class		24,028,000	or 78 per cent.
		£30,862,000	or 100 per cent
Excess luggage, etc., not classed		5,633,488	
Total (see No. 5)		£36,495,488	

We may see from this little statement that the third-class passenger brings in to the railway company just six times as much as is contributed by the first-class passenger, and nearly nine times as much as the second-class passenger contributes to the yearly revenue of the railway companies of the United Kingdom.

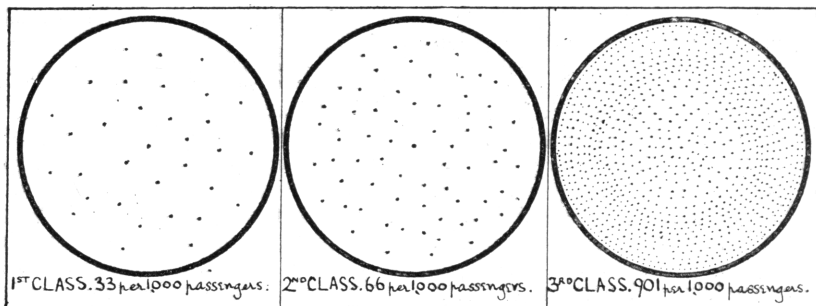
The third-class passenger is by far the most important customer of the railway company, and by looking at diagram No. 7 we may see how completely he outnumbered the first and the second class passengers.

Of every one thousand travellers who get into a railway carriage:—

901 are third-class passengers.
66 are second-class passengers.
33 are first-class passengers.

1,000

The actual number of ordinary passengers conveyed during the year 1894, excluding



No. 7.—The Might of the THIRD-CLASS Passenger.

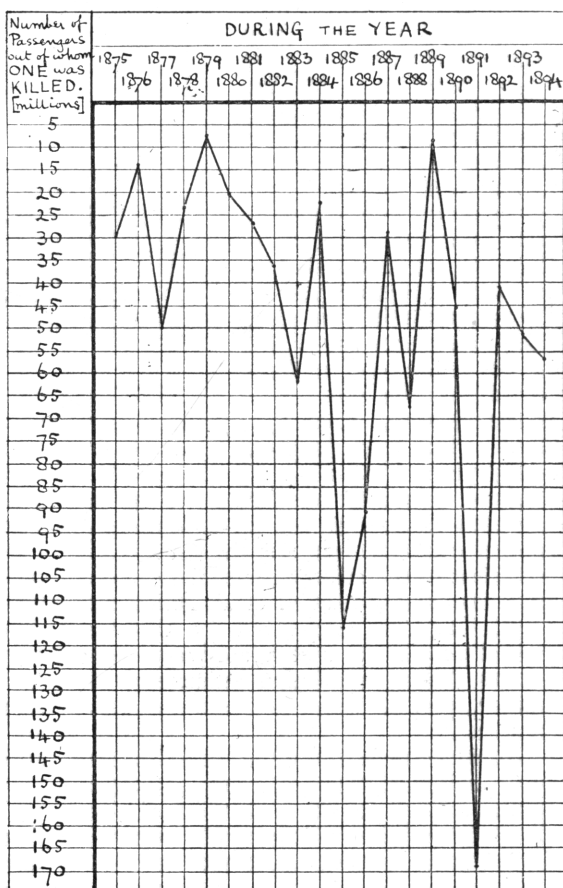
the journeys made by season-ticket holders, was :—

	No.
First-class.....	29,821,000
Second-class.....	60,162,000
Third-class.....	821,430,000
Total.....	911,413,000

This vast number of 911 million passengers conveyed during the year 1894 would, of course, be still greater if the journeys of the 1,184,861 season-ticket holders could be included; but, omitting these passengers, I may say that the number of first-class passengers in 1894 was about equal to the whole population of Italy, that the entire population of the United States approximately represents our second-class passengers during the year named, and that, according to the best estimates of the population of Asia, nearly all the mighty horde of nations in that vast continent would be required to equal in number the third-class passengers conveyed during 1894 by the railways of the United Kingdom, a result that makes one hold one's breath when the vastness of this carrying job is even partly realized. Let us hope that the shade of George Stephenson is able to know of these mighty things that have now been achieved from his magnificent and courageous initiative of two generations ago. During the two years 1893-1894, the number of *third-class passengers* conveyed by the trains of the United Kingdom exceeded by more than one million the population of the whole world, which, by the authority of Wagner and Supan, may be stated at 1,500 million persons.

Not the least satisfactory quality possessed by this altogether extra-

ordinary quantity of railway travelling is the great degree of safety to passengers which has now been attained by our railway companies. This very important matter is illustrated by the chart in No. 8, the significant part of which is the zig-zag, lightning-like line which is seen in the chart. This line comes to a sharp point for each



No. 8.—The increased Safety of Railway Travelling in the United Kingdom during the twenty years 1875-1894. [For description see text.]

one of the twenty years 1875-1894, and, to read the meaning of this No. 8, we have only to notice at what part of the left-hand column of No. 8 each of these twenty sharp points comes, and then to read at sight from this left-hand column the number of millions of passengers out of whom one person was killed by railway travelling (from causes beyond their own control) during each of the twenty years mentioned. For example, the point for the year 1875 comes just level with the "30" in the left-hand column of No. 8; this means that in the year 1875 only one passenger was killed out of 30 million persons who were conveyed by train—a number equal to the present population of England and Wales! Again, the point for the year 1894 falls nearly half-way between "55" and "60" millions in the left-hand column; this tells us that, in 1894, only one passenger was killed out of every (say) 57 millions of passengers conveyed.

A wonderful result, which is equivalent to the railway companies carrying nearly the entire population of the United States of America, and only killing one person out of the lot!

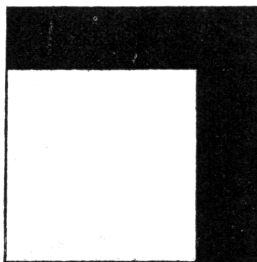
The other points in the zig-zag shown in No. 8 relate to the other years, viz.: 1876-1893, and we may note that the most dangerous year to passengers was the year 1879, when one person was killed out of every $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions carried; but this was the year of the Tay Bridge disaster, when 73 persons were killed. The least dangerous year of the twenty years 1875-1894 was 1891, when only one passenger was killed out of the enormous number of 169 millions carried; in other words, the result for the year 1891 is equivalent to the railway companies carrying more than the population of all Africa, and only killing one person out of this vast mass of people. (I here adopt Wagner and Supan's African population estimate of 164 millions, part of which is based on actual censuses.)

Grouping the facts into four periods of five years each, and now including passengers *injured* as well as passengers *killed* (from causes beyond their own control), we obtain the following concise summary of the death and injury encountered by railway passengers in the United Kingdom:—

Period	No. Killed	No. Injured	Proportion of Passengers Killed and Injured to No. of Passengers Carried. (Killed)	(Injured)
1875-1879 ...	165 ...	4,930	1 in 16'5 millions	1 in 553,000
1880-1884 ...	112 ...	4,220	1 in 29'1 millions	1 in 772,000
1885-1889 ...	138 ...	3,199	1 in 26'6 millions	1 in 1,148,000
1890-1894 ...	77 ...	2,803	1 in 56'0 millions	1 in 1,538,000
1875-1894 ...	492 ...	15,152	1 in 29'4 millions	1 in 922,000

This summary shows a striking difference between the two periods 1875 to 1879 and 1890 to 1894, which is much in favour of the later period, both as regards killed and injured passengers. Taking the wide period of twenty years, the railway companies may claim to have killed only one passenger out of a number carried which is approximately equal to the entire population of England and Wales, and to have injured one passenger out of every 922,000 of passengers carried: results of which the companies may well be proud, and which are still being improved as time goes on.

It is interesting to examine the official records as to the employés of railway companies. In 1894 there were about 380,000 persons employed in the railway service of the United Kingdom. As the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of the year 1894 may be taken at approximately 38,000,000, it follows that one out of every hundred of our population is employed by the railway companies. If we consider the fact that the railway employés are nearly, if not quite, all males aged 15 to



No. 9.—A comparison of the numerical strength of the Railway Army with that of the British Army, for the year 1894. The British Army is the superimposed white square which is tucked away in the corner of the larger black square that represents the Railway Army of the United Kingdom.

69, and then compare their number with the males of the United Kingdom who are aged 15 to 69, we find that one out of every 30 males of these ages is a railway employé—a significant fact to arrive at, and one that illustrates rather strikingly the immense power and influence of the railway interest of this kingdom. In the same year, *i.e.*, 1894, the effective strength of the regular Army of the country, all arms, numbered only 219,000, so that the railway army of 380,000 was a very much larger and more important body than the British Army; see No. 9 for a comparison of the numerical strengths of these two armies.

We have seen from No. 5, and the account of it, that the goods traffic brings more money to the railway companies than the passenger traffic, despite the fact that the passenger share of the ticket in No. 5 is worth more than 36 millions sterling. In

order to earn 43 millions in one year by carrying goods, the railway companies have to perform a stupendous task—a task that is represented by the conveyance of nearly 325 million tons of general merchandise and minerals, for various distances, amounting in the aggregate to nearly 150 million miles, and all this during one year only.

To get some idea of the weight represented by 325 million tons—the goods traffic for the year 1894—let us look at illustration No. 10, which shows a thin “shaving” supposed to be sliced off the entire surface of the United Kingdom. We may take the mean density, or specific gravity, of the earth at 5,670—that is to say, that, bulk for bulk, the earth is between five and six times as heavy as water: assuming, for convenience, that the surface of the land in the United Kingdom is of the same density as the rest of the earth, one arrives at the fact that one year’s tonnage of goods conveyed by the trains of Great Britain and Ireland is equal in weight to a thin slice cut from the face of the whole kingdom, the thickness of which is a little more than the thickness of two leaves of this Magazine. Under the conditions stated, a slice of the United Kingdom, of this thickness, would equal in weight the stupendous quantity of nearly 325 million tons, and therefore the “shaving” in No. 10 illustrates the weight of goods conveyed during the year 1894.

It is rather interesting to compare the receipts per train-mile of various companies, and, in No. 11, the white columns stand for the average amount received by twenty different companies for every mile run by one of their trains during the year 1894. The black lines seen in No. 11,

which run part way up each of the white columns, stand for the amount expended by each of the twenty companies for every mile run by one of their trains. Here are the actual figures:—

Name of Company.	Receipts per Train-Mile.		Expenditure per Train-Mile.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1. Taff Vale	6	7	3	11
2. Furness	6	5	3	4
3. London and North-Western	5	6	3	0
4. Lancashire and Yorkshire	5	6	3	2
5. South-Eastern	5	5	3	0
6. London, Brighton, and South Coast	5	3	2	10
7. North-Eastern	5	1	2	11
8. London and South-Western	4	11	2	8
9. Great Northern of Ireland	4	10	2	6
10. Midland Great Western of Ireland	4	9	2	4
11. Great Western	4	8	2	7
12. Great Southern and Western of Ireland	4	8	2	6
13. Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire	4	7	2	6
14. Caledonian	4	7	2	5
15. Midland	4	5	2	6
16. Great Eastern	4	4	2	6
17. Glasgow and South-Western	4	3	2	5
18. Great Northern	4	3	2	7
19. North British	4	3	2	2
20. Great Northern of Scotland	4	0	2	0

These twenty companies are here arranged in the same order as in diagram No. 11, *viz.* in the order of the receipts per train-mile. The Taff Vale heads the list with 6s. 7d. received for every mile run by its trains, and the Great Northern of Scotland comes last with only 4s. for running a train one mile. Of our big English lines, the London and

North-Western comes out best with a receipt of 5s. 6d. for each train-mile run in 1894, and the Great Northern shows the smallest receipt of the English lines, *viz.* 4s. 3d. per train mile.

As regards expenditure, and taking the big English lines that have a London terminus, the London and North-Western and the South-Eastern both spent 3s. per mile run by their trains, and the items for the other companies can be seen by inspecting the tabular statement just given.

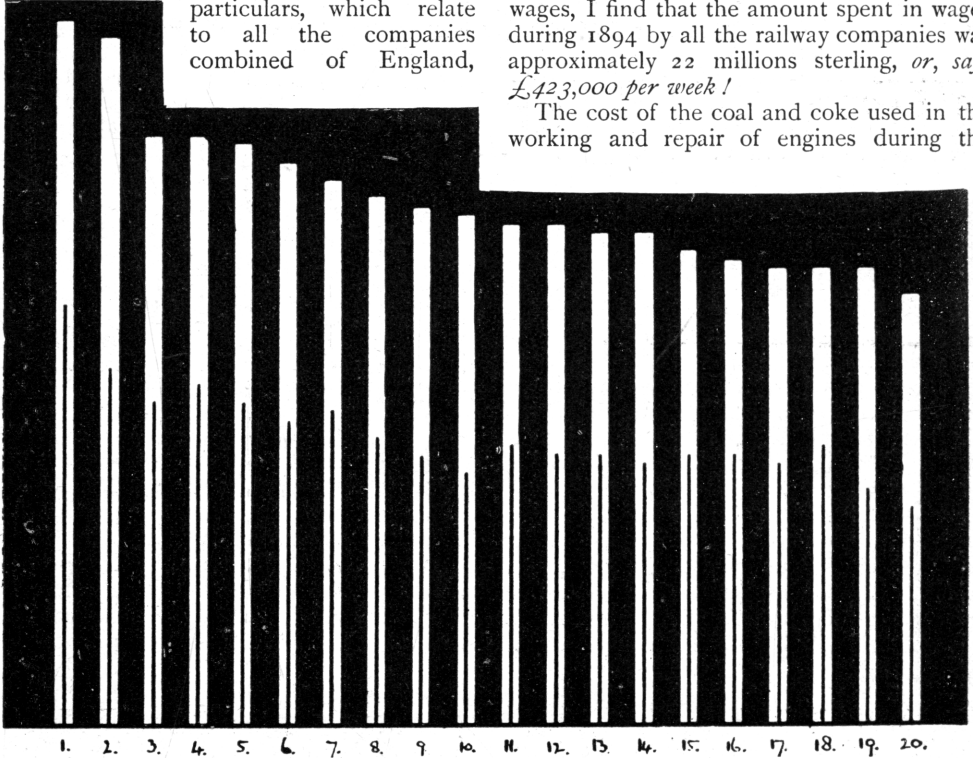


No. 10.—A fine “shaving” sliced from the entire surface of the United Kingdom, which is only a little thicker than two leaves of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, but which equals in weight one year’s tonnage of mineral and general merchandise conveyed by the Railways of the United Kingdom. [For detailed explanation see text.]

Concerning the working expenditure of the railway companies, it may be interesting to give the following particulars, which relate to all the companies combined of England,

other items, "maintenance of way," for example. Collecting all the wages from each item of expenditure which includes any wages, I find that the amount spent in wages during 1894 by all the railway companies was approximately 22 millions sterling, *or, say, £423,000 per week!*

The cost of the coal and coke used in the working and repair of engines during the



No. 11.—A comparison for twenty Railway Companies of the United Kingdom, of their Receipts and Expenditure per train-mile travelled during the year 1894. [For explanation see text.]

Wales, Scotland, and Ireland during the year 1894:—

Expenditure of the Railway Companies of the United Kingdom, on account of:—

	Cost per Ten Miles of Train-run.
	s. d.
Traffic expenses	8 9½
Locomotive power	7 6½
Maintenance of way	4 6½
Rolling stock	2 4½
Rates and taxes	1 8½
General charges	1 2½
Government duty	0 2
Legal and Parliamentary expenses	0 1½
Compensations: Damage to goods.....	0 1½
Personal injuries	0 1
Miscellaneous	0 3½
Total cost per train-mile	27 0½

[Note.—In addition to this expenditure of £1 7s. 0½d. for every ten miles run by trains, there was also an expenditure equal to 1s. 4d. per ten miles run by trains on account of steam-boat, canal, harbour, dock, etc., expenses.]

These figures show how the railway companies spent their money, and the amount spent for each item mentioned, for every ten miles run by their trains. Wages form the largest item of "Traffic expenses," and wages, of course, form part of some of these

year was over 3½ millions sterling; *i.e.*, about £70,000 per week was paid by the railway companies of the United Kingdom for coal and coke.

But the whole railway enterprise is a wonderful thing, and, choose what items you may of its operations, nothing but astonishing results are brought out when we are able to get a condensed view of the facts, some of which I have now held up for inspection, while many more remain behind.

To conclude, I think that all who may have read this account of our railways, and who have even partly realized what an enormous amount of quiet intelligence and steady energy is yearly spent for us by our railway army, will agree with me that one and all, officers and men alike, these railway men deserve our hearty congratulations upon the present development of the railway system of the kingdom, and upon its real efficiency as a public instrument of vast utility.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



AGE 2.
From a
Photograph.

favour by her naïve impersonation of *Zerlina* in "*Il Don Giovanni*," when she was compelled to repeat the solo, "*Vedrai, Carino*." Mlle. Marie Engle has much in her favour, and is rapidly attaining an enviable place amongst modern



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Elliott & Fry.



From a] AGE 15. [Photograph.

MLLE. MARIE ENGLE.

THIS highly promising young prima donna was born at Chicago, and, being gifted with a remarkably sweet soprano voice, which had been judiciously cultivated, attracted the attention of Mr. J. H. Mapleson, who introduced Mlle. Engle to English audiences in the principal cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and she was everywhere received with favour. Her first appearance in London was made at the Royal Italian Opera, in 1887, in the part of *Marta* in Flotow's opera of that name, and she created a highly favourable impression. Her personal appearance prepossessed the audience in her favour, and they found special charm in the pure quality of her voice and the correctness of her intonation. Soon she made a further advance in public

"light" sopranos. Mlle. Engle is one of the several stars who appeared in Sir Augustus Harris's grand opera this season.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Moreno, New York.

EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY,
A.R.A.

BORN 1852.



HE recent election of E. A. Abbey to an Associateship in the Royal Academy has been generally considered a tribute to the art of illustration, of which Mr.



AGE 4
From a
Photo. by
Gutekunst

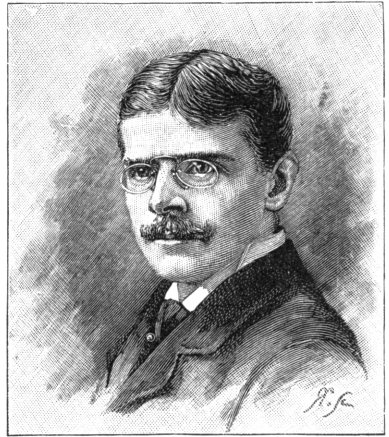
plays of Shakespeare have been a prominent attraction to the readers of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Abbey came to England in 1878. The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours elected him to membership in 1883, and a second-class medal at the Munich International Exhibition of that same year was followed by a first-class medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Mr. Abbey's latest picture, "Richard Duke of



From a

AGE 8.

[Photograph.



AGE 34.

From a Drawing by Napoleon Sarony.

Gloucester and the Lady Anne," is the popular success of this year's Academy.

Abbey is one of the most prominent exponents. Yet it was his series of splendid Arthurian paintings for the Public Library of Boston, U.S.A., that brought him suddenly into a deservedly

widespread fame. Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia, and studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. In 1871 he began drawing for the Harpers in New York, and his illustrations to Mr. Andrew Lang's text upon the



AGE 19.

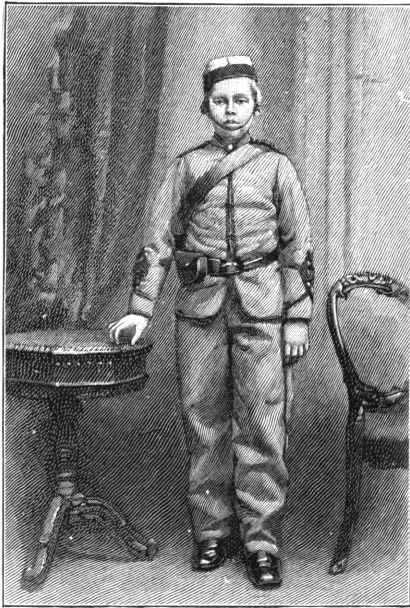
From a Photo. by F. Gutekunst.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Fred Hollyer.



From a [] AGE 12. [Photograph.]

MR. F. C. SELOUS.
BORN 1852.



T the time of writing the subject of these photos. is proving once more in Matabeleland what British pluck can do when put to



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Mondel & Jacob, Wiesbaden.

the test, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Selous is a descendant of Robert Bruce, and Bruce the Abyssinian traveller, on his mother's side, whilst his father was of Huguenot extraction. Mr. Selous is well known as an ardent explorer and naturalist, an intrepid hunter, a brave soldier, and last, but not least, a clever writer. In recognition of his services, he received from the Royal Geographical Society, among other distinctions, the highest honour which it is in

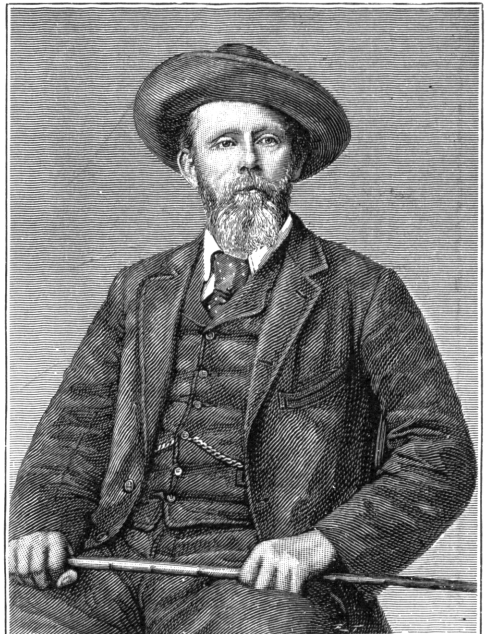


AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Marsh Bros.,
Henley-on-Thames.

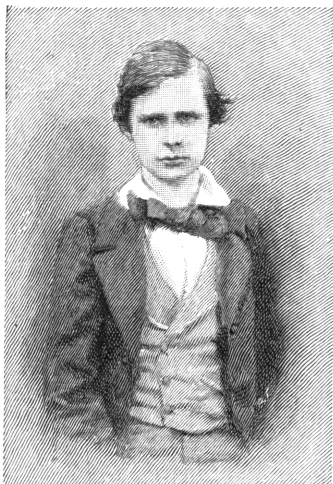


AGE 16.
From a Photo. by the London
Stereoscopic Company.

their power to bestow, namely, the founders' gold medal; and he is also a member of the Royal Zoological Society. He has published two books on his travels, which are no doubt familiar to every reader of THE STRAND. Last year he again left for South Africa in an administrative capacity.



From a Photo. by [] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.]



From a] AGE 11. [Photograph.

THE LATE MR. ARTHUR CECIL.

BORN 1844.



HE late Mr. Arthur Cecil, whose recent death caused much regret among players and playgoers, was the son of a well-known solicitor, and was educated at East Sheen, and at first intended for the Army. But he soon displayed a great talent for music and acting,



AGE 20.
From a Photo. by the London Portrait Company,
Cheapside.



AGE 34.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

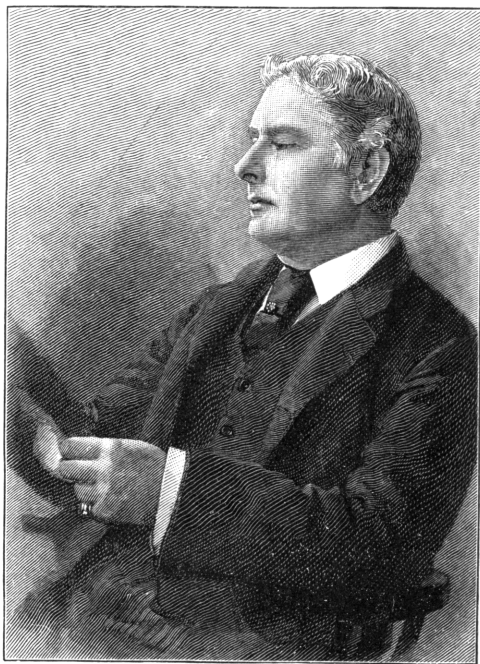
and first appeared as an amateur at the little theatre on Richmond Green. In 1869 he appeared at the Gallery of Illustration, as

Mr. Churchmouse in "No Cards," and as *Box* in the musical version of "Box and Cox." He acted for five years in Mrs. German Reed's company, and it was here that he obtained that disguise of face and manner which has always been one of his chief characteristics. Mr. Cecil's principal parts on the stage proper have been *Dr. Downward* in Wilkie Collins's "Miss Gwilt"; *Sir Woodbine Grafton* in "Peril"; *The Rev. Noel Haygarth* in "The Vicarage"; *Baron Verduret* in "Honour"; *Baron Stein* in "Diplomacy"; *Ned Guyon*



AGE 40.
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano.

in "The Millionaire"; and *Mr. Posket* in "The Magistrate." At the new Court Theatre he has appeared, under Mrs. John Wood's management, in "The Cabinet Minister," etc.



AGE 52.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

Tom Tiddler's Ground: The Romance of Buried Treasure.

I'm on Tom Tiddler's ground
Picking up gold and silver.



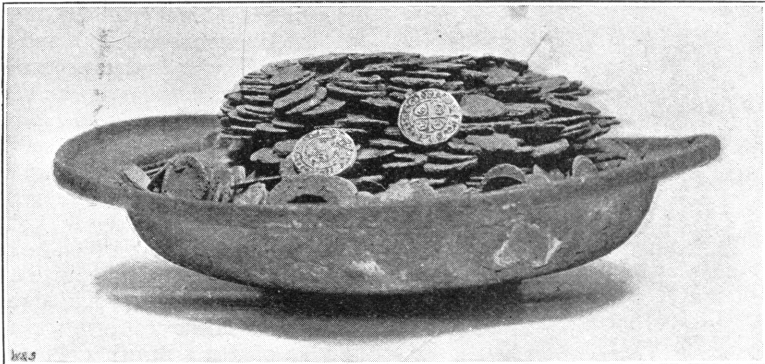
HIS simple rhyme, so familiar to us all from early childhood, might have been appropriately sung by the fortunate discoverers on some of the following occasions, had they had the time or inclination to bestow a thought upon that mysterious being who is supposed to rule over those portions of Mother Earth which yield both "gold and silver" to every individual who is lucky enough to find them.

But on no occasion was this more particularly true than at an extraordinary and important discovery, made by a party of boys one Sunday afternoon in June, 1833, near the village of Beaworth, in Hampshire. While amusing themselves playing marbles, on a small piece of pasture land called the Old Litten, one of them observed a piece of lead sticking up above the surface, in the track of a waggon wheel. Upon stooping to take hold of it, he discovered a small hole, into which he thrust his hand and brought out a number of coins, and his companions immediately followed his example. Considering their discovery to be nothing more than some old buttons, they filled their pockets with as many

and drakes" upon the surface of a pond, just outside the village.

But their movements had by this time attracted the attention of some villagers, who, upon learning the nature of the find, at once hastened to the spot and commenced a regular scramble for the booty. As some of the parties obtained possession of many more than others, the parents of the boys who first discovered the treasure became dissatisfied, and appealed on the following morning to the owner of the land. This gentleman immediately sent to claim all the coins that had been found, which were reluctantly given up, and by the same evening he received upwards of 6,500.

The coins, when originally found, were deposited in an oblong box lined with lead, and according to the villagers' account, they were packed in regular layers. The box itself was so mutilated by the people, in their eagerness to get at all its contents, that only one side and a part of the bottom remained entire. It is probable that it had been broken open by a passing waggon, and that the pressure of the vehicle had forced up the piece of lead which first attracted attention.



SOME OF THE COINS FROM THE BEAWORTH FIND.

as they would hold, and hid a large number in an adjoining field, intending to return for a further supply at some future time. On their way back to the village, they amused themselves by throwing the coins at every bird that happened to cross their path, and not content with this, they utilized many more for producing "ducks

Upon examination, the treasure was found to consist of coins of the reigns of William the Conqueror and William Rufus, many of them being in the most perfect state of preservation. The total number, allowing for those which the boys had scattered, and others which it was known were afterwards sold, was not less than 7,000. The amount which the sale of

the coins realized was most generously distributed by the owner of the land among the discoverers of the treasure and the local charities.

Differing in many respects from the above find, though none the less remarkable, was the discovery made by a sexton and his assistant, at Hexham, in Northumberland, in 1832. The men were employed in preparing a grave, on the west side of the north transept of Hexham Church, and while thus occupied one of them struck upon a vessel, out of which fell a few small coins. From their appearance the men imagined that the vessel contained gold and silver treasure, and their first idea was to secure as much as possible before the event should become known. But the incumbent of the church happening to be near, and seeing that something unusual had occurred, he at once proceeded to the spot and thus prevented any spoliation. Actuated solely by a desire that the best advantage should be taken of what he rightly considered an important discovery, he promptly secured the safety of the whole of the coins.

The vessel, which proved to be a Saxon bucket, was found to contain brass coins, called stycas, of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, Heardalf, Eanred, Ethelred, and Redulf ;



SAXON VESSEL IN WHICH THE COINS WERE DISCOVERED AT HEXHAM.

the total number found was estimated at 8,000.

The bucket, here reproduced, is now in the National Collection of Saxon Antiquities. It was much injured by the blows it received



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF SAXON STYCAS OF KING EANRED, DISCOVERED AT HEXHAM.

from the tools, and is in a very decomposed and dilapidated condition. It does not appear that the vessel ever had a cover, though the coins, when found, were quite



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF SAXON STYCAS OF KING ETHELRED, DISCOVERED AT HEXHAM.

dry and coated with dust. It is made of brass plate, and decorated with a number of Saxon ornaments round the upper part. The handle is fixed by two heads with pendant drapery, the whole being a remarkably interesting relic of this early period.

It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that many of the most important discoveries of coins have been made by boys, and that, too, in the most accidental and unexpected manner. The following is an example of one of these discoveries, and many more might be given. Imagine the look of surprise and astonishment which must have overspread the face of the small boy who had been sent to mind his master's sheep, at a place called Keeps Hill, near High Wycombe, when, from out a flint, which he had casually picked up on the hillside (for the purpose of grubbing up a mole's track, always a fascinating amusement to a boy), there fell a number of Early British gold coins. Upon examining the stone he discovered that it was hollow, and upon probing the cavity, nine coins more tumbled out. The stone, in size and shape, resembled a large egg, though rather flatter ; the cavity, which was tubular, being a natural formation.

Somewhat elated, the boy left the sheep and started off to show the treasure to his master, who at once took possession of the coins ; but the boy's father, hearing soon



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF UNIQUE BRITISH COIN, FOUND
NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE.

after of his son's discovery, got possession of them and carried them about for sale.

The date of the coins was about B.C. 35, they were all gold, and of considerable value on account of their rarity and weight. Whatever the object of the person who hid them may have been, he could hardly have hit upon a less suspicious receptacle than the one chosen, as the fact of their having lain hidden for over 1,800 years seems to prove.

The domestic hearth has always been considered a favourite hiding-place for treasure. It is probable, therefore, that the French priest, who was conducting a mission in Dauphiny at the beginning of the present century, was not so very much surprised when he heard from the lips of a young maid-servant her confession of a discovery she had made of a large quantity of gold medals and coins under the hearthstone in an old castle, occupied by a farmer. It appeared from her story that, while she was clearing away the ashes from under the grate, a few coins appeared among them, and this circumstance led her to look for more under the stone, which had been burned through; and under which she found a large number of others. These she had carefully hid, but not knowing what to do with them, and fearing detection, she had been forced to confess. The priest, with an eye to his own interest, told her that as she could not take them for herself, nor sell them without risking their entire loss, she must bring them to him to dispose of in a manner in accordance with the dictates of his conscience; and the girl having brought them, he immediately took them to a goldsmith, who melted them down, and purchased the metal. Of the proceeds, the priest gave a part only to the girl, and with the remainder purchased decorations for his church, and a fine library necessary to a confessor and missionary.

A discovery which created much interest at the time, and is probably the largest on record, was made in the most accidental manner near Tutbury, in Staffordshire, in 1831. In the early part of the summer of that year, a number of workmen were em-

ployed in removing a considerable bank of gravel and sand, a short distance below the bridge over the River Dove, which was causing an obstruction in the water-way. During the operation one of the labourers turned up a few silver coins, and upon digging a second time into the same spot, he, to his great astonishment, turned up a whole shovelful, and disclosed to view an immense number of others. Thereupon a regular fight for the treasure took place, each man appropriating to himself as much as he could possibly carry, and in some cases a little more; for when the overseer, upon learning what had happened, came up, the coins were literally running over out of the men's pockets.

The find consisted of silver pennies of the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II., amount-



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF COIN OF EDWARD I., FROM
TUTBURY FIND.

ing to the enormous number of 200,000 pieces.

The news of the discovery soon spread, and many people visited the scene: some to satisfy a not unnatural curiosity; others, no doubt, in the hope of securing a few of the coins for themselves. But as the spot on which the coins were found was near to the ancient castle of Tutbury (a piece of Crown



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF COIN OF EDWARD II., FROM
TUTBURY FIND.

property, belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster), the find, according to the existing law, belonged to the Crown as treasure-trove. The Chancellor of the Duchy issued a proclamation claiming all the coins found, and prohibiting further search by unauthorized persons; and he also appointed proper officers to proceed with the examination of the unexplored ground. At the same time, with a view to the peace of the neighbourhood, and

in kind consideration of the poor workmen who had been occupying themselves in digging up the treasure, he directed that no proceedings should be taken for the recovery of any money which had been found previous to that time.

The nett result of the search under the

would be compelled to cross the river somewhere in the vicinity in which the coins were found, there being no bridge at Tutbury at the time.

A small but important discovery of treasure, made about the beginning of this century, next claims our attention. It consisted of



ROMAN VESSEL OF SILVER IN WHICH THE TREASURE WAS FOUND.

commission of the Duchy was the discovery of about 1,500 coins and one gold ring.

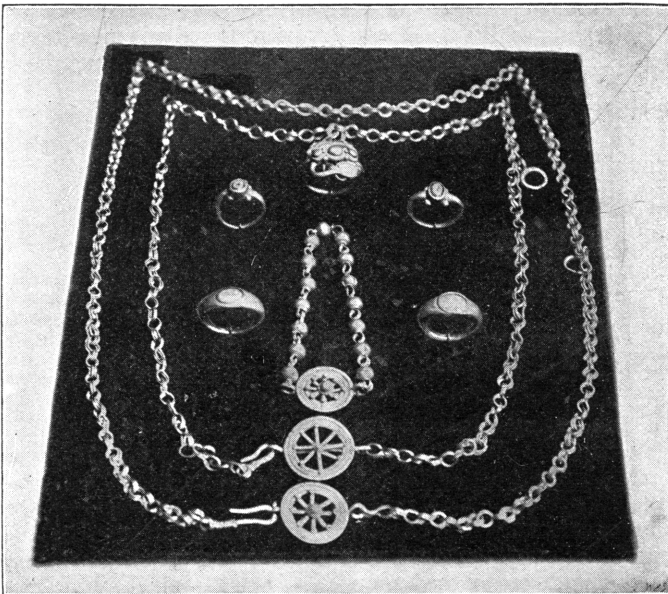
From the very large number of coins found, it has been conjectured that the treasure may have been the contents of the military chest of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, lost in the rapid retreat of his forces, which took place after his defeat by the King's troops at Burton, in 1322. It is known that he fled in this direction after the battle, and

the elegant silver vessel here reproduced, which contained five gold rings, each weighing between 8dwt. and 9dwt., one silver ring, two gold chains, 2ft. 8in. and 2ft. 4in. in length respectively, with wheel-shaped ornaments attached to them, a gold bracelet, a pair of silver-gilt fibulæ, three silver spoons, about 280 Roman denarii, and two large brass coins of Antoninus Pius, in whose reign the treasure was in all probability deposited.

The whole of the articles were in the most perfect condition, and, with the exception of the coins, are supposed to have been connected with the rites and ceremonies of Roman worship, but in what particular way has never been satisfactorily determined.

The exact locality where the discovery was made was cautiously and successfully concealed, in order that the treasure might not be claimed by the Crown. The articles are said to have been hawked about privately, till they were ultimately purchased by a silversmith at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

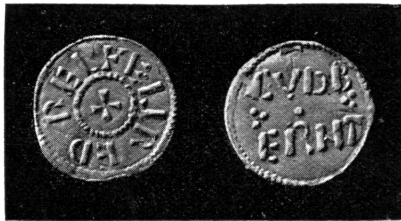
The Duchy of Lancaster seems to have been



GOLD CHAINS AND RINGS FOUND IN SILVER VESSEL.

remarkably fortunate with regard to discoveries of treasure, for in 1846 another important find occurred in Lancashire upon property belonging to the Council, which in several respects resembles that which took place at Tutbury. It appears from contemporary accounts that some workmen were employed at a place called Cuerdale, near Preston, carrying earth to fill in a large cavity, which had been hollowed out by the water, in the banks of the River Ribble. While digging for this purpose, at a short distance from the banks of the river, they came upon a large mass of silver, consisting of ingots of various sizes, a few armlets, tolerably entire, several fragments, and a few ornaments of some other description, the weight of the whole being about 1,000oz., exclusive of 6,000 or 7,000 coins of various reigns. The treasure had originally been inclosed in a leaden chest, but this was so decomposed, that only a small portion of it could be secured.

This mass of treasure was at once taken



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF UNIQUE COIN OF ALFRED THE GREAT, FROM CUERDALE HOARD.

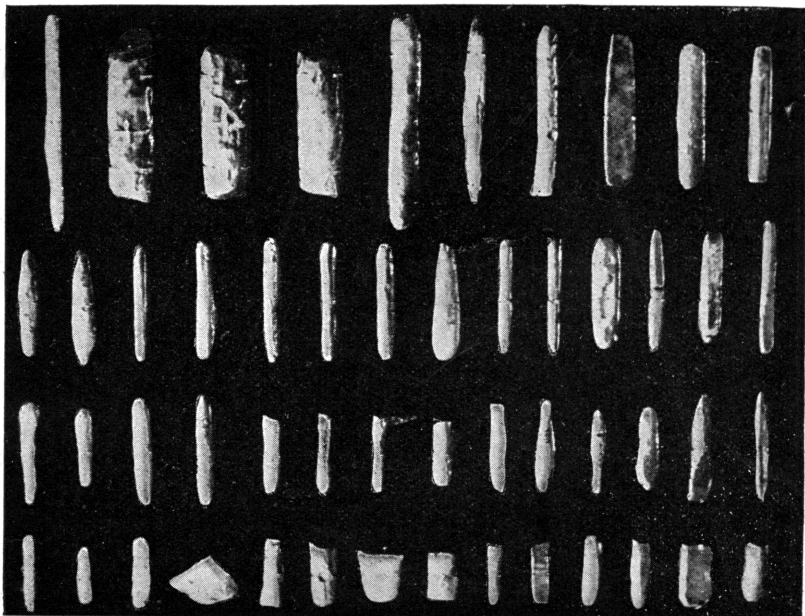
advantageous to the Numismatic and Archaeological Sciences.

The majority of the coins were of the reigns of Ethelstan, Alfred, Eadward, St. Edmund, and other Saxon Kings; though a large number were foreign, and many were unknown. A complete series was selected for the National Collection, and packets more or less numerous were presented to various institutions at home and abroad, for the hoard was almost as interesting to several of the Continental countries as it was to England. From

the general appearance of the whole mass, it has been suggested that it was the stock of a dealer in precious metals, who, becoming alarmed during some civil commotion for the safety of his stock-in-trade,



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF COIN OF CANUTE, FROM CUERDALE HOARD.



SOME OF THE SILVER INGOTS DISCOVERED AT CUERDALE.

had buried it for security until the danger should be passed, and had afterwards been prevented by some calamity from revealing its whereabouts to others or recovering it for himself.

That useful agricultural implement, the plough, has been instrumental on several occasions in bringing to light treasures which, but for its timely intervention, might have been for ever lost to the numismatist; and one of the instances in which it played an important, if indirect, part was in the discovery which was made in 1867 at Chancton Farm, near Steyning, in Sussex. In 1865, an old barn belonging to the farm, which was inclosed by a hedge and surrounded by some trees, was removed; the trees were cut down, the hedge grubbed up, and the ground ploughed over, leaving only one small bush, which at the time it was not considered necessary to remove. But in 1867, two years after the clearance was made, a labourer who with others was ploughing over the same ground (thinking the space occupied by the bush would be more useful for growing corn) proceeded to root it up, in order to let the plough pass. In doing this he brought to light immediately beneath the root of the bush a crock full of silver coins, for which a scramble at once took place among his fellow-labourers and

himself, the vessel being broken to atoms in the scrimmage. Many of the coins were carried off, but a large number of them were secured for the Crown, and many rare and curious specimens were added to the National Collection. The total number of coins could not have been less than two thousand, but before they could be collected many are supposed to have been sold, while others were concealed by the villagers in the hope of obtaining a good price for them at some future time.

The bulk of the coins were silver pennies of the reign of Edward the Confessor, and were in a wonderful state of preservation, some of them being as fresh as though just issued from the Mint.

The law as it exists in this country in connection with discoveries such as have been described has no doubt led to the concealment of many other remarkable finds, and the destruction of many interesting relics of antiquity; and this state of things will no doubt continue until some alteration takes place, and some encouragement is given to the finders to surrender their treasure on other conditions than those at present in force. It is fortunately seldom that this law is called into operation, for, whenever it is, it never fails to give rise to much dissatisfaction.



OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF COIN OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, FROM FIND AT CHANCTON FARM.



BY GRANT ALLEN.

I.—THE EPISODE OF THE MEXICAN SEER.



MY name is Seymour Wilbraham Wentworth. I am brother-in-law and secretary to Sir Charles Vandrift, the South African millionaire and famous financier. Many years ago, when Charlie Vandrift was a small lawyer in Cape Town, I had the (qualified) good fortune to marry his sister. Much later, when the Vandrift estate and farm near Kimberley developed by degrees into the Cloetedorp Golcondas, Limited, my brother-in-law offered me the not unremunerative post of secretary; in which capacity I have ever since been his constant and attached companion.

He is not a man whom any common sharper can take in, is Charles Vandrift. Middle height, square build, firm mouth, keen eyes—the very picture of a sharp and successful business genius. I have only known one rogue impose upon Sir Charles, and that one rogue, as the Commissary of Police at Nice

remarked, would doubtless have imposed upon a syndicate of Vidocq, Robert Houdin, and Cagliostro.

We had run across to the Riviera for a few weeks in the season. Our object being strictly rest and recreation from the arduous duties of financial combination, we did not think it necessary to take our wives out with us. Indeed, Lady Vandrift is absolutely wedded to the joys of London, and does not appreciate the rural delights of the Mediterranean littoral. But Sir Charles and I, though immersed in affairs when at home, both thoroughly enjoy the complete change from the City to the charming vegetation and pellucid air on the terrace at Monte Carlo. We *are* so fond of scenery. That delicious view over the rocks of Monaco, with the Maritime Alps in the rear, and the blue sea in front, not to mention the imposing Casino in the foreground, appeals to me as one of the most beautiful prospects in

all Europe. Sir Charles has a sentimental attachment for the place. He finds it restores and freshens him, after the turmoil of London, to win a few hundreds at roulette in the course of an afternoon, among the palms and cactuses and pure breezes of Monte Carlo. The country, say I, for a jaded intellect! However, we never on any account actually stop in the Principality itself. Sir Charles thinks Monte Carlo is not a sound address for a financier's letters. He prefers a comfortable hotel on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, where he recovers health and renovates his nervous system by taking daily excursions along the coast to the Casino.

This particular season we were snugly ensconced at the Hôtel des Anglais. We had capital quarters on the first floor—salon, study, and bedrooms—and found on the spot a most agreeable cosmopolitan society. All Nice, just then, was ringing with talk about a curious impostor, known to his followers as the Great Mexican Seer, and supposed to be gifted with second sight, as well as with endless other supernatural powers. Now, it is a peculiarity of my able brother-in-law's that, when he meets with a quack, he burns to expose him; he is so keen a man of business himself that it gives him, so to speak, a disinterested pleasure to unmask and detect imposture in others. Many ladies at the hotel, some of whom had met and conversed with the Mexican Seer, were constantly telling us strange stories of his doings—he had disclosed to one the present whereabouts of a runaway husband; he had pointed out to another the numbers that would win at roulette next evening; he had shown a third the image on a screen of the man she had for years adored without his knowledge. Of course, Sir Charles didn't believe a word of it; but his curiosity was roused; he wished to see and judge for himself of the wonderful thought-reader.

"What would be his terms, do you think, for a private *séance*?" he asked of Madame Picardet, the lady to whom the Seer had successfully predicted the winning numbers.

"He does not work for money," Madame Picardet answered, "but for the good of humanity. I'm sure he would gladly come and exhibit for nothing his miraculous faculties."

"Nonsense!" Sir Charles answered. "The man must live. I'd pay him five guineas, though, to see him alone. What hotel is he stopping at?"

"The Cosmopolitan, I think," the lady

answered. "Oh, no; I remember now, the Westminster."

Sir Charles turned to me quietly. "Look here, Seymour," he whispered. "Go round to this fellow's place immediately after dinner, and offer him five pounds to give a private *séance* at once in my rooms, without mentioning who I am to him; keep the name quite quiet. Bring him back with you, too, and come straight upstairs with him, so that there may be no collusion. We'll see just how much the fellow can tell us."

I went, as directed. I found the Seer a very remarkable and interesting person. He stood about Sir Charles's own height, but was slimmer and straighter, with an aquiline nose, strangely piercing eyes, very large, black pupils, and a finely-chiselled, close-shaven face like the bust of Antinous in our hall in Mayfair. What gave him his most characteristic touch, however, was his odd head of hair, curly and wavy like Paderewski's, standing out in a halo round his high white forehead and his delicate profile. I could see at a glance why he succeeded so well in impressing women: he had the look of a poet, a singer, a prophet.

"I have come round," I said, "to ask whether you will consent to give a *séance* at once in a friend's rooms; and my principal wishes me to add that he is prepared to pay five pounds as the price of the entertainment."

Señor Antonio Herrera—that was what he called himself—bowed to me with impressive Spanish politeness. His dusky olive cheeks were wrinkled with a smile of gentle contempt as he answered, gravely:—

"I do not sell my gifts; I bestow them freely. If your friend—your anonymous friend—desires to behold the cosmic wonders that are wrought through my hands, I am glad to show them to him. Fortunately, as often happens when it is necessary to convince and confound a sceptic (for that your friend is a sceptic I feel instinctively), I chance to have no engagements at all this evening." He ran his hand through his fine, long hair, reflectively. "Yes, I go," he continued, as if addressing some unknown presence that hovered about the ceiling; "I go; come with me!" Then he put on his broad sombrero, with its crimson ribbon, wrapped a cloak round his shoulders, lighted a cigarette, and strode forth by my side towards the Hôtel des Anglais.

He talked little by the way, and that little in curt sentences. He seemed buried in



"YES, I GO."

deep thought; indeed, when we reached the door and I turned in, he walked a step or two farther on, as if not noticing to what place I had brought him. Then he drew himself up short, and gazed around him for a moment. "Ha, the Anglais," he said—and I may mention in passing that his English, in spite of a slight southern accent, was idiomatic and excellent. "It is here, then; it is here!" He was addressing once more the unseen presence.

I smiled to think that these childish devices were intended to deceive Sir Charles Vandrift. Not quite the sort of man (as the City of London knows) to be taken in by hocus-pocus. And all this, I saw, was the cheapest and most commonplace conjurer's patter.

We went upstairs to our rooms. Charles had gathered together a few friends to watch the performance. The Seer entered, wrapt in thought. He was in evening dress, but a red sash round his waist gave a touch of picturesqueness and a dash of colour. He paused for a moment in the middle of the salon, without letting his eyes rest on anybody or anything. Then he walked straight up to Charles, and held out his dark hand.

"Good evening," he said. "You are the host. My soul's sight tells me so."

"Good shot," Sir Charles answered. "These fellows have to be quick-witted, you know, Mrs. Mackenzie, or they'd never get on at it."

The Seer gazed about him, and smiled blankly at a person or two whose faces he seemed to recognise from a previous existence. Then Charles began to ask him a few simple questions, not about himself, but about me, just to test him. He answered most of them with surprising correctness. "His name? His name begins with an S—I think—You call him Seymour." He paused long between each clause, as if the facts were revealed to him slowly. "Seymour—Wilbraham—Earl of Strafford. No, not Earl of Strafford! Seymour Wilbraham Wentworth. There seems to be some connection in somebody's mind now present between Wentworth and Strafford. I am not English. I do not know what it means. But they are somehow the same name, Wentworth and Strafford."

He gazed around apparently for confirmation. A lady came to his rescue.

"Wentworth was the surname of the great Earl of Strafford," she murmured, gently; "and I was wondering, as you spoke, whether Mr. Wentworth might possibly be descended from him."

"He is," the Seer replied, instantly, with a flash of those dark eyes. And I thought this curious; for though my father always maintained the reality of the relationship, there was one link wanting to complete the pedigree. He could not make sure that the Hon. Thomas Wilbraham Wentworth was the father of Jonathan Wentworth, the Bristol horse-dealer, from whom we are descended.

"Where was I born?" Sir Charles interrupted, coming suddenly to his own case.

The Seer clapped his two hands to his forehead and held it between them, as if to prevent it from bursting. "Africa," he said, slowly, as the facts narrowed down, so to speak. "South Africa; Cape of Good Hope; Jansenville; De Witt Street. 1840."

"By Jove, he's correct," Sir Charles muttered. "He seems really to do it. Still, he may have found me out. He may have known where he was coming."

"I never gave a hint," I answered; "till he

reached the door, he didn't even know to what hotel I was piloting him."

The Seer stroked his chin softly. His eye appeared to me to have a furtive gleam in it. "Would you like me to tell you the number of a bank-note inclosed in an envelope?" he asked, casually.

"Go out of the room," Sir Charles said, "while I pass it round the company."

Señor Herrera disappeared. Sir Charles passed it round cautiously, holding it all the time in his own hand, but letting his guests see the number. Then he placed it in an envelope and gummed it down firmly.

The Seer returned. His keen eyes swept the company with a comprehensive glance. He shook his shaggy mane. Then he took the envelope in his hands and gazed at it fixedly. "AF, 73549," he answered, in a slow tone. "A Bank of England note for fifty pounds—exchanged at the Casino for gold won yesterday at Monte Carlo."

"I see how he did that," Sir Charles said, triumphantly. "He must have changed it there himself; and then I changed it back again. In point of fact, I remember seeing a fellow with long hair loafing about. Still, it's capital conjuring."

"He can see through matter," one of the ladies interposed. It was Madame Picardet. "He can see through a box." She drew a little gold vinaigrette, such as our grandmothers used, from her dress-pocket. "What is in this?" she inquired, holding it up to him.

Señor Herrera gazed through it. "Three gold coins," he replied, knitting his brows with the effort of seeing into the box: "one, an American five dollars; one, a French ten-franc piece; one, twenty marks, German, of the old Emperor William."

She opened the box and passed it round. Sir Charles smiled a quiet smile.

"Confederacy!" he muttered, half to himself. "Confederacy!"

The Seer turned to him with a sullen air. "You want a better sign?" he said, in a very impressive voice. "A sign that will convince you! Very well: you have a letter in your left waistcoat pocket—a crumpled-up letter. Do you wish me to read it out? I will, if you desire it."

It may seem to those who know Sir Charles incredible, but, I am bound to admit, my brother-in-law coloured. What that letter contained, I cannot say; he only answered, very testily and evasively, "No, thank you; I won't trouble you. The exhibition you have already given us of your skill

in this kind more than amply suffices." And his fingers strayed nervously to his waistcoat pocket, as if he was half afraid, even then, Señor Herrera would read it.

I fancied, too, he glanced somewhat anxiously towards Madame Picardet.

The Seer bowed courteously. "Your will, señor, is law," he said. "I make it a principle, though I can see through all things, invariably to respect the secrecies and sanctities. If it were not so, I might dissolve society. For which of us is there who could bear the whole truth being told about him?" He gazed around the room. An unpleasant thrill supervened. Most of us felt this uncanny Spanish American knew really too much. And some of us were engaged in financial operations.

"For example," the Seer continued, blandly, "I happened a few weeks ago to travel down here from Paris by train with a very intelligent man, a company promoter. He had in his bag some documents—some confidential documents": he glanced at Sir Charles. "You know the kind of thing, my dear sir: reports from experts—from mining engineers. You may have seen some such; marked, *strictly private*."

"They form an element in high finance," Sir Charles admitted, coldly.

"Pre-cisely," the Seer murmured, his accent for a moment less Spanish than before. "And, as they were marked *strictly private*, I respect, of course, the seal of confidence. That's all I wish to say. I hold it a duty, being intrusted with such powers, not to use them in a manner which may annoy or incommode my fellow-creatures."

"Your feeling does you honour," Sir Charles answered, with some acerbity. Then he whispered in my ear: "Confounded clever scoundrel, Sey; rather wish we hadn't brought him here."

Señor Herrera seemed intuitively to divine this wish, for he interposed, in a lighter and gayer tone:—

"I will now show you a different and more interesting embodiment of occult power, for which we shall need a somewhat subdued arrangement of surrounding lights. Would you mind, señor host—for I have purposely abstained from reading your name on the brain of anyone present—would you mind my turning down this lamp just a little? . . . So! That will do. Now, this one; and this one. Exactly! that's right." He poured a few grains of powder out of a packet into a saucer. "Next, a match, if you please.

"Thank you!" It burnt with a strange green light. He drew from his pocket a card, and produced a little ink-bottle. "Have you a pen?" he asked.

I instantly brought one. He handed it to Sir Charles. "Oblige me," he said, "by writing your name there." And he indicated a place in the centre of the card, which had an embossed edge, with a small middle square of a different colour.

The Seer strode forward. "Give me the envelope," he said. He took it in his hand, walked over towards the fire-place, and solemnly burnt it. "See—it crumbles into ashes," he cried. Then he came back to the middle of the room, close to the green light, rolled up his sleeve, and held his arm before Sir Charles. There, in blood-red letters, my brother-in-law read the name, "Charles Vandrift," in his own handwriting!



"IN BLOOD-RED LETTERS, MY BROTHER-IN-LAW READ THE NAME."

Sir Charles has a natural disinclination to signing his name without knowing why. "What do you want with it?" he asked. (A millionaire's signature has so many uses.)

"I want you to put the card in an envelope," the Seer replied, "and then to burn it. After that, I shall show you your own name written in letters of blood on my arm, in your own handwriting."

Sir Charles took the pen. If the signature was to be burned as soon as finished, he didn't mind giving it. He wrote his name in his usual firm, clear style—the writing of a man who knows his worth and is not afraid of drawing a cheque for five thousand.

"Look at it long," the Seer said, from the other side of the room. He had not watched him write it.

Sir Charles stared at it fixedly. The Seer was really beginning to produce an impression.

"Now, put it in that envelope," the Seer exclaimed.

Sir Charles, like a lamb, placed it as directed.

"I see how that's done," Sir Charles murmured, drawing back. "It's a clever delusion; but still, I see through it. It's like that ghost-book. Your ink was deep green; your light was green; you made me look at it long; and then I saw the same thing written on the skin of your arm in complementary colours."

"You think so?" the Seer replied, with a curious curl of the lip.

"I'm sure of it," Sir Charles answered.

Quick as lightning, the Seer again rolled up his sleeve. "That's your name," he cried, in a very clear voice, "but not your whole name. What do you say, then, to my right? Is this one also a complementary colour?" He held his other arm out. There, in sea-green letters, I read the name, "Charles O'Sullivan Vandrift." It is my brother-in-law's full baptismal designation; but he has dropped the O'Sullivan for many years past, and, to say the truth, doesn't like it. He is a little bit ashamed of his mother's family.

Charles glanced at it hurriedly. "Quite right," he said, "quite right!" But his

voice was hollow. I could guess he didn't care to continue the *séance*. He could see through the man, of course : but it was clear the fellow knew too much about us to be entirely pleasant.

"Turn up the lights," I said, and a servant turned them. "Shall I say coffee and benedictine?" I whispered to Vandrift.

"By all means," he answered. "Anything to keep this fellow from further impertinences ! And, I say, don't you think you'd better suggest at the same time that the men should smoke ? Even these ladies are not above a cigarette—some of them."

There was a sigh of relief. The lights burned brightly. The Seer for the moment retired from business, so to speak. He accepted a partaga with a very good grace, sipped his coffee in a corner, and chatted to the lady who had suggested Strafford with marked politeness. He was a polished gentleman.

Next morning, in the hall of the hotel, I saw Madame Picardet again, in a neat tailor-made travelling dress ; evidently bound for the railway-station.

"What, off, Madame Picardet ?" I cried.

She smiled, and held out her prettily-gloved hand. "Yes, I'm off," she answered, archly. "Florence, or Rome, or somewhere. I've drained Nice dry—like a sucked orange. Got all the fun I can out of it. Now I'm away again to my beloved Italy."

But it struck me as odd that, if Italy was her game; she went by the omnibus which takes down to the *train de luxe* for Paris. However, a man of the world accepts what a lady tells him, no matter how improbable ; and I confess, for ten days or so, I thought no more about her, or the Seer either.

At the end of that time, our fortnightly pass-book came in from the bank in London. It is part of my duty, as the millionaire's secretary, to make up this book once a fortnight, and to compare the cancelled cheques with Sir Charles's counterfoils. On this particular occasion, I happened to observe what I can only describe as a very grave discrepancy. In fact, a discrepancy of £5,000. On the wrong side, too. Sir Charles was debited with £5,000 more than the total amount that was shown on the counterfoils.

I examined the book with care. The source of the error was obvious. It lay in a cheque to Self or Bearer, for £5,000, signed by Sir Charles, and evidently paid across the counter in London, as it bore on its face no stamp or indication of any other office.

I called in my brother-in-law from the

salon to the study. "Look here, Charles," I said, "there's a cheque in the book which you haven't entered." And I handed it to him without comment, for I thought it might have been drawn to settle some little loss on the turf or at cards, or to make up some other affair he didn't desire to mention to me. These things will happen.

He looked at it and stared hard. Then he pursed up his mouth and gave a long, low "Whew !" At last he turned it over and remarked, "I say, Sey, my boy, we've just been done jolly well brown, haven't we ?"

I glanced at the cheque. "How do you mean ?" I inquired.

"Why, the Seer," he replied, still staring at it ruefully. "I don't mind the five thou., but to think the fellow should have gammoned the pair of us like that—ignominious, I call it !"

"How do you know it's the Seer ?" I asked.

"Look at the green ink," he answered. "Besides, I recollect the very shape of the last flourish. I flourished a bit like that in the excitement of the moment, which I don't always do with my regular signature."

"He's done us," I answered, recognising it. "But how the dickens did he manage to transfer it to the cheque ? This looks like your own handwriting, Charles, not a clever forgery."

"It is," he said. "I admit it—I can't deny it. Only fancy his bamboozling me when I was most on my guard ! I wasn't to be taken in by any of his silly occult tricks and catch-words ; but it never occurred to me he was going to victimize me financially in this way. I expected attempts at a loan or an extortion ; but to collar my signature to a blank cheque—atrocious !"

"How did he manage it ?" I asked.

"I haven't the faintest conception. I only know those are the words I wrote. I could swear to them anywhere."

"Then you can't protest the cheque ?"

"Unfortunately, no ; it's my own true signature."

We went that afternoon without delay to see the Chief Commissary of Police at the office. He was a gentlemanly Frenchman, much less formal and red-tapey than usual, and he spoke excellent English, with an American accent, having acted, in fact, as a detective in New York for about ten years in his early manhood.

"I guess," he said slowly, after hearing our story, "you've been victimized right here by Colonel Clay, gentlemen."



"I GUESS YOU'VE BEEN VICTIMIZED."

"Who is Colonel Clay?" Sir Charles asked.

"That's just what I want to know," the Commissary answered, in his curious American-French-English. "He is a Colonel, because he occasionally gives himself a commission; he is called Colonel Clay, because he appears to possess an indiarubber face, and he can mould it like clay in the hands of the potter. Real name, unknown. Nationality, equally French and English. Address, usually Europe. Profession, former maker of wax figures to the Musée Grévin. Age, what he chooses. Employs his knowledge to mould his own nose and cheeks, with wax additions, to the character he desires to personate. Aquiline, this time, you say. *Hein!* Anything like these photographs?"

He rummaged in his desk and handed us two.

"Not in the least," Sir Charles answered; "except, perhaps, as to the neck, everything here is quite unlike him."

"Then that's the Colonel!" the Commissary answered, with decision, rubbing his hands in glee. "Look here," and he took out a pencil and rapidly sketched the outline of one of the two faces—that of a bland-looking young man, with no expression worth

mentioning. "There's the Colonel in his simple disguise. Very good. Now watch me: figure to yourself that he adds here a tiny patch of wax to his nose—an aquiline bridge—just so; well, you have him right there; and the chin, ah, one touch: now, for hair, a wig: for complexion, nothing easier: that's the profile of your rascal, isn't it?"

"Exactly," we both murmured. By two curves of the pencil, and a shock of false hair, the face was transmuted.

"He had very large eyes, with very big pupils, though," I objected, looking close; "and the man in the photograph here has them small and boiled-fishy."

"That's so," the Commissary answered. "A drop of belladonna expands—and produces the Seer; five grains of opium contract—and give a dead-alive, stupidly-innocent appearance. Well, you leave this affair to me, gentlemen. I'll see the fun out. I don't say I'll catch him for you; nobody ever yet has caught Colonel Clay; but I'll explain how he did the trick; and that ought to be consolation enough to a man of your means for a trifle of five thousand!"

"You are not the conventional French office-holder, M. le Commissaire," I ventured to interpose.

"You bet!" the Commissary replied, and drew himself up like a captain of infantry. "Messieurs," he continued, in French, with the utmost dignity, "I shall devote the resources of this office to tracing out the crime, and, if possible, to effectuating the arrest of the culpable."

We telegraphed to London, of course, and we wrote to the bank, with a full description of the suspected person. But I need hardly add that nothing came of it.

Three days later, the Commissary called at our hotel. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I am glad to say I have discovered everything!"

"What? Arrested the Seer?" Sir Charles cried.

The Commissary drew back, almost horrified at the suggestion.

"Arrested Colonel Clay?" he exclaimed. "*Mais*, monsieur, we are only human! Arrested him? No, not quite. But tracked out how he did it. That is already much—to unravel Colonel Clay, gentlemen!"

"Well, what do you make of it?" Sir Charles asked, crestfallen.

The Commissary sat down and gloated over his discovery. It was clear a well-planned crime amused him vastly. "In the first place, monsieur," he said, "disabuse your mind of the idea that when monsieur your secretary went out to fetch Señor Herrera that night, Señor Herrera didn't know to whose rooms he was coming. Quite otherwise, in point of fact. I do not doubt myself that Señor Herrera, or Colonel Clay (call him which you like), came to Nice this winter for no other purpose than just to rob you."

"But I sent for him," my brother-in-law interposed.

"Yes; he *meant* you to send for him. He forced a card, so to speak. If he couldn't do that, I guess he would be a pretty poor conjurer. He had a lady of his own—his wife, let us say, or his sister—stopping here at this hotel; a certain Madame Picardet. Through her, he induced several ladies of your circle to attend his *séances*. She and they spoke to you about him, and aroused your curiosity. You may bet your bottom dollar that when he came to this room, he came ready primed and prepared with endless facts about both of you."

"What fools we have been, Sey," my brother-in-law exclaimed. "I see it all now. That designing woman sent round before dinner to say I wanted to meet him; and by

the time you got there, he was ready for bamboozling me."

"That's so," the Commissary answered. "He had your name ready painted on both his arms; and he had made other preparations of still greater importance."

"You mean the cheque. Well, how did he get it?"

The Commissary opened the door. "Come in," he said. And a young man entered whom we recognised at once as the chief clerk in the Foreign Department of the *Crédit Marseillais*, the principal bank all along the Riviera.

"State what you know of this cheque," the Commissary said, showing it to him, for we had handed it over to the police as a piece of evidence.

"About four weeks since——" the clerk began.

"Say ten days before your *séance*," the Commissary interposed.

"A gentleman with very long hair and an aquiline nose, dark, strange, and handsome, called in at my department and asked if I could tell him the name of Sir Charles Vandrift's London banker. He said he had a sum to pay in to your credit, and asked if we would forward it for him. I told him it was irregular for us to receive the money, as you had no account with us, but that your London bankers were Darby, Drummond, and Rothenberg, Limited."

"Quite right," Sir Charles murmured.

"Two days later a lady, Madame Picardet, who was a customer of ours, brought in a good cheque for three hundred pounds, signed by a first-rate name, and asked us to pay it in on her behalf to Darby, Drummond, and Rothenberg's, and to open a London account with them for her. We did so, and received in reply a cheque-book."

"From which this cheque was taken, as I learn from the number, by telegram from London," the Commissary put in. "Also, that on the same day on which your cheque was cashed, Madame Picardet, in London, withdrew her balance."

"But how did the fellow get me to sign the cheque?" Sir Charles cried. "How did he manage the card trick?"

The Commissary produced a similar card from his pocket. "Was that the sort of thing?" he asked.

"Precisely! A facsimile."

"I thought so. Well, our Colonel, I find, bought a packet of such cards, intended for admission to a religious function, at a shop in the Quai Masséna. He cut out the centre,



"MADAME PICARDET WITHDREW HER BALANCE."

and, see here——" The Commissary turned it over, and showed a piece of paper pasted neatly over the back; this he tore off, and there, concealed behind it, lay a folded cheque, with only the place where the signature should be written showing through on the face which the Seer had presented to us. "I call that a neat trick," the Commissary remarked, with professional enjoyment of a really good deception.

"But he burnt the envelope before my eyes," Sir Charles exclaimed.

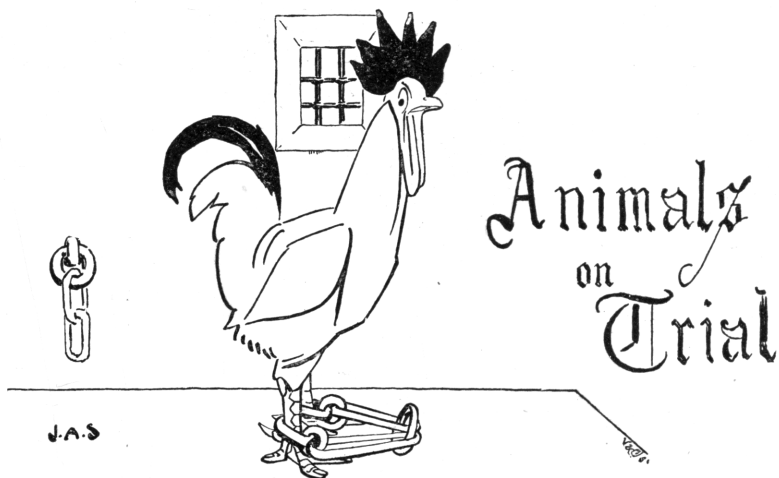
"Pooh!" the Commissary answered. "What would he be worth as a conjurer, anyway, if he couldn't substitute one envelope for another between the table and the fireplace without your noticing it? And Colonel Clay, you must remember, is a prince among conjurers."

"Well, it's a comfort to know we've identified our man, and the woman who was

with him," Sir Charles said, with a slight sigh of relief. "The next thing will be, of course, you'll follow them up on these clues in England and arrest them?"

The Commissary shrugged his shoulders. "Arrest them!" he exclaimed, much amused. "Ah, monsieur, but you are sanguine! No officer of justice has ever succeeded in arresting le Colonel Caoutchouc, as we call him in French. He is as slippery as an eel, that man. He wriggles through our fingers. Suppose even we caught him, what could we prove? I ask you. Nobody who has seen him once can ever swear to him again in his next impersonation. He is *impayable*, this good Colonel. On the day when I arrest him, I assure you, monsieur, I shall consider myself the smartest police-officer in Europe."

"Well, I shall catch him yet," Sir Charles answered, and relapsed into silence.



Animals on Trial

By A. M. AVENELL.

IN these days of sensational trials and extraordinary occurrences, it is strange to look back into the Middle Ages and note the peculiar developments of superstition and fancy in those remote times. Not only were the punishments given cruel and uncouth—the crimes themselves were often horrible beyond belief, and in most cases the witnesses had nearly as hard a time of it as the accused.

But the horror and cruelty of the judgments of the Middle Ages were sometimes lightened by scenes which seem irresistibly comical to us now, though at the time they were enacted in perfect good faith. Strange criminals sometimes appeared at a mediæval Bar, either in person or by proxy, to receive the punishment of their crimes. In France alone there

were no fewer than ninety-two trials of animals recorded between the years 1120 and 1740—the last sufferer being an unfortunate cow.

The delinquents were not only those animals who had committed direct assaults upon humanity. There is a kind of justice in bringing a bull to trial for goring a man

to death, or a dog for killing a little child. But the mediæval intellect went further, and saw malicious intent in any annoyance of men by beasts and insects. There was a regular course of procedure to be followed, and all things were done decently and in order.

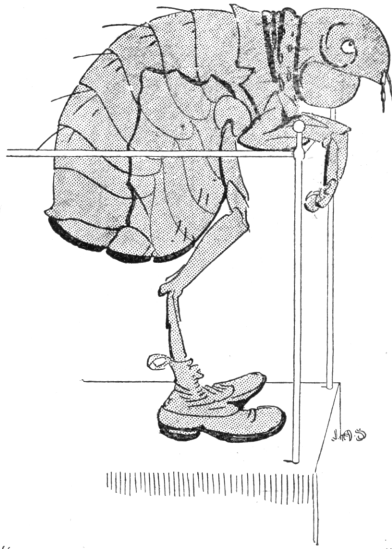
For example, in cases where a district was overrun by rats, mice, locusts, fleas, or other pests, the ordinary course was to appoint an advocate to plead for the accused creatures, and then to summon them publicly three times



"AN UNFORTUNATE COW."

to appear before the Court. If they did not appear at the third summons, the case was tried in their absence; and if their advocate could not make a good defence for them, they were ordered to leave the country before a certain date, under penalty of exorcism. This penalty was generally enforced, although, astonishing to relate, the creatures often seemed to become even more abundant and destructive than ever after being exorcised. This, however, was always put down to the power of Satan, and did not shake the faith of the people in the least.

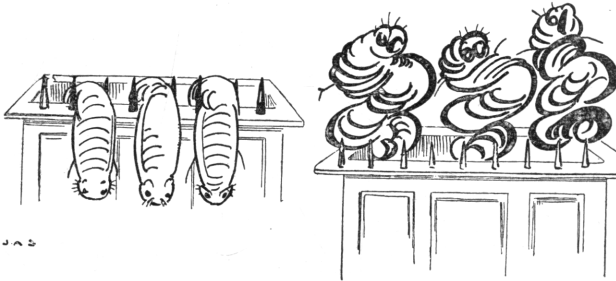
There is, however, an account of some leeches who were tried at Lausanne, in the



"THE FLEA CHARGED WITH MALICIOUS INTENT."

caught and brought into court to hear the sentence, which was the usual order to leave the place within three days under pain of exorcism. Whether the leeches did not quite understand, or whether they were contumacious, does not transpire; but it is placed upon record that they failed to depart within the prescribed limit, were exorcised with all due ceremony, and immediately commenced to die off day after day, so that in a little time the whole race was exterminated.

A very curious trial of rats is recorded to have taken place at Autun in the fifteenth century. M. Chassensée, an advocate of the place, was appointed to plead for them; and very well he did it, actually getting his clients off! They were accused of appearing in great numbers and annoying the townspeople, and were summoned to appear before the Court. The first plea of M. Chassensée was that the rats were unable to attend upon the day named because



"THE LEECHES IN THE DOCK—SENTENCED!"

year 1451, who behaved in a much more satisfactory manner. They had been found guilty of infesting the country and annoying the inhabitants, and a few of them were

young and others sick and infirm, they required a longer time to prepare for their journey. The Court admitted the plea,



"THEY ANNOYED THE TOWNSPEOPLE."



"SOME OF THEM WERE VERY YOUNG AND OTHERS SICK AND INFIRM."

and granted an extension of time. Still the rats did not appear, and their advocate brought forward another plea. He declared that his clients were ready and willing to come and were only restrained by bodily fear. They considered the Court was bound to protect them as they came by its order, and therefore requested that, before they appeared in the open streets, the cats of the neighbourhood should be bound



"INTO THE SEA."

over to keep the peace. The Court acknowledged the justice of the request; but the townspeople, who were the plaintiffs in the action, refused to be responsible for their cats. The whole thing reads like some child's story; but the records of Autun bear witness to the truth of it. The cause was determined in favour of the rats, as they were willing to appear; and we can only suppose that they were allowed henceforth to pursue their depredations unmolested. It is not mentioned what reward they gave to their advocate, who certainly deserved well of them.

In some cases we are told of creatures obeying the order to leave at once, and

marching away in troops in the broad light of day! Some of them committed suicide, and plunged by hundreds at a time into the sea, sooner than remain to face the exorcism of the Church. It is almost a pity that the faith of the nineteenth century will not allow a trial of the ancient methods upon the rabbits in Australia. No advocate would be found to plead for them, the thunders of the Church would be launched upon them, and always supposing that they saw the thing in its true light, they would immediately commence dying, like the Lausanne leeches, or would march in a body to the coast, and cast themselves, like the Gadarene swine, into the sea.



"THE OLD SOW AND HER LITTLE ONES ACCUSED."

Some very small culprits were brought up for trial at Sauvigny, in 1457. An old sow and her three or four little ones were brought into court, accused of killing a little child and partly eating it. Such instances were

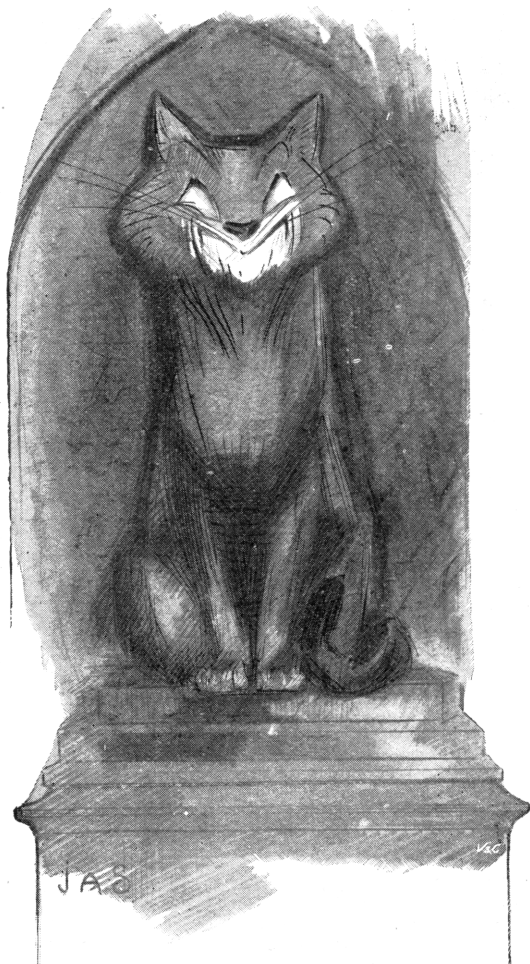
The old sow was accordingly publicly hanged in the market-place, and the little pigs were pardoned, and let loose upon the world again.

There was no S.P.C. in the Middle Ages.



"THE LITTLE PIGS WERE PARDONED."

not uncommon in the Middle Ages, when scavengers were unknown and vestries were not, and when pigs and dogs wandered about the narrow, dirty streets of the towns in search of food, and were often ferocious and savage creatures. The case was proved against the old sow, and her advocate had not a word to say on her behalf. But, he argued, it could not be just or right to punish the youthful pigs, who had merely followed their mother's bad example, and could not be expected to know any better. Besides, there was no clear proof that they had assisted at the murder of the child, although it could not be denied that they had joined in the repast. The defence was accepted.



"ST. THOMAS."

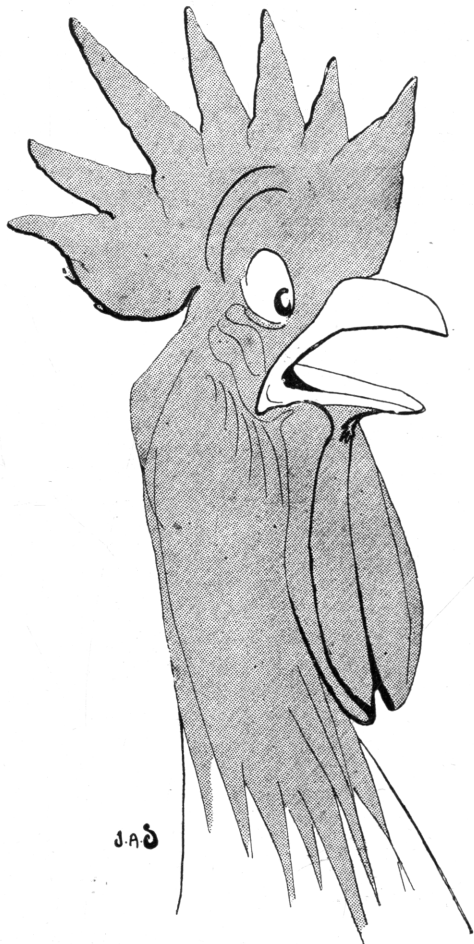
Yet, if creatures had a bad time of it sometimes, at others they reached a pitch of honour and glory which it would be hard to equal nowadays. As, for example, in a ceremony which used to be enacted at Aix, in Provence, on Corpus Christi Day. A tom-cat, the first that could be procured, was wrapped in swaddling clothes, decorated in divers ways, and placed in a shrine to be displayed to a kneeling and adoring crowd. Incense was burnt before him, flowers were strewn around him, and, for one day at least, he became the cynosure of all eyes. But on the festival of St. John a very different scene was to be observed, when numbers of

unhappy cats were thrown into a large fire which was lighted by the priests, and their sacrifice was celebrated by hymns and processions of clergy and people. Perhaps the animals who were brought up for regular trial had a better time of it than those who fell into the hands of the Church: exorcism certainly could not have hurt as much as burning alive.

One of the strangest of all mediæval trials took place at Basle, in 1474, when a cock was accused of the diabolical crime of laying an egg. A cock's egg, as everybody knows, was a thing most eagerly desired by all witches and wizards, and at that time such people were devoutly believed in and held in general horror. The cock, therefore, had no

chance. By supplying an article which could be used for all kinds of wickedness, he was clearly an accessory before the fact. It was of no avail that his advocate argued that the laying of an egg was an involuntary act, not premeditated, and as such ought not to be punished. He *might* have contested that the action showed distinct originality on the part of the cock, and should therefore be admired instead of condemned.

But, whatever his defence, it was unavailing. Public opinion was dead against him. The end of the affair was that the unfortunate cock was burnt at the stake, and his egg with him, as a warning to all sorcerers, and to such of his kind as might be tempted to follow his pernicious example.



JAD

"THE COCK ACCUSED OF LAYING AN EGG."

Heroes of the Albert Medal.

By L. S. LEWIS.

I.



THE Albert Medal may be described as a Victoria Cross for civilians. It was instituted by a Royal Warrant, dated the 7th of March, 1866, which had reference to one medal only, to be awarded exclusively for gallantry in saving life at sea.

A subsequent warrant, however, dated 12th April, 1867, revoked the first warrant, and created instead two new decorations, styled respectively "The Albert Medal of the First Class" and "The Albert Medal of the Second Class." The medal was extended to cases of gallantry in saving life on land by Royal Warrant dated the 30th of April, 1877.

The Albert Medal of the "First Class" consists of a gold oval-shaped badge, or decoration, enamelled in dark blue, with a monogram composed of the letters "V" and "A" interlaced, and with an anchor erect in gold. The whole is surrounded by a Garter in bronze, inscribed in raised letters of gold, "For Gallantry in Saving Life at Sea," and the medal is surmounted by a representation of the crown of the late Prince Consort. It is suspended from a dark blue riband, measuring 1 3-8 in. in width, with four white longitudinal stripes.

The "Second Class" Medal is a similar enamelled badge, but worked entirely in bronze, with a riband only 5-8 in. in width.

The land, or Home Office, Albert Medals

have no anchors, and both enamel and ribands are red, instead of blue. These decorations are made by Phillips, of Cockspur Street; and it is an interesting fact that the man who engraved the inscription on the very first medal was also engaged on the very latest one granted. In fact, the making of these medals, which are built up by hand, instead of being struck from a die as the Victoria Crosses are, is practically left entirely to one family of workmen.

The great aim of the Ministers who recommend Albert Medal cases to the Queen is to keep the standard of gallantry as high as possible; hence it is that among the few typical cases I have been able to select, there will be found some of the sublimest instances of heroic self-sacrifice that the world has ever known.

The very first man to receive this coveted decoration was Mr. Samuel Popplestone, a Devonshire farmer, whose case was "Gazetted" on the 15th of June, 1866.

Here is the story. The *Spirit of the*

Ocean, a barque of 557 tons, with a crew of eighteen hands and twenty-four passengers, was wrecked on the rocks, 400 yds. to the west of Start Point, Devon, on Friday, the 23rd of March, 1866. The vessel had been in a bad way for some time previous to the wreck. Several of her crew were sick, and the mates and passengers were trying to work her, when she was caught in a strong gale from the south-west, and presently "doomed to destruction," as the



FIRST CLASS ALBERT MEDAL—
"SEA."



FIRST CLASS ALBERT MEDAL—
"LAND."

newspaper men say when describing a big fire.

Popplestone observed the peril of the vessel, and knew that if she failed to weather the rocks, she must eventually be lost and every soul with her, unless assistance could be rendered from the shore. He, therefore, dispatched a messenger on one of his own horses to Tor Cross to rouse the villagers, and another mounted messenger to give information to the coastguards. By this time the vessel had struck on the rocks, and began to break up rapidly. Taking a small coil of rope, Popplestone, alone and unaided, proceeded nimbly along the storm-swept shore, from rock to rock, like a middle-aged chamois, to get nearer the vessel. By this time the wind was, technically speaking, blowing at "force II," that is, a storm nearly equal to a hurricane, accompanied by blinding rain and a very heavy and dangerous sea.

While Popplestone was standing on the rock nearest to the ship, endeavouring to effect a communication, he was washed off into the swirling, raging sea; but, by a great effort on his part, and by the help of a returning wave, he regained his footing; and from this perilous position he succeeded in saving the lives of the mate and one of the crew; afterwards conveying them beyond the reach of danger.

Now, I think I may be permitted to say that, heroic as Popplestone's action undoubtedly was, he would not even receive a "Second Class" medal were he to go through the same experience again. The fact is, the standard of Albert Medal heroism has steadily risen; and the First Class decoration is only granted when it is nothing short of a miracle that the hero escapes with his own life. But perhaps I can illustrate my meaning better by turning to a most weird and extraordinary case, whose details would seem to be culled from the pages of Jules Verne, instead of the official records that have been placed at my disposal.

The Albert Medal of the "Second Class" was, in March, 1878, conferred upon John

Mitchell, carpenter; William Stewart, sail-maker; and Charles Wilson, A.B., formerly seamen of the *Conference*, of Bristol.

On the 9th May, 1877, the *Conference*, the *Avonmore*, and twenty-five or thirty other vessels were lying at anchor off the village of Huanillos, about 300yds. from the shore, loading with guano by means of lighters. The village itself consisted of about one hundred wooden houses, perched upon a very precipitous ridge, about 30ft. above the sea level. Immediately behind the mountains rise precipitously to a height of 5,000ft. To reach the guano, about 80ft. up the mountain, a zig-zag path had been made.

According to the statement of Captain George Williams, late master of the *Conference*, a severe shock of earthquake was felt

about 8.30 p.m., the weather being dark and gloomy and the sea strangely calm. There was a seaquake as well as an earthquake. The ship was found to be shaking so much that the masts and yards seemed about to tumble down, and the stern moorings parted. The seismic disturbance lasted several minutes, and was followed by a tremendous commotion in the sea, forming whirlpools and aqueous mountains that threatened to fall upon and bury the ships. The noise of the earthquake, as it shook the mountains, was perfectly appalling. Monstrous



MR. SAMUEL POPPLESTONE.
(The First Recipient of an Albert Medal.)
From a Photo. by Mrs. J. Hayes, Kingsbridge.

boulders of meteoric iron rolled down the precipitous sides, and, striking against each other, emitted sparks and flames of fire; while the cries of the guano-diggers higher up the mountains increased the indescribable horror of a scene truly calculated to destroy the nerve of the bravest on earth. The earthquake was followed by three distinct tidal waves, which rolled in at intervals of about ten minutes, rising about 50ft., as seen by marks on the shore, and causing many vessels to break their moorings and drag their anchors. What is more, the village of Huanillos was practically wiped out.

While all kinds of dreadful things were in progress on shore, the unfortunate *Conference* came in for a lot of knocking about. All the



"A TREMENDOUS COMMOTION IN THE SEA."

other vessels, if I may say so, seemed to blame her for causing this frightful pandemonium on sea and land, and so commenced to drive against her with great force and surprising persistency. The first tidal wave drove two vessels across the bows of the *Conference*, carrying away the bowsprit and jibboom. The second wave carried away her starboard bower chains, and at the same time the American vessel *Geneva*, carrying 2,400 tons of guano, was driven against her fore-rigging, damaging her severely. The *Conference* then commenced to drift towards the rocks, but the *Geneva* was upon her again, cutting her down amidships, four or five planks below the covering-board.

Shortly after this a vessel, which proved to be the *Avonmore*, was seen for a moment driving at a furious rate across the bows of the *Conference*. Almost immediately her anchor light disappeared, and the cries of drowning people were heard. All this time the other ships, beyond the power of human control, where dashing hither and thither like mad creatures. The sea was a confused and turbulent maelstrom, and yet the master of the *Conference* called for volunteers from

his crew to man the jolly-boat. After some hesitation Mitchell, Stewart, and Wilson volunteered their services. They rowed away into the intense darkness, and after some time succeeded in finding and rescuing the master of the *Avonmore* and his child, together with the second and third officers and an able seaman.

Fortunately, there was no further tidal wave; and when the boat returned to the *Conference*, the disturbance of the sea had considerably abated, and the rest of the crew were about to abandon the barque in their other boat, the *Conference* being then close on the rocks, with her stern and bows knocked in. Both boats then rowed about until four o'clock in the morning of the 10th of May, returning to the shore later on, when they

saw their ship for the last time strike the rocks and then heave over and sink. The master was told she had struck several times during the night, the fire caused by the impact between the iron bows and the rocks having been seen flashing by the crews of some of the other vessels.

Altogether, about four vessels were totally wrecked that terrible night at Huanillos; five were uninjured from being moored outside the others; and all the rest were more or less damaged. Numerous lives were lost.

A very different case was the Rotherham Main sinking shaft accident, for heroism in connection with which Ambrose Clarke and Robert Drabble each received the Second Class Albert Medal.

This extraordinary case was brought forward by Mr. Frank N. Wardell, H.M. Inspector of Mines for that district. Mr. Wardell, in his report to the then Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews, says that in the whole of his experience this act of bravery and courage has never been surpassed. He also states that Clarke has previously saved six or seven other lives.

The details of the accident are as follows:



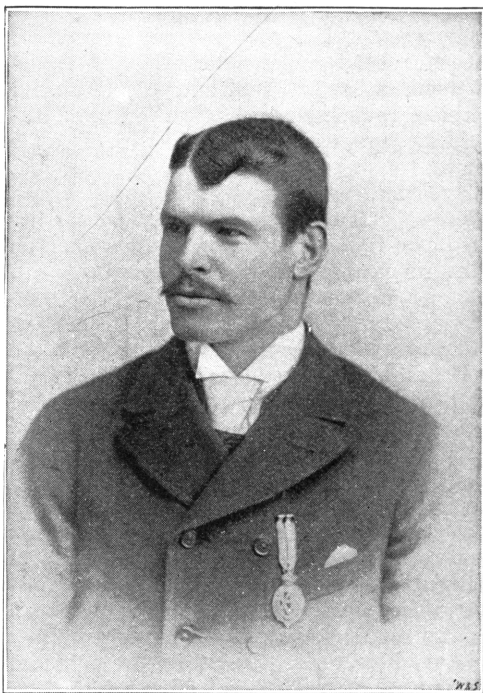
MR. AMBROSE CLARKE.
From a Photo. by Crosby, Rotherham.

On the 7th of July, 1891, an accident occurred in the sinking shaft of the Rotherham Main, situate near Rotherham, Yorks, the property of Messrs. John Brown and Co. This mishap resulted in the deaths of four persons and the escape of four others, all of them, however, more or less injured. Scaffolding was suspended in the shaft, 210ft. from the surface, and about 90ft. from the bottom, by means of four chains, which were secured to four staples fixed in the shaft. There was a depth of 11ft. of water standing in the bottom of the shaft, immediately below the scaffold. Sinkers were engaged in removing the sheeting-bores in the shaft for the purpose of putting in brick walling; and, at ten o'clock on the night of the 7th July, eight men went down on to the scaffold. Ambrose Clarke, the master sinker, remained above, directing these men. He never left his post until 10.45 p.m., when he heard a noise below, but was ignorant of what had happened.

What *had* happened was this. One of the staples to which the supporting chains were attached suddenly broke, whereupon the scaffolding tilted, throwing all the men off. One of them, Scattergood by name, managed to get hold of the "hoppit," or iron bucket, into which the shafting-boards were being

loaded, and in this he was drawn to the surface. There were steam pipes in the shaft in connection with the donkey-engine, and the falling scaffold broke one of these, filling the shaft with scalding steam.

When Clarke heard the uproar, he immediately ran across to the top of No. 2 sinking shaft, a few yards away, and told the man in charge there that something dreadful had happened in No. 1, so that he had better draw his men out of No. 2 shaft at once. Clarke then rushed back to his post, and was just in time to see Scattergood emerge from the steaming inferno. Without waiting to ask any questions, Clarke asked Scattergood if he would go down with him, but the unfortunate man was too confused and shaken to think of anything. Clarke immediately went down by himself—down into the hot, blinding steam, still escaping with a shrill, continuous scream. When the solitary heroic rescuer got to the place where the scaffold had hung, he found one man, Robert Drabble, suspended in the shaft in a peculiarly horrible manner. Drabble had evidently fallen head downwards, but had been caught by the hook of the grappling chain, which had entered the fleshy part of his leg, tearing it down to his boot, and fixing itself there. The point of the hook had



MR. ROBERT DRABBLE.
From a Photo. by Crosby, Rotherham.

actually penetrated the foot also and come out at the sole. All the other men had fallen to the bottom. Thus Drabble was hanging like a leg of mutton on a hook, head downwards in the darkness, the blood pouring from his terrible flesh wound, and with his hands on some fencing belonging to the donkey-engine.

When Clarke arrived at this part of the shaft, some five or seven minutes had elapsed since the accident, and Drabble was calling feebly for help. On reaching him, Clarke said, "Now, then, let me heave you into the 'hoppit,'" to which the suffering hero replied, "Not yet. Go down below, and look after my mates in the water; I can hang a few minutes longer, I think."

Thereupon Clarke went to the bottom and rescued one man, Lovell, out of the water, and lifted him into the "hoppit." At this time Drabble shouted from above that he was going to fall, so Clarke at once ascended to him, and tried to cut the hook out of his boot, but could not succeed. He then put his arm round the man's leg and lifted him bodily up, whereupon the hook came out, and Drabble was safely deposited in the "hoppit."

Subsequently Clarke went down again and rescued another man named Beadsley, who was hanging over a stay just above the water with both legs broken. No more men could be found, so Clarke went to the surface with the three men he had saved. He afterwards went down a third time, and with the assistance of volunteers, succeeded in recovering the dead bodies of the remaining four men from the water at the bottom of the shaft.

The medals were presented to Clarke and Drabble by the Duke of Norfolk at a crowded and enthusiastic meeting.

A terrible "Story of the Sea" attaches to the presentation of the "Second Class" Albert Medal to Mr. David Webster, some time second mate of the barque *Arracan*, of Greenock, himself residing at Broughty Ferry, Dundee.

The *Arracan*, whilst on a voyage from Shields to Bombay, with a cargo of coals, took fire, owing to the spontaneous combustion of her cargo; and on the 17th of February, 1894, she was abandoned by her crew, who then took to their boats and endeavoured to make for the Maldiv Islands. The boats kept company until the 20th of that month, when, finding the currents too strong, it was agreed to separate, after dividing the scanty provisions.

The master, in command of the long-boat, then made for Cochin; while the mate, in charge of the gig, and the second mate (Mr. David Webster), in charge of the pinnace, with four of the crew (three men and a boy), made for the Maldiv Islands.

After two days, Webster's boat was injured by a heavy sea, and could not keep up with the gig, which was lost sight of. From this time the pinnace was kept working to windward until the 9th of March, by which day the water and provisions had been entirely consumed, and the outlook was not cheerful. Soon after this, things looked so black that the crew cast lots to see which of them should be killed, in order to provide food for the others. The lot fell upon the ship's boy, Horner; but Webster, who had been asleep, awoke in time to save the boy's life, and prevent a cannibal feast upon the high seas. After dark an attempt was made to kill Webster himself, but the boy, Horner, awoke him just in time to save himself—a beautiful instance of one good turn deserving, and receiving, another.

The following day Webster fell asleep—he had to pass the time somehow—and was awoke by the struggles of the crew for the possession of his gun: it was again their amiable intention to make a meal of the heroic mate. Two hours later the famished crew recommenced operations on Horner, but once more they were prevented by the determined conduct of Webster, who threatened to shoot and throw overboard the first man who laid hands upon the boy.

The next day one of the crew tried to sink the boat, but Webster mastered him and prevented further mischief. Two days later the same desperate man again tried to scuttle the craft, and failing this he attacked poor Horner, whose string of escapes would be incredible were it not placed beyond the shadow of doubt by the official papers. The boy's latest assailant was instantly shot at by Webster, and would certainly have been killed had not the cap of the mate's gun missed fire. Soon after this incident a bird flew over the boat, and Webster, putting a fresh cap on his gun, shot at and killed it; whereupon it was immediately seized and devoured by the starving men—bones, feathers, and all.

During the next five days the crew were quieter, subsisting mainly on barnacles that had attached themselves to the bottom of the boat, and sea-blubber for which they dived. The following day some of the men became delirious. One of them lay down exhausted at the bottom of the boat, when

his companion, scenting a meal, at once smote him on the head with an iron belaying pin, cutting him badly. Horrible as it seems, the blood which flowed from the wound was caught in a tin, and drank by the sufferer himself and two of his companions. After this, doubtless feeling greatly invigorated, they fought and bit each other, only desisting when completely exhausted; they recommenced the mad *mêlée*, however, at the earliest possible moment, the boy, Horner, quietly keeping watch all the while with his protector, Webster.

On the thirty-first day in the boat the unfortunate fellows were picked up 600 miles from land by the ship *City of Manchester*; they were very kindly treated, as you may imagine, and taken to Calcutta. Webster, by his conduct, was undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of all in the boat.

Sergeant Cole, the next recipient of a First Class Medal, encountered a peril as great as mortal man could be called upon to confront. He came to these offices and told his own story with the modesty of a true hero.

It seems that on January 24th, 1885, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Police-constable Cole (as he then was) was on duty in the crypt of the Houses of Parliament. At this time the dynamite scare was at its height, and all police officers were warned daily by their superiors to be on the alert for suspicious characters with bags and parcels. Cole had just gone his rounds at the top of the staircase, and had descended, when two lady visitors to the Houses of Parliament came to him in a state of subdued anxiety, and exclaimed: "Policeman, there's one of your mats on fire!" Cole made no answer, but immediately went to the bottom of the staircase, which was just round a slight curve, only a few feet from where he was standing,

and which spot he had passed less than a minute previously.

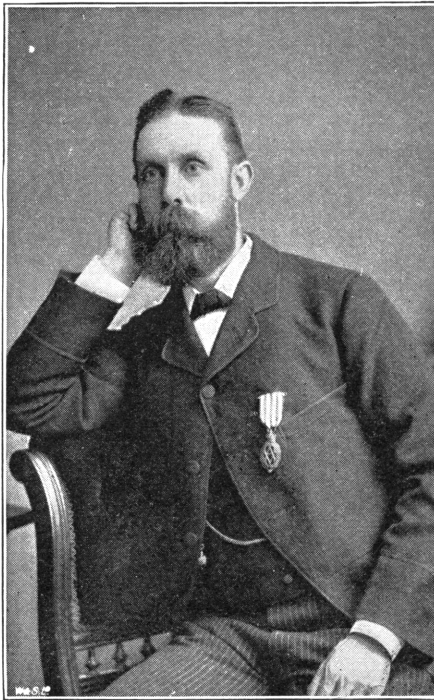
This gallant officer is able to this day to give the minutest description of the appalling sight that met his fascinated gaze. The thing that was lying on the ground, and which the ladies took to be a mat, was a pad of oily felt, about 2ft. long and 18in. wide. It contained sixteen pockets, and in each was a cake of dynamite, covered with paper of a peculiar hue, and kept in its place by a piece of bent wire. In the centre were the detonator and fuse; and from the latter shot a little column of fire in spasmodic jerks, after the manner of a squib. The pad was

fitted with boot-webbing and buttons, evidently designed to be buttoned round the miscreant's waist, beneath his overcoat. The moment Cole saw this "pad" he realized its awful import.

"Good God, it's dynamite!" he screamed. "Clear out; get away." There were not many people to get away, except his two terrified informants and a few stray visitors; but they "cleared out" with amazing alacrity. Stooping down, the constable tried to pinch the fuse out from the centre, but could not succeed. He then folded the pad in two and, taking it up, he sped swiftly into Westminster Hall, but in a few seconds a new

development had taken place. The fuse had evidently burnt low, and set fire to other parts of the pad, which began to melt, causing a quantity of oily, pitchy matter to run down on to the officer's hands. Cole immediately dropped the thing, and here his story ends. "I only remember a great flash of light," he said; "no sound—nothing!"

The sequel is well known to Colonel Sir Vivian D. Majendie and Sir Frederick Abel. The dynamite exploded the moment it touched the floor. A great gap was blown in the massive floor of Westminster Hall, precipi-



EX-POLICE-SERGEANT COLE.
From a Photo. by Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

tating poor Cole into the basement beneath, which was about 14ft. deep. The large stained-glass window, too, at the St. Stephen's end of the Hall, was drawn in by the concussion and shattered to pieces.

must infallibly have wrought terrific havoc in the Palace of Westminster had not Cole removed the pad from the spot where it was placed. The clock at the top of the staircase leading into St. Stephen's Hall stopped



"I ONLY REMEMBER A GREAT FLASH OF LIGHT."

When the unfortunate man was found he had not a vestige of clothing upon him. His boots, however, were intact. When the *débris* was sifted, the constable's belt turned up in four pieces, but not an atom of his helmet. His uniform, however, was found here and there in fragmentary strips. The heroic officer's body had literally to be dug out from beneath the huge masses of stone that had fallen through. He had sustained frightful injuries. His skull was broken, so also were four ribs; and his internal injuries were of a peculiarly horrible nature. Moreover, he became stone deaf.

But, you will ask, how did Cole know it was dynamite? Well, about two months before this outrage a bag of dynamite had been found at the back of Nelson's Column, in Trafalgar Square, and the same evening Police-constable Cole was shown some of the cakes, probably for his future guidance in such matters.

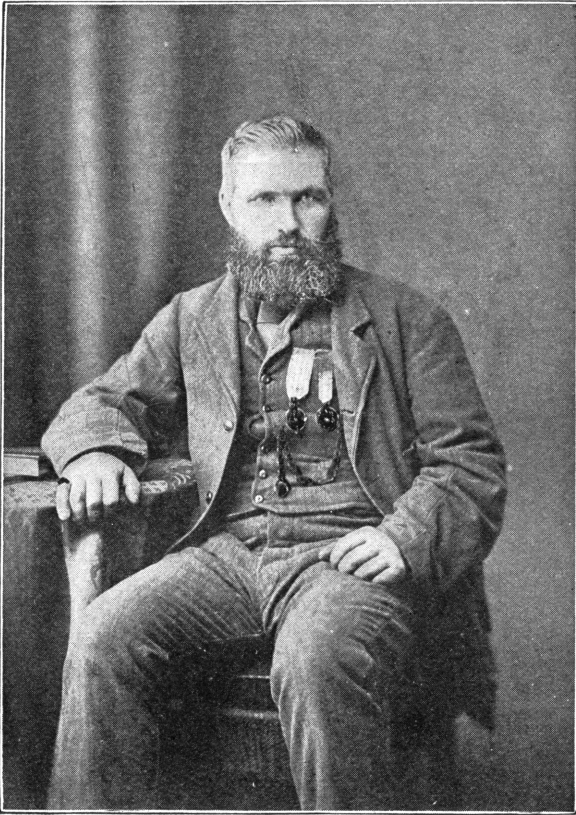
Cole hovered between life and death for months. To this day he suffers from periodical disorders in his head (especially during the winter months); and he is obliged to wear elaborate surgical appliances.

According to the experts, the explosion

at exactly eight minutes past two; and—*mirabile dictu*—another dynamite explosion occurred at the Tower of London at the very same moment. Burton was the author of the Westminster Hall outrage, and Cunningham of the explosion at the Tower; both were sentenced by Mr. Justice Hawkins to penal servitude for the term of their natural lives. The Albert Medal was presented to Sergeant Cole by the then Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, almost on the very spot where the explosion took place, and in the presence of a great representative gathering of the Metropolitan Police.

Another "First Class man" is Captain Peter Sharp, whose photograph is reproduced on the next page. He is, or was, master of the *Annabella Clark*, of Ardrossan. The story is as follows:—

On the 20th of November, 1878, at about 5.45 in the evening, a fire suddenly broke out on board the French ship *Mélanie*, which was lying in the River Adour, at Boucan, near Bayonne, loaded with 500 barrels of petroleum, of which forty were on deck. The *Mélanie* was thirty mètres from the quay of the port. Her crew consisted of four men.



CAPTAIN PETER SHARP.
From a Photo. by R. J. Robinson, Ardrossan.

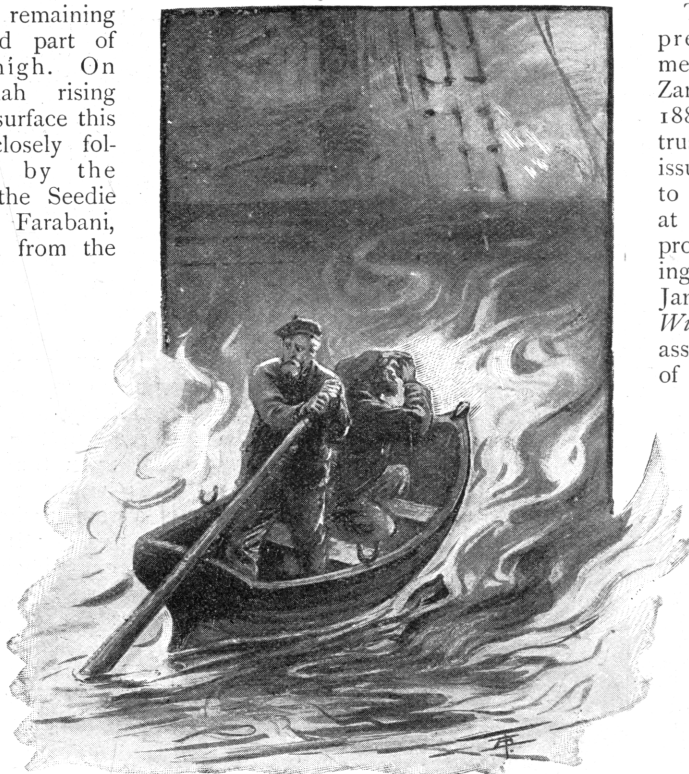
Immediately after the fire was noticed, an awful mass of flame shot up from the main hatch, and the vessel quivered from stem to stern from the explosion of some of the barrels. Her seams at once opened, and the blazing petroleum poured out into the river, spreading a belt of fire all round the ship; in other words, not only was the *Mélanie* herself a raging furnace, but the river all round her was also on fire. The master and a seaman jumped overboard, but the mate remained, hoping to save his son, who was lying helpless under some heavy furniture that had fallen upon him. Captain Peter Sharp, whose vessel was lying close by in the river, some 80yds. from the *Mélanie*, at once put off in a small dingey to the mate's assistance, accompanied by a seaman named John McIntosh. These two propelled their boat through the blazing river to the doomed vessel, picked up the seamen, who had by this time jumped overboard, and also took the mate into their own boat. The rescue accomplished, Captain Sharp hurried away

from the scorching proximity of the *Mélanie*—or what remained of her—but nevertheless he had sustained very severe injuries. It was at first feared that he would lose the sight of one eye, and McIntosh the use of his hands. Captain Sharp's face was dreadfully disfigured, but rather than put his owners to any expense he refused to go into hospital, as he was advised to do, and put to sea almost at once, bound for Seville.

While consulting the records at the Government Offices, I was somewhat puzzled to read that the Queen had been graciously pleased to confer the Albert Medal of the First Class on Farabani, Seedie Tindal, serving in H.M. ship, the *Wild Swan*. I have since learnt that "Seedie" is the generic name given to certain East African native "boys," while "Tindal" was the name given to the boatswain's mate.

The *Wild Swan* chanced to be off the coast of Mozambique in the year 1880, charged with the overhauling of slave dhows. On the 8th of August the vessel numbered among her crew a fugitive slave boy, named Farejallah; and at 11.45 on that day several of the Seedies were going on shore to wash their clothes, when a flannel garment belonging to Farejallah fell into the water. The boy was ordered to go into the punt to pick up the flannel, but instead of doing this he went on to a landing-stage alongside and then dived into the sea. The lieutenant in charge was immediately afterwards heard calling loudly for a rifle; and it was then seen that a monstrous shark had just glided under the black boy in the water and seized him by the leg, dragging him down, struggling, for about six feet. It is here necessary to explain that the smallest detail of this awful affair was perfectly visible from the deck of the warship, so beautifully smooth and clear was the sea. When Farejallah rose to the surface it was seen that his leg had been bitten off at the knee, and the water around was tinged with blood. The monster again turned on its side, and coming up once more under the unfortunate slave, dragged him down another ten feet, tearing

off his remaining leg and part of the thigh. On Farejallah rising to the surface this time, closely followed by the shark, the Seedie Tindal, Farabani, jumped from the



"PROPELLED THEIR BOAT THROUGH THE BLAZING RIVER."

netting into the water and brought the unfortunate boy to the surface, swimming with him until the punt was reached.

The captain of the *Wild Swan* states in his report that what makes this a peculiarly gallant deed is the fact that Farabani saw the whole of the horrid catastrophe from the first seizure of the boy; and, furthermore, that when he jumped into the water, not only the attacking shark, but three other monstrous and fearful brutes were seen close to the ship, attracted, no doubt, by the blood.

One authority, who knows the spot very well, says that Farabani's escape was little short of a miracle. The same distinguished officer adds that the sharks at this place have been known to capsize the native canoes; and he never knew anything thrown into the water that had not been immediately torn to pieces by enormous ground sharks.

The senior officer in charge of the station, Admiral Jones, recommended the granting of a pecuniary reward in this case, in addition to the medal, sagaciously pointing out that the latter would not be so thoroughly appreciated by the recipient or understood by the other Seedies.

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The account of the presentation of the medal is dated from Zanzibar, January 21st, 1881. The officer intrusted with this duty issued a general *memo* to the ships assembled at Zanzibar; and he proceeded on the morning of the 20th of January on board the *Wild Swan*. He then assembled the Seedies of that ship together, with those of the *London* and *Ruby*, and as many officers and men as could be spared. The medal was then publicly presented to Farabani, together with the additional grant of £20. The Royal Warrant was read and explained to him; and he requested that his grateful thanks

might be conveyed to Her Majesty for the high honour conferred on him, and to the Board of Trade for their handsome present. At the conclusion of the proceedings three cheers were given for Farabani, who signed his mark to the usual receipt form. Unfortunately, the slave boy, Farejallah, died at three o'clock p.m. on the 8th of August, 1880, in the Military Hospital, Mozambique, where he had been removed; he only lingered a few hours after the dreadful occurrence.

The photograph next reproduced is that of Miss Hannah Rosbotham, the only lady who has ever received the Albert Medal. This lady was, and still is, assistant schoolmistress at the Sutton National Schools, St. Helens, Lancashire. On the 14th October, 1881, the stone belfry of the schools was blown down during a terrific gale of wind, and fell through the roof into the infant schoolroom, where nearly 200 children were assembled, causing the death of one and injuring many others. The moment this mass of masonry had fallen, the schoolroom and its gallery were filled with stones, slates, and timber. Whilst others fled for safety, Miss Rosbotham, who at the time

of the accident was teaching elsewhere, deliberately went in among the falling mass and clouds of dust and, while fully conscious of the extreme danger to which she was exposed, remained on the spot until every child had been placed in safety. At the imminent risk of her own life, this heroine of twenty-three removed four infants who were partially covered with the *débris*, and also rescued therefrom a little girl, who was completely buried, and who must inevitably have been suffocated had not such gallantry been displayed.

I extract the following from the report of Mr. James Plews, head master of the Boys' School at Sutton, which report is dated November 22nd, 1881:—

"When the accident happened a complete panic seized the boys, and all rushed to the door. After seeing the door cleared and the boys in a fair way of getting out, I left them to the care of the assistants, and made my way at once to the infant school. I found the door completely blocked with the mass of children, some on the floor and others climbing over them, but all wildly trying to get out. I at once cleared the door, passed the children out uninjured, and then went into the school. I found the room filled with a cloud of dust, and saw through it Miss Hannah Rosbotham, then in the act of clearing away the slates

and timber and lifting out of the wreck a little girl, completely covered with slates, timber, bricks, and broken plaster. All this time, and indeed after I went to her assist-

ance, slates and broken pieces of rafter continued to fall; but this was, in my opinion, only the smallest part of the danger, as I and those with me fully expected that the gale, obtaining access at the hole in the roof, would carry the latter completely away, and drive in the gable wall upon the gallery. This was not a case of a woman who, being in peril with the children, instinctively seizes one of them and rushes out of danger. Miss Rosbotham was teaching a class at the time of the accident some distance from the place where the stone fell, and must have gone deliberately into the cloud of dust and among the falling *débris*, and, what is more, stayed there until

she was convinced that all the little ones were out of danger."

After this occurrence, the people in the neighbourhood, desiring to mark their appreciation of Miss Rosbotham's conduct, subscribed and raised about £13, with which it was intended to purchase for her some useful present. Mr. James Plews writes to say that he is still the head master of the Boys' School, and Miss Rosbotham also remains assistant mistress; but she is now Mrs. James Parr.



MISS HANNAH ROSBOTHAM.
(The Only Lady Recipient of an Albert Medal.)
From a Photo by Vandyke, Liverpool.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE new invasion of the Soudan UN- recalls to old members of the CONVINCED. House of Commons memories of the sad weeks and months of eleven years ago, when the days passed and resembled each other, inasmuch as they brought sorrowful news from the far-off desert. One of the home stories in which comedy relieved tragedy is about the Duke of Devonshire, at that time Lord Hartington, Secretary of State for War in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. There had been one of the innumerable debates on the Egyptian policy of the Government, to which Lord Hartington contributed a long and weighty speech, justifying the action of his colleagues and himself.

"A most convincing speech," said a Liberal member, who had been a little lukewarm in support of his leaders.

"I wish I had convinced myself," said Lord Hartington, repressing a yawn.

HOW A notable feature in the first debate of the current Session on the new movement on Dongola was the speech of Sir Charles Dilke. It was a well-reasoned indictment of the action of the Government, a demonstration alike of the uselessness and the danger of the expedition. A member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet from 1880 to 1885, who from the Front Opposition Bench listened to this speech, told me he heard it with amazement.

"Dilke," he said, "was largely responsible for sending Gordon to Khartoum, and for all that followed thereupon. Granville and he settled the whole business in the pauses of a quadrille at Waddesdon, the rest of the Cabinet knowing nothing about it till Gordon had received his orders."

This throws a strange light on the problem of how we are governed. To say that the fateful expedition of Gordon was arranged in an interval of a quadrille is doubtless only a picturesque way of putting the fact. It nevertheless clearly means that Lord Granville, then Foreign Secretary, met, under the hospitable roof of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, Sir Charles Dilke, at the time of the occupation of Egypt Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and though in 1884 at the Local Government Board, an authority on the Egyptian question; that the two

Ministers talked over the suggestion that Gordon should be sent to Khartoum; that they agreed in approving it, and that forthwith Lord Granville placed himself in communication with General Gordon.

Where the marvel comes in is in knowledge that so momentous a step, involving as the event proved the expenditure of millions of money and thousands of lives, should have been settled, not in Cabinet Council, but upon the authority of the Minister within whose department the question fell. The Man in the Street paces his favourite thoroughfare secure in the belief that there are from fourteen to eighteen seasoned statesmen accustomed to meet

at stated intervals in Cabinet Council, where, after mature deliberation, steps fraught with importance to the Empire are decided upon. To learn that in a pause, whether in a polka or a quadrille, the very existence of the Empire may be staked, invests our Government with fresh and painful interest.

It is not quite accurate to describe the sensation as new. In the early days of the present year, when trouble blazed forth in the Transvaal, it was a matter of common



SIR CHARLES DILKE.

knowledge that the Cabinet did not hold regular meetings. Mr. Chamberlain occasionally called in a friendly way on Lord Salisbury, and went back to the Colonial Office to dispatch critical messages to the Cape. It was said at the time of the famous despatch in which the Colonial Secretary suggested to President Kruger the adoption of Home Rule as the only possible panacea for unrest at Johannesburg, his colleagues in the Cabinet were made aware of its purport only when, in common with other dispensers of the potential penny, they bought a morning newspaper.

That may, of course, be a fable. The authority for the story of how Gordon went to Khartoum stamps it as a fact.

Thus far a natural tendency to EXTINCT self-effacement has prevented VOLCANOES. discovery amongst new members of original gifts in the way either of painting or poesy. In the one art, Sir Frank Lockwood and Colonel Saunderson, whom the House is coming to regard as very old members, remain unrivalled, whilst Sir Wilfrid Lawson has none to dispute with him the Parliamentary Poet Laureateship.

It is additional evidence of the depressing effect of an overwhelming majority that none of these men of genius has this Session done anything brilliant. Colonel Saunderson has been very little with us, his gallant spirit unable to brook the monotony of proceedings governed by a majority of 150. Sir Frank Lockwood, relieved from the engagement of his Solicitor-Generalship under two Ministries, usually looks in between the rising of the Courts and the spreading of the dinner-cloth. He occasionally finds



"SPOILING FOR A FIGHT."

temptation irresistible, and there passes along the benches a sheet of paper, which members seated opposite, observing the smile that ripples along as it passes, recognise as "Lockwood's last." Also, from time to time, there appear in an evening paper, or in a column of London correspondence, verses purporting to have been picked up by the Treasury Bench, or the Front Opposition Bench as the case may be, and "understood to be from the pen of a well-known member." But, as Sir Stafford Northcote once, with pathetic humour, said of himself, there is a lack of go about these later efforts, to be put down to the big majority.

AN OLD
MASTER.

A former member of the House of Commons, more prolific of poesy even than Sir Wilfrid Lawson, was Mr. Warton. There were pauses in his Parliamentary career when, sitting silent with snuff-box in one hand and blazing bandana in the other, the member for Bridport, in the Parliament of 1880-5, refrained from interrupting Mr. Gladstone or howling at the sight of an Irish member on his legs. It was known in such rare circumstances that he was composing. Possibly—to

be more exact—he was when thus discovered putting the finishing touches to immortal work: shaping ends already rough-hewn. He lived at Clapham, and going to and from Westminster in the retirement of a crowded 'bus or overloaded tram, he withdrew within himself and began to hammer out verse which, after long brooding on his seat in the House of Commons, he was wont to write out a few copies of for distribution.

Once at least he recited a piece of his own composing for



THE PARLIAMENTARY POET LAUREATE.

the delight of an entranced House. It was during debate on the precursor of many Irish Land Bills. Much turned upon the principle in the Bill that came to be known as the "Three F's." Sir Stafford Northcote, momentarily overcoming his mildness of critical manner, filled out these initials into the words, Fraud, Force, and Folly. Mr. Warton, inspired by this irruption from an unexpected quarter, forthwith dropped into poetry. One night he recited a long screed, of which only one verse lingers in the memory. It will serve as a fair specimen :—

Fraud to steal what's not their own ;
Forced to keep all they can bone ;
Folly sees no crime thus shown ;
Fraud and Force and Folly.

THE TRAGEDY OF PICKERING PHIPPS. Mr. Warton once, at least, did much better. He wrote a verse that will really scan, and is not lacking in the point and polish of epigram. It came about this way. In this same Parliament Mr. Pickering Phipps sat as member for South Northamptonshire. He was a fleshy man, big-boned withal, devout, and a brewer. However late the House may have sat (and in that Parliament it not infrequently sat all night) Mr. Pickering Phipps, enthroned by the domestic hearth, commenced the following day with family prayer.

One evening he, amongst the most constant attendants of the House, was not present. Continued absence led to inquiry, which resulted in discovery that the honourable member had met with a serious accident. Going down on his knees in morning prayer he broke his leg. The incident led to much sympathetic comment in the smoke-room of the House of Commons, and at other social gatherings of members. Mr. Warton broke forth into verse, as thus :—

With upturned eyes and quivering lips,
Wrestled with Satan Pickering Phipps ;
But when he ceased for grace to beg,
The Devil came and broke his leg.

So great was the success of this *jeu d'esprit* that it moved, of all men in the world, Mr. Childers into poetry. He capped Mr. Warton's verse with the following :—

In Pickering Phipps's case discern
A lesson it were well to learn :
'Tis not enough our prayers to say,
But we must watch as well as pray.

There is no doubt which of the two stanzas is the better. It is only fair to remember that Mr. Childers was a 'prentice hand, whilst Mr. Warton was a regular passenger by the Clapham 'bus, and mused

nightly, in company with his snuff-box and bandana, on a back bench below the gangway.

The pity of it is that Sir George SIR GEORGE Trevelyan has laid down the pen TREVELYAN, which nearly thirty years ago flashed forth pointed, polished verse that charmed undergrads at Cambridge, and, with some personal modifications, delighted the Dons. Since then Sir George has written one of the three best biographies in the language. He has risen to Cabinet rank in the political world, and grew grey in service at the Irish Office. But he has never done anything better in their way than his "Ladies in Parliament," his "Horace at Athens," and other verses written whilst he wore cap and gown at Cambridge.

"The Ladies in Parliament" was written during the lively times that followed on the rejection of the Reform Bill of 1866. "A Fragment After the Manner of an Old Athenian Comedy" is its descriptive subtitle. The scene is laid at the south-east angle of Berkeley Square, where congregate a number of ladies. To them Lady Matilda (*loquiter*) :—

I think we're just enough to form a House,
And, as for Speaker, I have seldom seen a
More proper person than our friend Selina.
You, Charley, fetch the roller from the square,
And prop it up to represent her Chair ;
Some pebbles underneath will keep it steady.

GAY : But where's the wig ?

LADY MATILDA : She's got one on already.

This last line, though written by an undergraduate, has all the malice of a full-grown man. It peeps forth again in the perfectly irregular remarks of the 1st and 2nd ladies :—

1ST LADY : As from her agitation I imply
Matilda means to catch the Speaker's eye.
We used to notice, while together waiting
Behind the bars of Lord Charles Russell's grating,
That on the verge of any fine display,
Men twist their feet in that uneasy way.

2ND LADY : She's rising now and taking off her
bonnet,

And probably will end by sitting on it.
For oft, as sad experiences teach,
The novice, trembling from his maiden speech,
Drops flustered in his place, and crushes flat
His innocent and all-unconscious hat.
And my poor husband spoiled an evening suit
By plumping down amidst a heap of fruit
Which some admiring friend, his thirst to quench,
Had peeled beside him on the Treasury Bench.

In a lilting chorus strung on the swinging metre of Aristophanes, the hoary-headed, seared-hearted undergraduate contrasts old times with the present, of course to the discredit of the latter. "But now," he laments—

But now the Press has squeamish grown and thinks
 invective rash ;
 And telling hits no longer lurk 'neath asterisk and
 dash ;
 And poets deal in epithets as soft as skeins of silk,
 Nor dream of calling silly lords a curd of ass's milk.
 And satirists confine their art to cutting jokes on
 Beales,
 Or snap like angry puppies round a mightier Tribune's
 heels.
 Discussing whether he can scan and understand the
 lines
 About the wooden Horse of Troy, and when and
 where he dines.
 Though gentlemen should blush to talk as if they
 cared a button,
 Because one night in Chesham Place he ate his slice
 of mutton.

The reference to the wooden horse of Troy
 lives, like the Cave of Adullam and the terrier,
 so woolly that it was hard to tell which was
 the head and which the tail, among the few
 sentences that keep green the memory of the
 great debate. The reference to Mr. Bright
 eating his slice of mutton in Chesham Place
 refers to the malevolent gossip that filled the
 clubs of London when it was made known
 that Lord Russell had actually entertained
 the sturdy Commoner at dinner in his private
 house.

Another dinner, the dinner in Hall, suggests
 polished verse in another metre :—

We still consume, with mingled shame and grief,
 Veal that is tottering on the verge of beef ;
 Veal void of stuffing, widowed of its ham ;
 Or the roast shoulder of an ancient ram.

This, from "Horace at the University of
 Athens," echoes over the chasm of thirty
 years the voice of the disappointed under-
 graduate as he discovers what once more is
 served for dinner.

Trevelyan of Trinity has long laid aside
 the poet's pen, to the loss of the House of
 Commons and the world. "As far as verse
 is concerned, I'm petered out," he says, un-
 consciously lapsing into undergraduate phrase.
 Still, there lingers with this born and
 cultured man of letters the passion for the desk.
 Possibly—I am glad to think probably—
 the cool shade of opposition, promising to
 prevail over the next five years, may yield
 fruit in succession to those rich plums, "The
 Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," and
 "The Early Life of Charles James Fox."

I have received from various
 SIR JOHN parts of the country something
 MOWBRAY. like fourscore letters calling my
 attention to an odd slip of the
 pen in the March number of THE STRAND
 MAGAZINE. Writing about the Duke of
 Devonshire's first taking his seat in the House
 of Commons, I numbered Sir John Mowbray
 among the few men still living, though not in

the House, who may have watched the young
 member for North Lancashire advance to
 take the oath. The cloud of witnesses remind
 me that Sir John is happily still with
 us. Last of all, in the rear of the long list of
 correspondents, comes Sir John also. "I
 am there now in my eleventh Parliament,"
 he modestly mentions, "and still take an
 active part as Chairman of two Committees
 on Standing Orders and Selection, posts
 which I have filled for twenty-three years.
 Pray pardon my mentioning this."

I really cannot say how I came momentarily
 to forget the member for Oxford University.
 One familiar with the House of Commons
 might almost as easily forget the Speaker in
 his chair or the Serjeant-at-Arms by the
 cross-benches. Sir John is one of the
 oldest and most-esteemed members. Forty-
 three years ago this very month of June he
 was returned for the City of Durham, which
 he represented till the great *débâcle* of 1868,
 when he was returned for Oxford University,
 a seat he holds to this day.

He ranges himself on the Conservative
 side, but enjoys in equal degree the esteem of
 all sections of the party opposite. Whenever
 any procedure especially involving the dignity
 of the House of Commons is to the fore,
 Sir John Mowbray is certain to be invited to
 take prominent part in it. His unique
 position is indicated by the fact that in the
 closing days of the Home Rule Parliament
 he moved the election of Sir Matthew White
 Ridley to the vacant Speaker's Chair and
 was beaten in the division lobby. In the
 following year, when the Unionists came



MR. H. MATTHEWS AS A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.

back in overwhelming majority, it was Sir John Mowbray who was put forward to propose the re-election of Mr. Gully.

At this present time of writing, SIR JOHN rumour of the appointment of Sir JOHN GORST. John Gorst as successor to Sir

Hercules Robinson in the High Commissioner of South Africa is met by official protestation that Sir Hercules does not mean to retire. That may be the truth of the hour. But it is exceedingly probable that before the year has sped Sir Hercules Robinson will be back in London, and by no means improbable that Sir John Gorst will reign at Cape Town in his stead.

Such an event would be the Empire's gain and the loss of the House of Commons. There are few keener debaters than Sir John. The marvel to those familiar with the position he has won for himself in the most critical Assembly in the world is that his progress up the Ministerial ladder has not passed beyond the modest range of the vice-presidency of the Council. Amongst other things, Sir John, with his Parliamentary instinct, his wide knowledge, his industry, his patience, and his tact, would have made a model Leader of the House.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP. There was a period not far back when it seemed that Sir John Gorst's merits were about to receive due

recognition. It was in the Session of 1889, at which time Mr. Henry Matthews's unpopularity at the Home Office was in one of its recurrent flushes. His appreciative colleagues in the Cabinet were unanimous in desire to see him promoted to a Lord Justiceship of Appeal, and it was agreed that Sir John Gorst should succeed him as Home Secretary.

Whilst this little arrangement was hatching Sir Hercules Robinson, then Governor of the Cape, announced his desire to be relieved of the post. It was offered to Sir John Gorst, who, having this larger quarry in view, declined it, and Sir Henry Loch was inducted.

Shortly after Sir John Gorst discovered that, in snatching at the shadow of the

Home Secretaryship, he had lost the cheese of the Colonial Governorship. Mr. Henry Matthews remained at the Home Office, and Sir John Gorst tarried at the India Office, constantly to comfort Lord Cross, and one night to delight the House of Commons with his Manipur speech.

When things go wrong in social or domestic life there is instinctive obedience to the spiteful injunction *cherchez la femme*. When things go awry on the Unionist side, whether in Parliament or general politics, there is a disposition to put the matter down to the account of Mr. Chamberlain. The rule does not fail in this respect. It is said Mr. Chamberlain objected to the promotion of Mr. Matthews to the peerage on the ground that at this political crisis an election in Birmingham would be inconvenient.

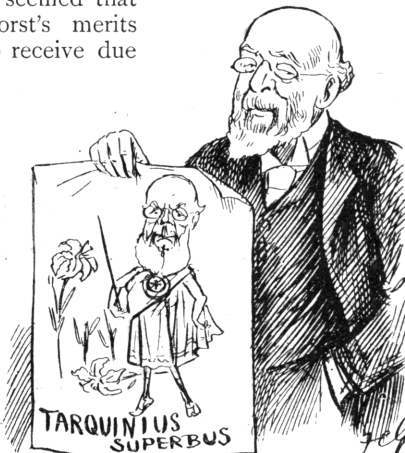
That is a matter on which I have no personal knowledge. But I vouch for the accuracy of the other portions of the narrative.

I suppose, UNDERPAID taking them WORKMEN. all round,

Her Majesty's Ministers are the most underpaid of British workmen. The highest salary is the £10,000 a year the Lord Chancellor draws, and that is in respect of a dual office. The actual salary of the Lord Chancellor is £6,000 a year, the



SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.



SIR JOHN GORST ON MANIPUR.

balance being due as Speaker of the House of Lords. It is pretty certain that no lawyer ever accepted a seat on the Woolsack without making pecuniary sacrifice. The same remark holds good with respect to the Law Officers of the Crown.

At the Bar barristers are, in accordance with ancient usage, forbidden to accept a brief amounting to less than a golden sovereign. On the Western Circuit there is a tradition how Serjeant Davey, whilst still a stuff-gownsmen, was called to account for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a prisoner. In his defence Davey said, "I took all the poor devil had in the world, and I hope you don't call *that* unprofessional."

In the same spirit of generous compromise the Lord Chancellor takes all the Treasury provides in the way of payment and learns not to regret the two, three, or perhaps five thousand pounds more he made in fees whilst still in practice at the Bar.

The case of
A HARD Sir William
CASE. Harcourt, on
which I
happen to have some
precise information, will
illustrate the position.
When he resigned his
practice at the Parlia-
mentary Bar in order to
enter upon political life
he was earning £14,000
a year. It was in Decem-
ber, 1868, that he entered
the House of Commons,
as representative of the
City of Oxford. Up to
December last his servit-
ude covers a period
of twenty-seven years. Supposing he had
not improved on a position gained whilst
a comparatively young man, Sir William
would, in this more than a quarter of a
century, have netted £378,000. I believe
it will come very near the mark if estimate of
his receipt of Ministerial salary, within that
time, is put at £45,000.

That is an instance where circumstances
by chance make it possible to arrive at a
pretty accurate comparison. In the case of
Mr. Gladstone, whilst it would not be difficult

to set forth his approximate aggregate
Ministerial salary drawn during his sixty-
three years of Parliamentary life, the sum of
what he might have earned in one of half-a-
dozen professions outside of politics can be
only faintly imagined.

A BAR
TRAGEDY. Q.C., M.P., tells me a true story
infinitely full of pathos. A fort-
night ago, a letter reached him in
the handwriting of an old college
friend, telling a pitiful story of a stranded life.
The writer had been called to the Bar, hoping
some day to land on the judicial bench, even
if he did not reach the Woolsack. He had
no influence and very little money. No
business came his way. But he held on
through long years, patiently hoping that
some day his chance would come. Now he
was sick, probably unto death, and had no
money to buy food or
medicine.

His old friend
promptly sent a remit-
tance, which was grate-
fully acknowledged. At
the end of a fortnight it
occurred to him that he
would call on the sick
man and see what more
he might do to help
him. Arrived at the
address, the door was
opened by a lady-like
woman, still young,
pretty in spite of the
pinching of poverty. He
gave his name and
announced his errand.
Whereat the lady, burst-
ing into a passion of
tears, told him he was
too late. Her husband
had died that morning.

"Would you like to
see him?" she asked, wistfully.

The two walked upstairs to a small front
room. On the bed lay the body of a man
of about forty years of age, fully dressed in
the wig and gown of a barrister. In his
right hand he held a bundle of foolscap.

"What is that?" the old friend whis-
pered.

"That," said the widow, "is the only brief
he received in the course of nineteen years'
waiting. He asked me to dress him thus,
and put it in his hand when he was dead."



IF HE HAD STUCK TO THE BAR.

Her Majesty's Judges.

III.

By E.



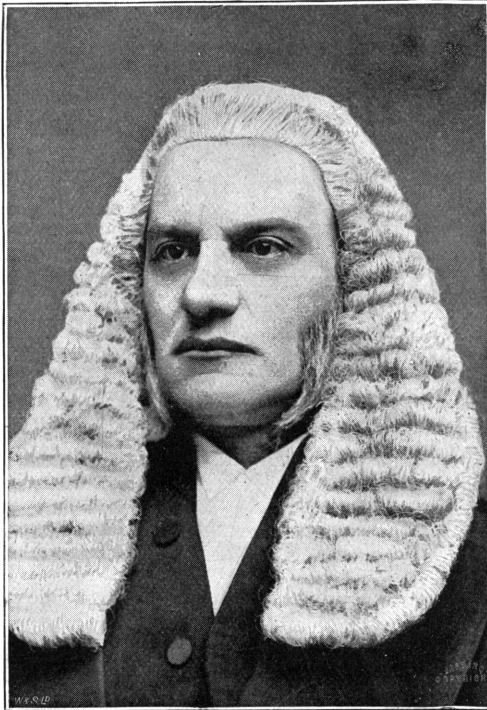
HE ex-Lord Chancellor is my next judge. Now, Lord Herschell gave great offence to his party by refusing to place every Radical nominee in the Commission of the Peace, and steadfastly ignoring the preferential claims of the sons of toil to exercise judicial functions. While Radical members of Parliament argued that the best and, indeed, only way to reduce the silly J.P. institution to harmless inactivity was to vulgarize it, Lord Herschell persisted in his attempt to free his high office from all party taint, and maintained a resolute resistance to the claims of his political friends.

Into the merits of the controversy I have no desire to enter; I merely record the fact of its existence. Again, many of his judicial appointments did not find favour with the Bar, and one learned High Court judge was raised to his elevated position amid the execrations of that part of the Bar which is actively political and quiescently Liberal. Indeed, I have heard certain "influential" — this stock word expresses a great deal — politicians declare that Lord Herschell was responsible for the Radical rout at the last election, but as I have heard other equally "influential" personages with even increased enthusiasm ascribe the defeat to Sir William Harcourt's temperance zeal, Mr. Labouchere's personal dislike of Lord Rosebery, the conduct of one Sir Visto in winning a certain race at

Epsom, the resignation of Doctor Macgregor, the disaffection of Welsh Nonconformists, and the speeches of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, I attach absolutely no importance to the opinions of those who take a decided stand on the great J.P. question. Further, Lord Herschell, *quà* politician, is without my prescribed limits.

In his capacity of Lord Chancellor, I understand that he presided with dignity and firmness over the deliberations of those whom Birth or Beer has marked out as being fit to

form part of the Legislative machine of this country. As a law reformer, he is indefatigable, and he assuredly is a very capable judge. His judgment in the Vagliano case is itself a monument to his thoroughness and clearness of mental vision, and the reports teem with instances of his judicial perspicacity and ability. Reserved in manner, and not given to excessive jocosity, Lord Herschell has never been known to turn his back on a friend.



LORD HERSCHELL.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

Lord Davey, who, after a brief and unexciting term of office in the Court of Appeal, now reposes in the House of Lords, is reputed to have made, during his last years at the Bar, a larger income than has ever fallen to the lot of any barrister within the range of tradition. And herein repute is apparently not far wrong, for Sir Horace Davey's practice was as remunerative as it was large. How many guineas he made, or how many cigars he smoked in any one week, no one



From a Photo. by]

LORD DAVEY.

[Russell & Sons.

who has not studied the present Lord of Appeal's fee-book and his account with his tobacconist can tell, but, in all probability, the proper adjective to use in this connection would be "incredible."

Chancery barristers—who are, in the main, a bit prosy and not given to romancing—even now speak in awe-stricken tones of their former colleague's smoking prowess and the huge fees so frequently marked on his brief. And this I assume to be true, since, for my own part, I invariably believe a Chancery man. He hasn't imagination enough to lie.

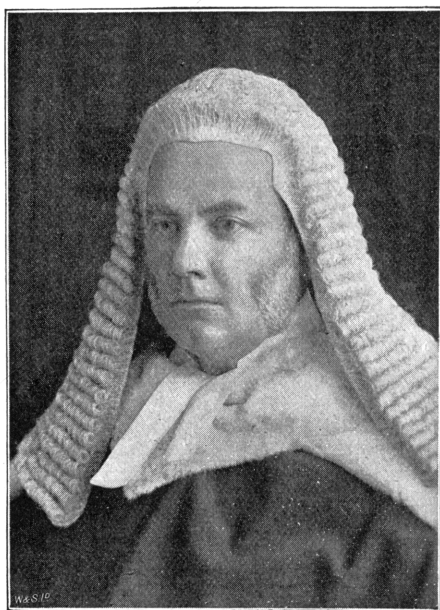
The least successful rôle that Lord Davey ever undertook was that of Parliamentary candidate, in which he was not very far removed from a failure. However, he undoubtedly created a great impression in one Welsh constituency, and it is on record that one of his supporters in a farewell speech declared that "to look on Sir Horace was to love him." Such an exuberance of adulation was, however, rare, and Sir Horace did not, in general, repeat on political platforms the triumphs he won in the Law Courts.

I have had little experience of him as a judge, but in the Court of Appeal his

judgments were characterized by the conciseness and clearness which distinguished his arguments at the Bar; and in the House of Lords professional opinion speaks very highly of him. I don't suppose a Chancery barrister ever attained such a high position as at the termination of his career as a barrister Lord Davey could claim for himself.

Lord Justice A. L. Smith completes with the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Kay the Bench of No. 1 Court of Appeal, and a wonderfully constituted Court it is: Lord Esher cracks the jokes, Lord Justice Kay delivers considered judgments, and Lord Justice Smith, who seldom takes any part in the customary war of jest and repartee, makes things clear in an irreducible minimum of words. By not a few good authorities this Lord Justice of Appeal is held the best of all our judges, but the propriety of that opinion it is unnecessary for me to discuss.

Some years ago, when I was on my first circuit, I remember the case of a certain secretary of a benefit society



LORD JUSTICE SMITH.

From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

coming before Lord Justice Smith. The man pleaded guilty to a series of exceptionally cruel frauds, and put up a barrister to appeal for mercy. This was done in a speech that was both long and eloquent, and in its course the economic advantages of co-operative thrift were touched upon; the love of a woman for her husband was dealt with in a pathetic manner; the usual effect of long sentences on a convict's family; the irresponsibility of youth; the evils of drink; the ghastly position of a penniless outcast, and other cheerful topics were spoken about; a brilliant peroration winding up an oratorical flight on the quality of mercy.

The prisoner sobbed, the usual feminine scream occurred, and the clerk of the arraigns called on the prisoner to say why judgment should not be passed upon him. He made no reply, and the judgment was as follows:—

"Prisoner at the Bar, you have pleaded guilty to this charge, and you must do seven years."

A more suitable anti-climax was never devised by the wit of man, and it proved a most excellent commentary on the baseless fabric of the speech *ad misericordiam*.

If all judges would follow Lord Justice Smith's example, an assize criminal court would be a tolerable place. But, alas! most judges make long speeches, and continually interject remarks.

A certain judge, who shall be nameless, was, not so very long ago, passing sentence on a wretched man who had killed his wife in circumstances showing extreme provocation. The jury strongly recommended him to mercy, and the judge stated he would consider the recommendation in awarding the punishment. In passing sentence he made a long and involved address, in the course of which he expressed his agreement with the jury's presentment, and favourably

noticed all the points of the defence. Then, having glanced at the previous honourable career of the criminal, when everyone in court expected that six months' hard labour would about fit the case, he woke up from his benignity, and slowly and deliberately concluded:—

"But my painful duty, and it is *very* painful, leaves me no alternative to the sentence I am about to pass upon you, and that sentence is that you be imprisoned and kept in penal servitude for the term of twenty years."

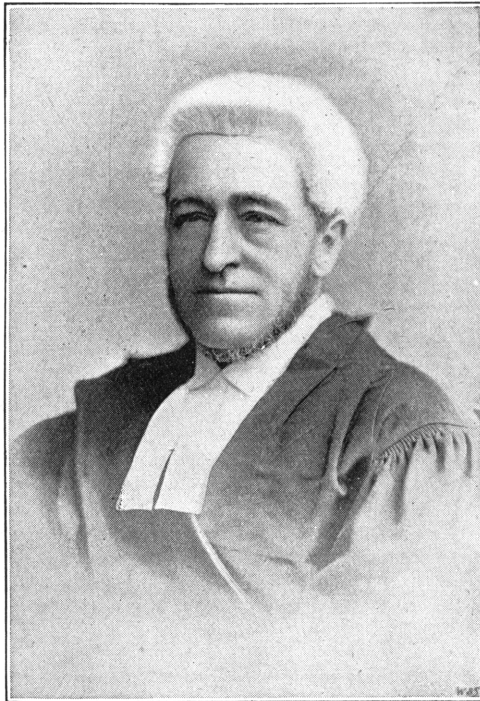
This is but one instance of a common fault. I do not for a moment mean to say that the judge in question intended to torture the prisoner; in all probability he merely meant to explain the severity of his sentence, but he undoubtedly forgot that his duty is to administer the law and not to inculcate the principles of morality.

In murder trials, again, I have heard judges lecture the convict and read long sermons about penitence and prayer. But it does no good at all: it may gratify the lazy loungers who throng our criminal courts, but it does not edify the officials or the Bar; and as for the prisoner, in what frame of mind is he to hear the story of his own brutality and profit therefrom? A few explanatory words may be needed, but the fewer the better for all concerned.

The judge who in former days was known as "Arthur Charles," and is the greatest living authority on ecclesiastical law, is a very sound judge.

Better in a Divisional Court than at the rough-and-tumble work of assizes, he is ludicrously out of place at the Old Bailey, and is just a little too cautious for Nisi Prius. Still, many competent men speak very highly of his abilities, and in this case I shall be content to adopt their views.

Latterly, Mr. Justice



MR. JUSTICE CHARLES.
From a Photo. by Whitlock, Birmingham.

Charles has been very unwell, but I trust—and in this expression, I feel sure, everyone connected with the Bar will join—that he will speedily be restored to health, and be able to return to the duties which he has hitherto so ably discharged.

Some years ago, in a certain assize town, a dismal joke was perpetrated on a worthy, if slightly dull, member of the Bar, and it happened in this wise. One or two of the more lively circuit spirits foresaw the possibility of a laugh at the expense of the aforesaid member, and handed him a dummy brief—which they had made up—subscribing the name of the solicitor to the Treasury, and containing instructions to apply for the postponement of the trial of *R. v. Jones*. It is on record that the "member" sat up half the night studying the conflicting statements and confused facts in his brief, and the next morning, in a terribly nervous condition, he applied to the judge for leave to make an application.

"Certainly," said the judge—I think it was the late Mr. Justice Lush—"what is your application?"

"My lord," the "member" began "the prisoner, Jones, has been committed to take his trial for wilful murder, and I am instructed to ask your lordship not to take the case these assizes on this ground: Mr. 'Mark,' the great expert in insanity, is at present out of England, and the Treasury particularly desire his attendance at the trial. I am also instructed to ask for the costs of this application."

There was a burst of laughter from the uninitiated, and the judge blandly asked:—

"What is the

number of the case in the calendar, Mr.—?"

The "member" rose to the occasion:—

"My lord, the case is not in the calendar. The prisoner was committed only yesterday."

"Very extraordinary," the judge muttered; "and the Treasury instructed you yesterday, you say?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Is your solicitor here?"

"No, my lord; he is ill."

At this point history relates that the judge smiled pityingly, and asked:—

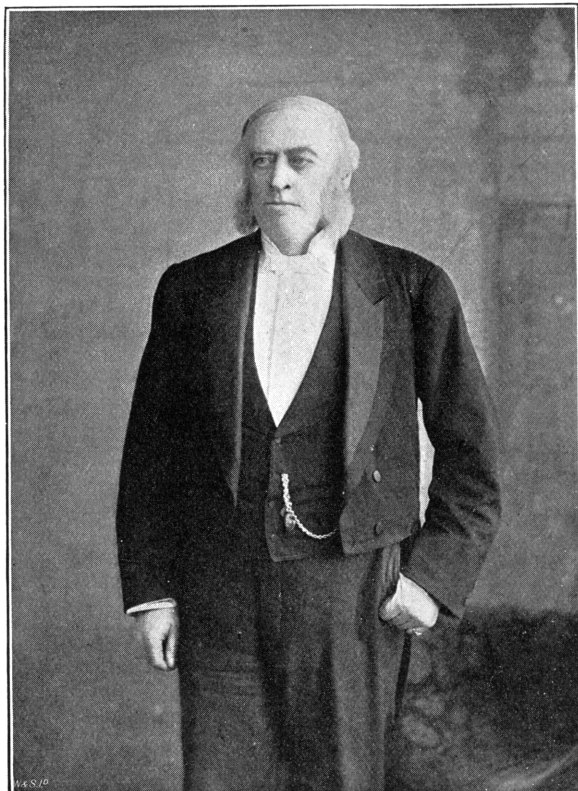
"Do you ask for costs against the prisoner?"

"These are my instructions, my lord."

And then somebody whispered to him to sit down, and the judge, who had seen through the whole farce, kindly let the application drop, and went on with the business of the Court.

Now, I shudder to think what would have been the consequences had such a judge as Lord Morris been in the place of Mr. Justice Lush when the momentous application was made.

The course that fine type of an Irishman, shrewd, witty, and bubbling over with good nature, would have taken is easy to conjecture. His sense of humour would have caused him to discover the perpetrators of the joke, and forthwith commit them to prison for contempt of Court; and then what would have happened it is delicious to contemplate. The leading juniors of the circuit in prison, work must have been at a standstill; and we can imagine the irony of a situation in which a prisoner



From a Photo. by

LORD MORRIS.

(Barrauds, Ltd.)

had to plead for a postponement of his trial, on the ground that his counsel was in prison!

What possibilities the joke fully developed is capable of it is difficult to summarize, but Lord Morris would probably have discovered them had he been the judge.

Would that he had been!

Nowadays Lord Morris is a Lord of Appeal, and is as popular as a member of the appellate court of the Lords as he is in the lobby of the House of Commons. Never at a loss for a joke, a storehouse of amusing anecdotes, he is one of our most popular judges.

I remember once hearing one of the hyper-æsthetic youths who decorate the ranks of the Bar exclaim, on seeing Mr. Baron Pollock enter a court, "By Jove, what a dear old thing he is—don't you think so?"

In all probability the reply I made was not calculated to please my informant, for I hate both effeminate ways and mincing language, but there can be no earthly doubt that this judge is on very good terms with the Bar.

Ourseniorpuiſne judge, he has been no less than twenty-three years on the Bench, during which lengthened period he has borne himself with dignity and well and truly discharged his duties. Latterly he has been trying election petitions, and in that uncongenial task has experienced the ill lot of all election petition judges.

For not only has he been misstated in court by the scarcely dignified mangling of factitious counsel, but out of court newspapers have misrepresented him, and anonymous correspondents have attacked him. Indeed, to such an extent have they gone, that on one occasion the learned Baron

declared *ex cathedrâ* that he didn't "care a dump" for anonymous letters.

The election petitions have a great deal to answer for, and perhaps this phrase constitutes not the least of their responsibilities.

Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce is a judge who stands high in the opinion of Admiralty men. Nor indeed is his reputation confined to that sphere of forensic labour. Of a somewhat melancholy appearance, he is never so effective as when sentencing a man to death, and he would make an even more sensational ending to a "horrible murder" trial were he to speak louder and give the prisoner the benefit of the commiserative sentences he employs at such a time. A man who is standing between two warders, with the prospect of speedily meeting another

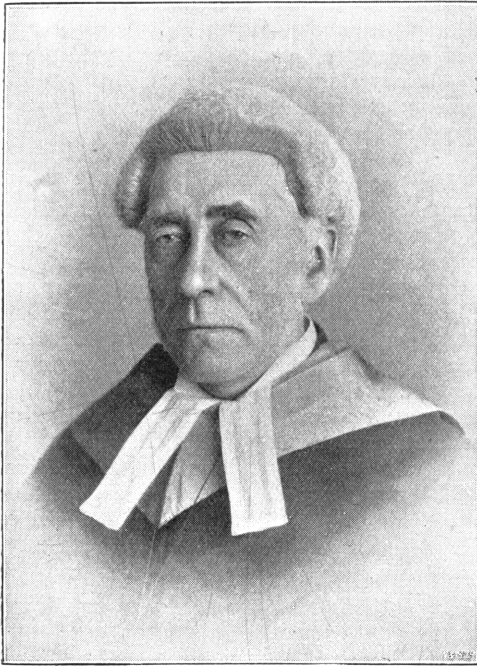
eminent official of the Home Office, surely should be allowed to participate in the pleasure of a scene in which he is the central figure. But few judges give him the opportunity, and here I think I may enter my emphatic protest against the "mumbling" fashion which has apparently of late years commended itself to our judges. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, don't some of our judges speak out? If what they have to say is worth hearing, one would like to hear it, and should hear it. If it is not worth hearing, then why do they speak at all?



MR. BARON POLLOCK.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Indistinctness doesn't lend the charm of dignity to a judicial personality, and imperfect articulation is not—except perhaps in the Chancery Courts—a mark of exceptional worth.

When one hears Lord Esher, one is tempted to possibly ejaculate: *O! si sic omnes!*



MR. JUSTICE BRUCE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes is the youngest of the judges, and the second judge in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division. He is really a very capable judge, but should look to it that he doesn't become generally inaudible.

Oh! if only the judges would each and every of them take to heart and practise the elementary advice of the voice producer, and speak so that the person farthest off in the building could hear, what a blessing it would be! It is not a matter of wonderment that law reporters are such a solemn, unhappy-looking body of men, when they have to follow the gentle murmurings of a judge, and send in a verbatim report of his judgment. But I mustn't let my pen run away with me on this subject. Besides, I feel

strongly on it, and that is a good ground for abstaining from urging of it. One word, however, in conclusion. Mr. Justice Barnes's judgments are worthy of the fullest report, and, in extenuation of his low speaking, let me say nine-tenths of the judges suffer from the same complaint.

Mr. Justice Kennedy is, at present, much too careful, too scrupulous, and altogether too conscientious.

The late Lord Justice Bowen defined the three judicial stages, which he said every judge traversed, as follows: The first—I believe I am summarizing correctly—in which the judge is always afraid he is not doing right; the second, in which he is sure he is always right; and the third, in which he doesn't care whether he is right or not.

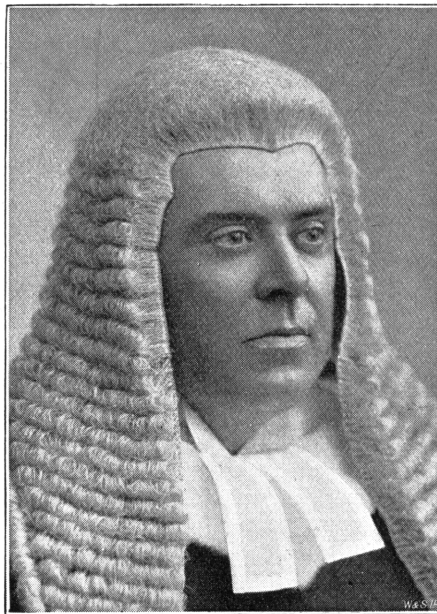
Now, Mr. Justice Kennedy is in the first stage, and as no judge can ever be entirely satisfactory unless he is in the second stage, it is to be hoped our learned judge will soon enter that blissful state.

As I have before remarked during the progress of these notes, speedy administration of some sort of justice is better than the tardy administration of the exact law. And besides, in the waste of life, accuracy is a very unreal blessing!

Although counsel and solicitors make the most trifling application a matter of vital importance, it matters little, if anything, in

the long run whether an interrogatory is properly allowed or improperly excluded, or whether a pleading is rightly struck out or not. And then again, what rubbish it is to say that it is better that a hundred guilty persons should be acquitted than that one who is innocent should be convicted. It is exactly the other way about. Most "innocent" people should, if they had their deserts, be in gaol, and every guilty person out of gaol renders individual security less substantial.

For my part, I detest those parrot cries which startle the thinker at every turn. To



MR. JUSTICE BARNES.
From a Photo. by Barrauds, Ltd.

take another example, which doesn't concern my subject in the least, and therefore, according to present-time fashion, is doubly appropriate. The so-called truism "Every man is held innocent by the law until he is proved guilty" is as absurd as truisms generally are. The converse, here again, is the truth, the true position of affairs being that if a man in the dock cannot satisfactorily explain his presence there, he must be sent to prison.

Well, to return : Mr. Justice Kennedy thinks too much of the intrinsic merit of every party's case, and takes too much trouble in endeavouring to hold the balance of justice fairly. But this he will grow out of. Every day he improves on the past, and in time I have no doubt that he will make an excellent judge. As it is, he is an uncommonly good lawyer, and has been specially praised by the Court of Appeal. But at



MR. JUSTICE KENNEDY.
From a Photo. by Whitlock, Birmingham.

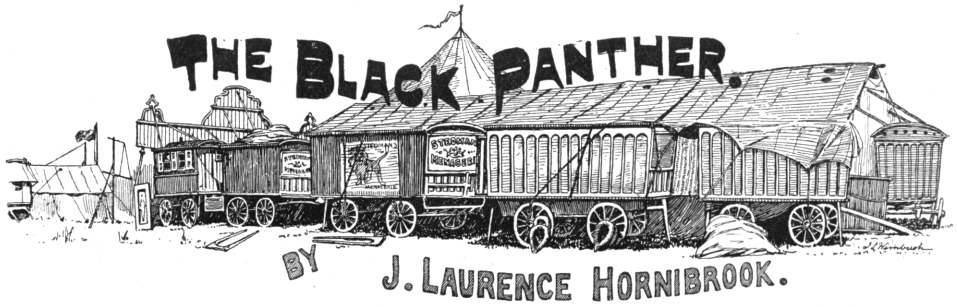
present he lacks the dash which spells success.

Let me give an example of how things should be done. Some little time ago, I applied for judgment under Order XIV., s. I. My application was granted, and the other side appealed. The appeal came on for hearing before a certain judge.

The other side produced a huge affidavit, and without a moment's hesitation the said learned judge, saying he couldn't wade through the whole affidavit, discharged the order and gave the defendants unconditional leave to defend. It was an unwarrantable exercise of the

judicial prerogative, and yet we were satisfied.

"Doesn't keep you hanging about all day," my solicitor genially remarked, and the lay client ruffled his brow and said : "Knows his business, doesn't he? Sharp's a needle." I was a bit overcome, but even I was gratified. I *knew* the judge was wrong.



TED MAN'S world-famed Hippodrome and Menagerie (which, as might be gathered from the flaring posters that enlivened all the dead walls of the town, had been patronized by several of the Crowned Heads of Europe) was about to honour Littlethorpe with a visit. Not that, in an ordinary way, the proprietor of this regal show would have deemed Littlethorpe worthy of such a distinction; but, as he took care to give out, it was a convenient halting-place between two important centres. Therefore, with the triple object of resting his horses, holding a couple of full-dress rehearsals, and affording the inhabitants a treat of a life-time, he decided upon a one-day's sojourn. On their part, the public in general displayed a due appreciation of his laudable intentions, and prepared to accord the show a vociferous welcome.

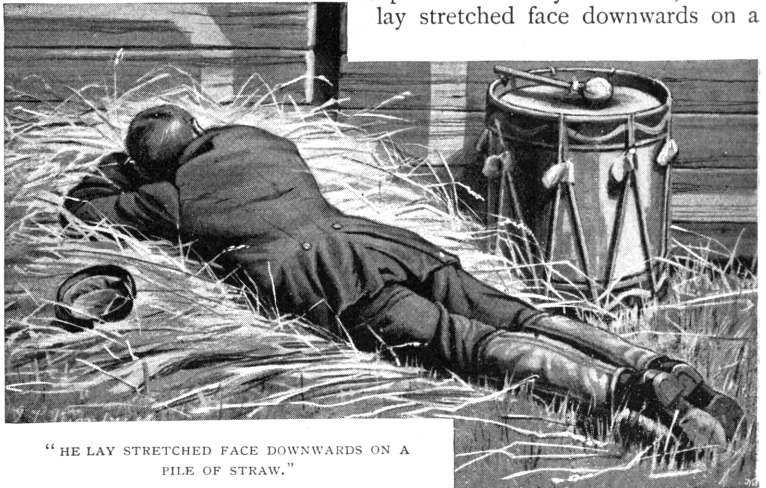
In the early hours of the morning the great, cumbrous waggons, plentifully begrimed with mud, rumbled through the streets, and filed off one by one towards the market-place. The faded pictorial embellishments which adorned the sides, representing riderless horses careering through the air, and ladies—whose fantastic garbs somewhat reminded one of the natural characteristics of an ostrich—alighting on the bare backs of the fiery steeds, evoked much wondering comment among those who witnessed the procession from the neighbouring windows.

By ten o'clock two enormous tents, one circular, the other oblong, were

struggling to maintain their upright position in the face of a pretty stiff breeze, which threatened every moment to level them to the ground. Strings of horses, spotted and speckled like the patriarch Jacob's kine, were led down to the river, followed by an enthusiastic and admiring crowd. The members of the equestrian troupe wandered off through the town in search of breakfast; and, judging by the roar after roar that came from the zoological section of the show, an erstwhile king of the forest was clamouring loudly for his.

Punctually at noon the grand mid-day procession set out to parade the streets, in all the splendour of gold and silver tinsel, waving banners, and tawdry finery; accompanied by the blare and crash of a brass band. The market-place was deserted save for one or two swarthy attendants, who lounged in and out of the tents. Occasionally, above the distant strains of the band, could be heard a frantic shout of delight from the multitude who witnessed the procession.

The oblong tent was set apart for the menagerie. Inside, the close, fetid atmosphere seemed to have a very drowsy effect upon the solitary custodian, for he lay stretched face downwards on a



"HE LAY STRETCHED FACE DOWNWARDS ON A PILE OF STRAW."

pile of straw in the corner, his head pillowed upon his arms. The great breadth of back, the girt and sinewy hardness of his powerful limbs, proclaimed him to be a veritable Hercules. He was none other than the renowned and much-advertised lion-tamer, Signor Petro Farrelli: otherwise, plain Peter Farrell.

At the further end of the tent stood a long cage, capable of being divided into two compartments by means of a sliding barrier. It contained the lions. Gaunt, skinny, hungry-looking brutes they were, the bones sticking out sharply through their tawny hides. From end to end of the cage they moped, in a ceaseless, monotonous tramp, like restless spirits who know no peace. Every minute or so one of them would rear up his head suddenly and glare through the bars, as if contemplating an imaginary crowd, and then resume his weary round.

The Polar bear seemed to vie with them as to the extent of ground he could cover, but the brown specimen sat upon his haunches looking decidedly mournful and out of sorts. Signor Farrelli slept through it all. An occasional growl or a snarl did not appear to disturb the quietude of his slumber. But when the two hyenas became engaged in a lively discussion over the thigh-bone of a horse, he raised his massive head, and glowered around the tent with sleepy eyes.

With a sudden twist of the body he rolled over on his back, and for some minutes lay there contemplating the fluttering canvas overhead. Then he indulged in a mighty yawn, shook himself, and sat upright. In a listless sort of way he plucked a straw from the heap, and began toying with it indolently. His manner was thoughtful and preoccupied; it almost seemed as if he had something on his mind—something, perhaps, which had been suggested to him in his sleep.

Having given the matter, whatever it was, five minutes' grave consideration, he dismissed it with an impatient "Pshaw!" and sprang to his feet. Lounging across the tent, he went up and stood before a cage which contained the latest addition to the menagerie. It was a black panther, a full-grown specimen of this somewhat rare variety, known to be the most ferocious of the whole species. Farrelli had been trying his hand at taming the brute; but as yet, though his reckless daring often prompted him to foolhardy feats, he had never ventured into the cage for more than a second or two at a time.

Striding up and down, with the stealthy, gliding motion of a cat, the fierce beast kept

its head persistently turned towards the man, and regarded him with savage, blinking eyes. With his face close to the bars, Farrelli watched every movement of the animal, as if each had a significance which he alone understood. Then he seemed to drop back into a reverie; and in this fit of abstraction he commenced striking idly at the panther with the straw in his hand.

A loud shout outside, the cracking of whips and rumble of waggons, announced the return of the procession. The lion-tamer swung round on his heel, and stalked off to prepare for the afternoon performance. As he moved away, the black panther stood still, with head erect, and glared after him in a way that suggested implacable hatred.

An hour or so later, the tent was densely packed from end to end. When Farrelli appeared on the scene, armed with his short whip, and marched boldly up to the lions' den, the hush of awe fell upon the spectators. He proceeded to lash the cowed brutes round and round the cage, made them leap through hoops of fire, and perform other surprising feats, all of which elicited shouts of applause from the multitude. The display wound up with what was designated "a lion hunt," in which there was a tremendous flashing and banging of pistols, and a wild skurry on the part of the beasts to get into the corners.

When it was all over, and the tamer had backed out of the cage, the manager mounted the steps to address the crowd. He extended a cordial invitation to all present to attend the performance that evening, promising them that, among other marvellous attractions, they would witness an extraordinary and unique feat of daring on the part of the celebrated Signor Petro Farrelli. He so worked upon their curiosity, there was scarcely a man or woman in the assembly who did not resolve to avail themselves of the opportunity, even if it cost them their last sixpence.

In the interval, after the animals had been fed, Farrelli wandered into the deserted tent, and again approached the cage of the black panther. Somehow, it seemed as if an irresistible impulse drew him to that spot. It was growing dark now, and in the gloom he could just distinguish the red glare of the creature's eyes as it crouched down in a corner.

"Hallos! Signor Petro," cried someone behind him. "Taking stock of that beauty, eh?"

Farrelli turned round sharply, and found himself face-to-face with the ring-master, Mark Radford, the only member of the

whole troupe with whom he was upon any sort of intimate terms.

"You're not afraid of him, are you?" continued Radford, pointing to the dark recess in which the panther lay.

"Afraid? No!" returned Petro, contemptuously. "I've got the mastery over him already; I can quell him with my eye. Besides," he went on, vehemently, "if he cuts up rough, I could strangle the brute before he had time to get his claws into me. Oh, no; it isn't the panther I mind: but——"

"But what?"

"I'm afraid of *that* woman!"

"What woman?"

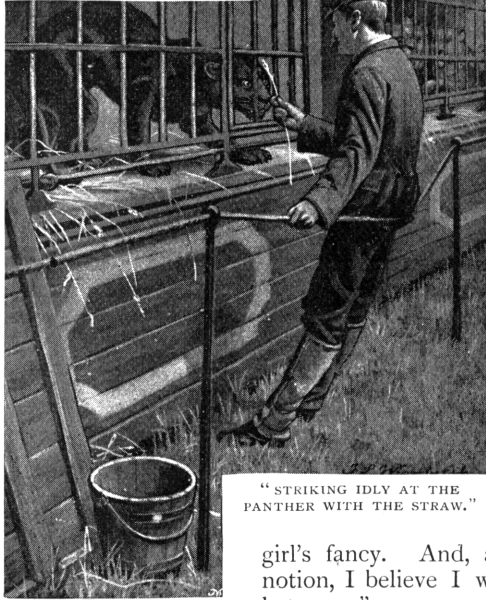
"Come outside, Mark," said Farrelli, taking his friend by the arm, as if impelled to confide in him. "I'll tell you the whole story right off, and then you can judge whether I have cause to feel a bit uneasy about the panther."

They strolled out of the tent, arm in arm. Two or three flaring naphtha lamps, suspended from poles, threw a broad fringe of light around the entrance, glimmering faintly upon a row of intent, eager faces in the background. The two men turned aside, and wandered off into the darkness. When they came to the low wall which bounded the market-place, Farrelli stood still and listened. Then, as if assured that they were alone, he seated himself upon the edge of the wall, and commenced his story.

"You remember that fellow Vallard, Mark?" he said, with a seriousness that convinced the other there was some startling disclosure coming.

"Should think I do," replied Radford; "'Rowdy' Vallard, we used to call him. A good bare-back rider, but a desperately cantankerous, quarrelsome sort of fellow. He left us very suddenly, too; and no one seemed to know what became of him."

"Yes," muttered Farrelli, "that's so. Well," he went on, sternly, "you'll hear now what befell him. When we were running the show up in York last winter, I had the ill-luck



"STRIKING IDLY AT THE PANTHER WITH THE STRAW."

to fall foul of that man Vallard. It was about a girl. I had noticed her hanging around the circus for two or three days—wanted to become a rider, or something of the kind. I managed to strike up an acquaintance with her. She told me her name was Florence Mayhew, and bit by bit it came out that she had a sweetheart in the show. But for the life of me, though I kept nagging at her about it, I couldn't get her to say which of us it was. I thought of *you*, Mark; it struck me that a good-looking, six-foot chap like you was just the sort of fellow to take a

girl's fancy. And, as I brooded over this notion, I believe I was almost beginning to hate you."

"Stuff and nonsense, old man!" interposed Radford. "I never set eyes upon this north-country lass of yours to my knowledge."

"I know, I know," Farrelli replied, hastily. "I was mistaken: got on an entirely wrong scent. One night, when the performance was over, I set out for a quiet ramble through the streets. I wandered on through slums and alleys, until I got down close to the river.

"It was a dismal and deserted spot. As I looked around, I saw a man and a woman on ahead. I knew at once who they were—Vallard and Florence Mayhew. Her secret was out now; but I couldn't help wondering what she saw in that brute to attract her.

"They seemed to be wrangling about something. Suddenly they stopped short, as if to argue the matter out. While I stood watching them, I saw Vallard raise his hand to strike the girl. My blood boiled, Mark: the next second I was at his side, and flung him on the flat of his back in the mud. He got up and went for me furiously. We had a stand-up fight; and—well, he came off 'second best,' as we say in Ireland.

"When it was all over I turned towards the girl, half expecting she would throw herself into my arms or something of that sort. She gave me a look—you should have seen it, Mark—and flew at me like a tigress. Good heavens! I little guessed what a demon was in that woman! She screamed with passion; she tore at me savagely, and shouted that I had killed her sweetheart. I shook her off, and left them to square matters up between themselves.

"I took a smart turn of a mile or two along by the river, for I felt a bit ruffled, and wanted to walk it off. I was coming back slowly, not minding much how I went, when I came upon a huge pile of timber stacked up on the bank. Just as I passed, a man sprang out upon me with a knife in his hand. It was Vallard. He made a savage blow at me, but I managed to twist myself out of the way in the nick of time, and let him have a heavy right-hander in return.

"He dropped the knife and reeled back as if half stunned. His heel caught in a stray log; he tried hard to keep his feet, clawing the air with his hands as his body swayed out over the brink. Then, before I could reach him, down he went into the river!

"I rushed to the side and peered over. He must have gone to the bottom like a stone, or else the current whipped him away out of sight, for I never set eyes on him again. I tore up and down the bank, shouting for help, but there wasn't a soul within hearing. I stood still to listen for a cry from the drowning man. The only sound that reached my ears was the rushing and gurgling of the water.

"I gave up the search at last, and went home considerably sobered. The rest of that night I sat in my room thinking the matter out. I came to the conclusion there was nothing to be gained by making a fuss over it, and determined to keep my own counsel.

"A day or two later the girl turned up at the show, and began to make inquiries about Vallard. One evening I happened to meet her: she stopped and looked at me—and upon my word, Mark, I never got a worse look from any of those savage brutes over there. I believe she partly guessed that I had a hand in her lover's disappearance.

"Shortly after that we went on tour, and I was beginning to think I had got out of the mess uncommonly well. I never heard of Vallard's body being recovered; there was no mention of the affair in the papers, and

the whole thing seemed to have blown over quietly.

"One night—it was at Huddersfield, I remember—when I went into the tent, ready for my turn, the first person I laid eyes on was Florence Mayhew. What on earth brought her there, I wondered? She was standing in the front row, just like an ordinary spectator, but it was easy to see by her looks she had some special reason of her own for being present. All the time I was in the cage with the lions I felt that those dark eyes of hers were glued upon me. I didn't mind it much at first—thought it was only some strange whim on her part, for women sometimes take queer fancies into their heads, you know, Mark.

"But the very next night she was there again, watching me like that black panther did a while ago. The strange part of it was, she seemed anxious to avoid me the moment my performance with the lions was over. I couldn't for the life of me make out what she was up to; it worried me; and, to tell the truth, Mark, I didn't altogether like the look of it.

"We moved on to another town. Well, I was done with the girl now, at any rate, I told myself. Not a bit of it! She turned up at the evening performance, went through the same part, and disappeared. Next day the show was at Stalybridge; and Florence Mayhew was there, too. Night after night, no matter where we went, she came and stood in front of the lions' cage, never addressing a word to anyone, but watching me through the bars as if that was all she had to live for.

"I tell you, Mark, her presence there every night was beginning to have a queer effect on me. It was like that trick of letting water drip on to your hand: you think nothing of it at first—you feel quite sure you can stand it all right; but you cave in mighty soon, for all that.

"I was getting to dread that girl, because I know she had a grudge against me; and women generally have a queer way of revenging themselves. What she was driving at, what her motive was in following me about from town to town, was a constant worry to me. To be haunted in this fashion, without having the faintest notion of what it meant, is bound to tell upon you in the long run. I was completely in the dark: that was the worst of it.

"When this sort of thing had been going on regularly week after week, I felt that I must get at the bottom of it somehow. I sat



"DOWN HE WENT INTO THE RIVER."

down in the tent one night after the performance was over, determined to puzzle the matter out. Bit by bit I got at the truth. I understood the meaning of it all now; I saw what that she-devil was up to. Good heavens! Mark, it gave me a creepy sort of feeling in spite of myself. No one but a woman could have hit upon such an extraordinary way of gratifying her malice, and set about it in this cold-blooded fashion."

"What was it?" demanded Radford, with an eagerness which showed a deep interest in Farrelli's singular story.

"Just this: I needn't tell you that when a man steps in among the lions he requires to have all his wits about him. It is a ticklish business, no matter what people may say. Your eyes must be in each corner of the cage at the same time, watching every twist and turn of the brutes. If your attention should be drawn off for a single instant you

are done for! *And that is what the woman was trying to do!*"

He got off the wall, took his friend by the arm, and the two began pacing slowly up and down.

"If you had known her, Mark," he went on, thoughtfully, "you wouldn't wonder at her doing a thing of this kind. You see, it was an easy way of seeking to revenge herself upon me: all she had to do was to watch and wait. She must have felt that the very fact of keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon me night after night was bound to take effect sooner or later. And she was right. More than once I caught myself on the very point of looking round at her. I had to fight against the impulse; it was dragging at me from the moment I entered the cage—and every night it seemed to be growing stronger."

"What did you do to get rid of her?"

"Nothing. At first, in a sudden burst of rage, I made up my mind to wait for her outside the tent the next evening, and strangle her on the spot. Then something prompted me to fight it out with her, and not give her the satisfaction of knowing that she had got the better of me in any way. I have stuck to that ever since; and this silent, deadly struggle is still going on between that woman and myself. How it

will end, God only knows."

"But why the deuce don't you have her turned out?" cried Radford, vehemently.

"No, Mark," replied the other, with fierce decision; "I have pitted my will against hers; and, call it obstinacy, perversity—anything you like, but I won't budge from that. This thing is bound to run its course now, and will last until one or other of us caves in."

"Well, Peter, if I were in your place, I'd be long sorry to risk my life in this way, merely for the sake of spiting a woman."

"Perhaps so; but, my dear fellow, there are no two of us alike. After all, you must remember, Mark, it was by my hand her lover met his death—though it was done in self-defence—and I won't deprive her of the chance of requiting me for it, if she can. I can pretty well defy her so long as I stick to the lions only; I've got such a hold over the brutes by this time that I feel fairly at home

with them. But the first night it falls to my lot to enter one of the other cages, where I'm not at all so sure of my ground, and have to watch every twist of the tail, every blink of the eye, it will be quite a different matter then. That's the reason I don't feel easy in my mind about the panther. And do you know, Mark," he added, pulling his companion up suddenly, "it's a queer idea, but when I watch that creature prowling about his cage, it almost seems to me as if the woman had bewitched him. They both appear to regard me with the same deadly enmity: *he* looks at me exactly as *she* does."

"Peter," said his friend, sententiously, "you're not yourself, old man. You let this thing prey upon your mind too much. What you want is a good stiff dose of brandy. That will spirit you up, I'll be bound. So come along, and I'll administer the remedy."

The two men disappeared through the darkness, and did not return until they had to push their way through the surging crowd that swarmed around the tents. The band had already struck up; and, thrilled by its strains, the people fought desperately for tickets. Excitement and expectation were in the air; Stedman's grand show was about to display its many attractions.

Farrelli parted from his friend, and each branched off to their respective tents. The circus took the lead in the entertainment; but the moment it was over there was a rush for the menagerie. The crowd seemed to think that the best part of the performance was yet to come; for lions, tigers, and hyenas were not seen every day in Littlethorpe.

The spacious tent was crammed to its utmost extent. The dromedary came in for a good deal of attention, and the wily elephant fared sumptuously upon biscuits and cakes. The greedy little eyes of the monkeys gleamed with delight at the many hands stretched out with nuts, while the brown bear devoured buns with befitting solemnity.

In the midst of the merriment there was a sudden lull, the crowd began to sway and surge forward towards the rope which was stretched across the further end of the tent. All eyes were turned expectantly in the direction of the lions. Signor Farrelli appeared upon the scene, his tight-fitting costume displaying to advantage his massive chest, and the great swelling muscles of his powerful limbs.

He shot a keen, searching glance through the crowd in front; and then, with a jaunty air, stepped briskly into the cage. He was

greeted with a roar that shook the tent, and made the spectators feel they were getting good value for their money. The lashing and scramble commenced; the lions growled and sulked, but Farrelli drove them round with his whip, and sent them backwards and forwards through the hoops. The burning of red lights and flashing of firearms followed, at the conclusion of which the tamer emerged triumphantly from the cage.

The event of the evening was now about to take place. The spectators were prepared for something with a strong dash of danger in it; something that could be talked over with wonder and admiration for months afterwards.

The manager mounted a stool, and with a hand on each hip, proceeded to announce:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, Signor Farrelli will now perform a feat of daring hitherto unattempted by any tamer in Europe or America. In the cage to the left you see a specimen of the fierce black panther, or jaguar, an animal which, in its native state, roams the tangled forests of South America in search of its prey. Signor Farrelli will enter the panther's cage in your presence, and thereby demonstrate the dominion which man is capable of exercising over the most ferocious of the brute creation."

The assembly cheered; Signor Farrelli bowed. He whispered a few words to the manager, and moved away towards the cage. The panther was prowling up and down, watching the crowd with a sort of wondering interest. As Farrelli approached, the beast paused in the midst of a stride, and glared at him defiantly. The tamer mounted the steps fearlessly, the spring lock of the wicket clicked, and the next second he had slipped into the cage.

With a savage growl the panther whisked round and crouched against the opposite wall. At one side stood the man, erect, motionless, undaunted, in the full consciousness of his mighty strength and indomitable will; at the other the infuriated beast cowered, its body quivering with rage, the small ears laid flat with the head, and the tail flapping against the floor.

The spectators kept perfectly still, and looked on with bated breath. It almost seemed as if a sound—a motion—would break the spell which held man and beast apart. The tension was so great that even a stifled exclamation might cause it to snap.

Suddenly there was a slight movement in the centre of the crowd, and a woman pushed her way to the front. Those who were closest

to the cage saw a strange look appear at that instant upon Farrelli's face : he grew deathly pale ; his features twitched convulsively ; and for one half-second his eyes were withdrawn from his enemy. It was enough ! The spell

the throat. The panther struck him full on the chest, the savage claws were dug into his flesh ; then, with a crash, man and beast went down, and rolled together on the floor.

A shudder ran through the horrified crowd ; the women screamed and fainted ; the men pressed forward towards the ropes, with white, agitated faces, as if fascinated by that deadly encounter. Two attendants came running up with heavy iron bars, sprang into the cage, and rained blow after blow upon the panther's head. They succeeded in separating the combatants ; the beast, dazed and half-strangled by that awful grip, was driven back into a corner, while the man rose from the floor and staggered out of the cage.

That Farrelli had come in for a severe mauling was only too evident. His clothes were torn into shreds, his mangled arm hung by his side, the blood flowed freely from the numerous gashes in his chest ; but, standing erect, he faced the crowd with a fierce and determined aspect. His angry eyes swept through the swaying throng, flitting from one white face to the other as if in search of that relentless enemy of his.

But the woman was gone. From that hour she passed out of his life, never to trouble him again. When he failed to discover her

was broken : with a terrific roar the panther shot into the air !

Farrelli saw it coming : saw the great jaws extended, and the gleam of the fierce white teeth. On the spur of the moment he thrust his left hand into the gaping mouth, while with his right he gripped the brute by

in the crowd, his head suddenly drooped, and he leaned heavily upon his friend Radford, who had hastened to his assistance.

"Well, Mark," he whispered, grimly, as he limped away, "she has had her revenge, you see. We are quits now ; and—I forgive her !"



"MAN AND BEAST ROLLED TOGETHER ON THE FLOOR."

Cricket and Cricketers.

THEIR OPINIONS ON PLAYERS AND PITCHES.



WITH the tide of cricket enthusiasm sweeping over the land, with a heavy fixture list to be gone through, excitement will this season run high. Discussion will, no doubt, wax hot in athletic circles upon the respective merits of players individually, county teams, and even the different grounds patronized. Such has been the case, year after year, in the past; such will be the case in seasons to come. From the opinions we append, however, a fair estimate of the various phases of the game may be obtained. Mr. W. G. Grace, it will be observed, is not included in the series of those who have been interviewed. He, in the issue of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* of August last, gave his opinions so fully that a reiteration is unnecessary.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

Mr. A. C. MacLaren was induced to spare a few minutes from his scholastic duties at Harrow.

"Who are the best amateur batsmen?" he queried, in part reply to a question. "I should say Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. L. C. H. Palaret, and Mr. F. S. Jackson amongst the amateurs. The professionals? Oh, Abel and Ward. Both are blessed with the necessary patience, and their defence is very strong. I have, however, a great opinion of J. T. Brown as a batsman on any wicket, and his inability to add to his reputation last season I put down to his want of a rest. Brockwell, too, is sure to come to the front again. Gunn I should leave out of my list, also Shrewsbury. The former, although by no means done with, I reckon as having passed his prime, and the latter has practically finished his first-class cricket. Hayward,

however, should not be overlooked. He has played himself into quite the front rank.

"Bowlers? Mr. C. L. Townsend and Mr. F. S. Jackson I consider to be the two best of the amateurs. The former is very tricky and can disguise his break, and I have always thought the Yorkshire amateur a much better bowler than most people imagine. Mr. C. J. Kortright, too, appears to be more reliable than Mr. S. M. J. Woods, although he does not get exactly the same class of batsmen to contend against. Then there is Captain Hedley. He is very difficult to play upon a sticky wicket. Of the professionals, I look upon Richardson as little short of a marvel. For dogged determination he is not to be

beaten. I should say Peel comes next to the Surrey man. He has lost none of his old cunning, and upon a nasty wicket there is not a bowler who can make better use of it or find out the batsman's weak points quicker than he does. Briggs on a soft wicket is as clever as ever, but if he has a fault it is displayed in a tendency to feed the batsman too much. On a hard wicket Mold is one of our finest bowlers; Pougher is quite in the front rank; Hirst has improved considerably, and Davidson is most persevering. Lohmann I thought was just as difficult when I played against him last August, and I have the highest opinion of Mead.



MR. A. C. MACLAREN.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

"Who should I class as the hardest hitters? Mr. E. Smith and Mr. H. T. Hewett, and F. H. Sugg and Bean. Baker also possesses a fine free style. An All England eleven? Well, that is a difficult thing to suggest, but on last season's form, I should take Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. F. S. Jackson, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. C. L. Townsend, with Ward, Abel, Lilley, Richardson, Peel, and Pougher.

Mead has perhaps a better claim than the latter, but Pougher has always proved very successful against the Australians. Cricket of late years has greatly improved. Indeed, there appear to be more fine cricketers to-day than there ever were before. University cricket, however, appears to have deteriorated somewhat lately, judging from the small number of University men who play cricket in the vacation. County cricket, however, is very different to playing almost the whole of your matches upon your own ground and amongst your own friends."

Then in conclusion Mr. MacLaren gave his opinion upon that much-debatable question, the choice of innings.

"When the wicket is at its worst," was his remark, "and the glass is high, with no prospect of rain, I should always make a point of putting the other side in. It is generally admitted, however, that it is a risky proceeding to put your opponents in first. A wet wicket, of course, is an easy wicket, the ball coming along straight and true, but keeping a trifle low. On an occasion like this, no captain would think twice about going in to bat."

MR. C. W. ALCOCK.

Mr. C. W. Alcock, as secretary of the Surrey C.C., has been brought into personal contact with the leading players for years past. Asked his opinions upon the leading batsmen, he hesitated not a moment in mentioning the names of Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. A. C. MacLaren, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and Mr. L. C. H. Palairet as being in the front rank of the amateurs, and Shrewsbury, Abel, and A. Ward amongst the professionals.

"And who should you class as the best wicket-keeper?" was asked Mr. Alcock.

"Of the amateurs, I should say Mr. McGregor," was his reply. "That is,

of course, when he is fit and well. Last season he injured his hand, and was, consequently, not seen at his best. Of the professionals," he continued, "Lilley or Storer, with Wood, are about the best. And bowlers? Richardson, of course, and Mold, of the fast bowlers; and Lohmann, Mead, Briggs, Peel, and Tyler, of the slows. Messrs. Kortright and F. S. Jackson and Captain Hedley are, in my opinion, the best of the amateur fast bowlers, and Mr. Townsend of the slows. The latter varies his pace considerably, and is able to make the ball break back in either direction."

"Which bowler would be the best, from a wicket-keeper's point of view?"

"Well, personally, I should prefer Richardson to Mold of the fasts. He is not so bumpy, and there is a greater certainty in knowing where the ball is coming. Of the slow bowlers, a wicket-keeper has only to learn their peculiarities. Some are naturally easier to take than others, but every wearer of the pads and gloves has his favourite.

"No, I cannot say I think the 'class' of the game has gone back. I think we are equally as good, taken all round, as we ever were, and our best eleven should defeat the Australians on almost every occasion. We have, however, profited considerably from

the lessons taught us by the Colonials. Blackham standing up to such a bowler as Spofforth, for instance, without a long-stop, was a revelation. University cricket I don't think will vary much, but I do not see there is any difference in the class of player turned out by either. Of the various grounds in the country, I should say Brighton is the easiest. It is a very fast wicket, dry and open, and the bowling of the county has not been quite so good as might have been desired of late years."



MR. C. W. ALCOCK, J.P.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

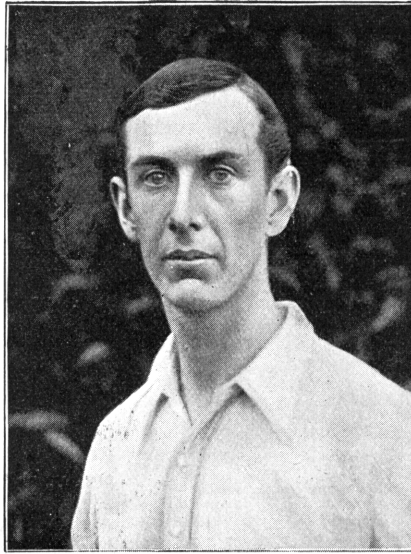
MR. G. O. SMITH.

Mr. G. O. Smith is of opinion the University cricket begins and ends too soon. "Of course," was his remark, "this cannot be helped, as the season must take place at the same time as the term. Yet this must always be a drawback to the game at the Universities. Many men do not get into form until the term is nearly, if not quite, over. Besides this, the 'Varsity Eleven has to be chosen chiefly from the first few practice matches in the Parks, such as the Eleven v. Sixteen, etc. If a man has not got into form by then, or does not happen to come off, he has practically lost all chance of distinguishing himself. A player is very rarely tried because of consistent form in college matches; he must, therefore, do well in the Parks at the beginning of the season, if he is to get his 'Blue.' The college cricket matches are always keenly fought out and enjoyed by both sides. Their restriction, however, to two afternoons very often necessitates a drawn match. This is perhaps a pity, although it would be difficult to make a different arrangement."

Upon the subject of winning the toss, Mr. Smith says: "Take first innings, whether on a dry or a wet wicket. It is very seldom we find this rule departed from, and then not always with success. If, however, the wicket is damp, but not very wet, and there is a strong, drying sun and every prospect of fine weather, then to put one's opponents in may be the right thing. Under all other circumstances, take the first innings."

In a comparison of players, the old Oxford "Blue" would select Messrs. W. G. Grace,

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MR. G. O. SMITH.
From a Photo. by Symmons & Thiele.

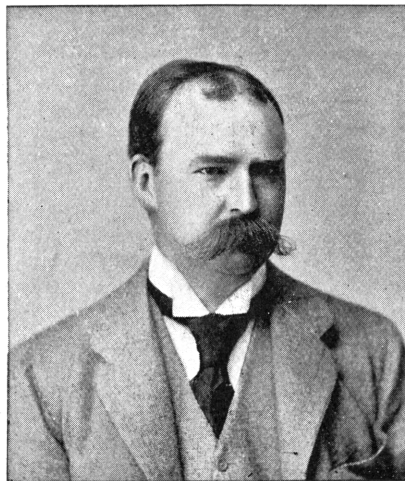
MacLaren, Ranjitsinhji, Abel, Ward, and Shrewsbury as the best batsmen, with Messrs. C. L. Townsend and S. M. J. Woods, and Richardson and Mead as the bowlers. Sir T. C. O'Brien and Messrs. S. M. J. Woods and E. Smith, and Sugg and Maurice Read he considers to be the hardest hitters. Brighton and Lord's he particularizes as his favourite grounds, and Messrs. W. G. Grace, Stoddart, MacLaren, McGregor, Jackson, with Richardson, Mead, Briggs, Abel, and Mold would be some of his selections for an All England Eleven.

MR. K. J. KEY.

"University cricket is the backbone of the amateur cricket world." So said Mr. K. J. Key, the Surrey captain, when questioned upon the subject. "If matches with the Universities were not to be considered first-class, then county cricket as a game for amateurs would receive its death-blow. It would become, as Association football now is, at the mercy of professionals only. University cricket has certainly shown a revival during the past two or three seasons, although the bowling is still weak. Personally,

I do not think the class of the game has gone back in the least during the last twenty years, but other teams have improved all round.

"The 'Varsity Elevens have therefore to compete each year with more complete and organized opponents, instead of the scratch teams they opposed ten years ago. Then take cricket in general. It has improved enormously. The class of professional has also become much better, as the pay is better, and as so many more matches



MR. K. J. KEY.
From a Photo. by J. Chaffin & Son, Taunton.

are played in the season. This means they are enabled to earn much more, and consequently competition is much keener. The grounds are better, and the bowling has to be much more accurate, and as a result of this the general public take much more interest in the game. Australian cricket? I consider it is perfectly marvellous, considering the small population, the absence of professionals, who devote the whole of their time to the game, and the small number of matches played. As a matter of fact, they average two days a week at the most there, while here every first-class cricketer would be playing five days a week. African cricket, I should say, is not very good. How should I proceed upon winning the toss? If the wicket was sticky and the glass was rising, and if there was little fear of more rain, I should put the other side in. In any other case whatever I should go in first."

In conclusion, Mr. Key remarked that Messrs. F. S. Jackson (captain), Stoddart, W. G. Grace, Townsend, and Ranjitsinhji, with Richardson, Abel, Peel, Storer, Mold, and A. Ward, would be his choice for an All England team. Mr. A. E. Stoddart and Abel he considered the best amateur and professional batsmen; Mr. F. S. Jackson and Richardson the best amateur and professional bowlers; and Brighton the easiest ground, although it was run closely by Gravesend, if the state of the wicket was not considered.

MR. G. L. JESSOP.

The play of Mr. Gilbert L. Jessop for the Gloucestershire County Eleven last season was a revelation to many of the most sanguine supporters of the "county of the

Graces," as it has been aptly named. For free, fearless hitting it would be hard to surpass the young Anglo-Australian. He is equally as good in the field, and, taken all round, formed last year one of the most reliable members of the team. Chatting upon the subject of cricket a few weeks ago at Cheltenham, Mr. Jessop expressed an opinion that Mr. W. G. Grace was still the best of our amateur batsmen.

"And who would you class as the leading professional?" was asked him.

"Albert Ward, certainly," was the reply; "he is equally as good in offensive or defensive play. Of the amateur bowlers," continued Mr. Jessop, "I should say Mr. C. L. Townsend would occupy the premier position. Richardson would do the same amongst the professionals."

"And who are the hardest hitters?"

"Amateurs or professionals?"

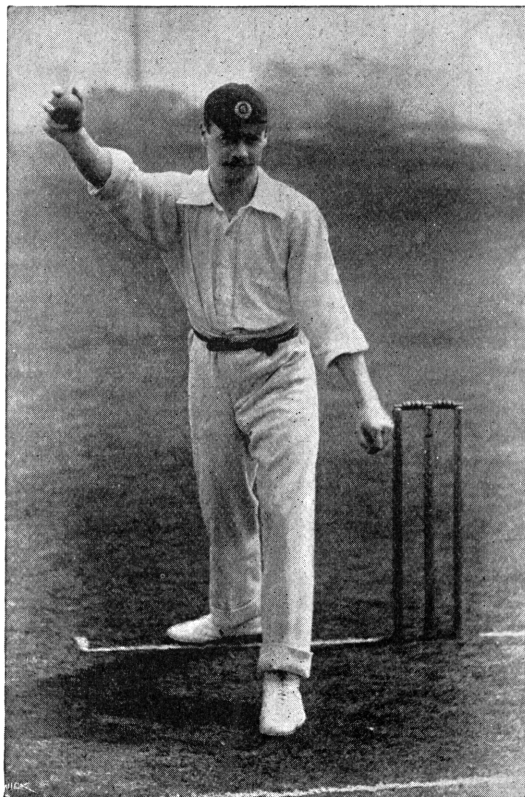
"Both."

"Well, Mr. S. M. J. Woods" (this with a smile) "and Tunncliffe. Of the various grounds I have played upon, I should say Brighton was the

best and easiest upon which to score runs."

"And now for an All England Eleven, Mr. Jessop?"

"Mr. W. G. Grace first. Then Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. A. C. MacLaren, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and Mr. C. L. Townsend, with Ward, Lilley, Richardson, Davidson, Pougher, and Brown. In conclusion, I may say that as regards the choice of innings, supposing I were fortunate enough, as captain, to be successful in the spin of the coin, if the wicket was wet, and there was no chance of its drying under the influence of the sun, I should go in. If there was any probability, however, of the wicket getting



MR. G. L. JESSOP.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

caked, I should put my opponents in. On a dry wicket, I should invariably go in first if I was afforded the opportunity."

MR. A. P. LUCAS.

Mr. A. P. Lucas, the Essex cricketer, expressed an opinion that Mr. W. G. Grace



MR. A. P. LUCAS.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

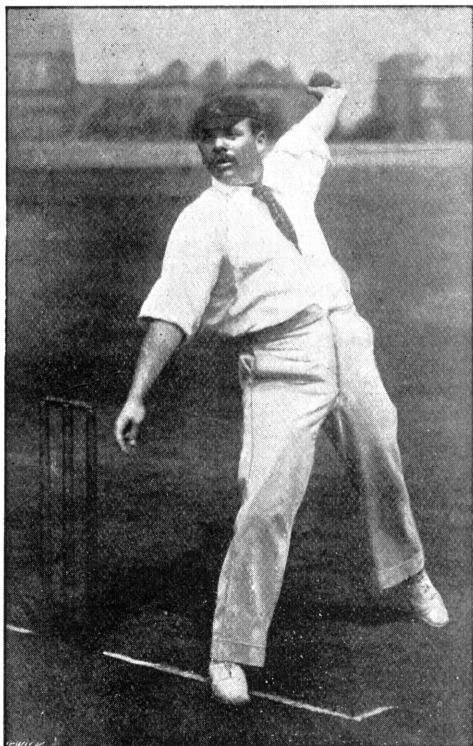
still continues to be the best amateur batsman, and Abel the leading wielder of the willow amongst the professionals. Questioned respecting the bowling abilities of several of the leading players, he, taking the form displayed through last season as a guide, awarded the palm to Mr. C. L. Townsend and Tom Richardson respectively. Mr. Lucas was then taken through several other phases of the summer pastime.

"When in form," was his remark, "Mr. H. T. Hewett is the most powerful hitter, and, I should say, next to him would come Mr. C. E. De Trafford. Which do I consider the best county ground? I should say Brighton is the best wicket and the easiest upon which to secure runs. As regards an All England team, it is a difficult matter to select such an eleven, but Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. C. MacLaren, A. E. Stoddart, F. S. Jackson, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. L. Townsend, with Abel, Ward, Richardson,

Lilley, and Peel, would constitute a formidable side. With respect of the game itself, I certainly consider cricket has greatly improved of late. There are several reasons why this should be so. Two are that players take a keener interest in the game from a county point of view, while the grounds are much better than was the case in former years. I have little to say about how I should proceed in the event of my winning the toss. I should almost invariably go in first, whether the wicket was dry or very wet. If, however, the wicket was drying slowly after a lot of rain and under a hot sun, then I *might* put the other side in, but it would only be under exceptional circumstances."

J. BRIGGS.

"Johnny" Briggs, as he is familiarly named, the Lancashire County, All England, Anglo-African, and Anglo-Australian cricketer, considers that with so many first-class players, amateur and professional, it would be a matter of the greatest difficulty to say definitely who was the best. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that the game is improving season by season. "The reason for this," says Briggs, "is there are so many



J. BRIGGS.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

at the public schools and Universities who are anxious to secure their 'Blues,' that a high standard is reached and maintained. Speaking of an All England Eleven," he remarked, in answer to further questions, "it would be quite possible to select one side, and then, perhaps, you might be able to find another team that would possess an equal chance of winning a match. Of course, when it comes to All England *v.* Australia, the eleven should be selected upon their form alone, and without any prejudice or bias being imported into the matter. The easiest scoring-ground in England, I should say, would be found at Brighton—that is, speaking of first-class cricket alone. The choice of innings? Well, you must consider the spin of the coin often wins or loses a match. The general rule is to go in if you win the toss. There are times, naturally, when you may put your opponents in first with good results. A good, true, dry wicket is certainly better to bat on than any other.

You have only to ask slow bowlers if I am not correct in my assertion. We have, at the present time, so many good pitches, that it would be invidious to mention any particular ground."

MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.

"The leading amateur and professional batsmen," replied Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, in reply to a query, "are, in my opinion, Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. C. MacLaren, L. C. H. Palairet, F. S. Jackson, H. T. Hewett, J. R. Mason, and H. W. Bainbridge, with Abel, Gunn, Hayward, Albert Ward, Shrewsbury, Davidson, Brown, Brockwell, and Tunnicliffe. I should say the leading amateur and professional bowlers are: Messrs. C. L.

Townsend, S. M. J. Woods, C. J. Kortright, F. S. Jackson, C. B. Fry, Captain W. C. Hedley, and Richardson, Peel, Mead, Lohmann, Briggs, and Mold. The best ground for run-getting? Either Taunton or Brighton. In an attempt to select an All England team I should say Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, F. S. Jackson, A. C. MacLaren, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. L. Townsend, with A. Ward or Abel, Richardson, Peel, Lilley, and Davidson.

"Cricket at the Universities? Well, the season there is so short that many players who may come up from their various public schools with big reputations frequently have no chance of showing their real form. They may be unable to do themselves justice during the first three weeks or so, the result being that the term is over and the team selected before they have an opportunity of recovering themselves. Consequently, it is by no means a certainty that the best cricketers secure their 'Blues.' The number of first-class



MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

cricketers who have been to Oxford and Cambridge and have never secured their 'Blues' is a proof of my assertion. Cricket, however, in my opinion has improved considerably of late. More money and trouble are expended on making good grounds, and almost every club has a professional attached, by whose means a young player who has shown signs of aptitude is coached up in the game. At public schools, too, there is always one master who takes a keen interest in the cricket of the school, and who spends his leisure time in coaching the boys. All this has a beneficial effect on cricket, and assists in the improvement of the game."

Then, to a concluding question respecting the most powerful hitters of the day, Mr.

Leveson-Gower, without the slightest hesitation, remarked he should form a quartette of Messrs. S. M. J. Woods and J. J. Lyons, with Frank Sugg and Tunncliffe as the professionals.

ALEC HEARNE.

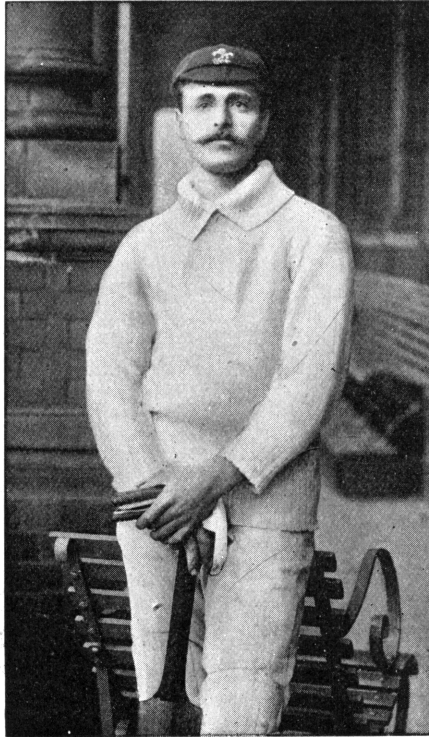
Mr. W. G. Grace, in Alec Hearne's opinion, is undoubtedly the best of the amateur batsmen, and A. Ward of the professionals. Of the bowlers he is inclined to consider Mr. C. J. Kortright and Mr. C. L. Townsend as the leaders, fast and slow, with Richardson (fast) and Mead (medium) as representatives of the "professors." Upon the subject of hard hitters, Hearne has no hesitation in classing Mr. C. I. Thornton as the most powerful wielder of the willow ever seen. These opinions paved the way to further conversation upon cricket generally. "The best ground?" remarked the popular professional. "That is a very difficult question to answer. There are so many; but I think the Birmingham, Trent Bridge, Taunton, and Brighton are the best pitches I have played upon, with Gravesend as the easiest upon which to score runs. University cricket? That is, of course, first-class, with the exception of their bowling, which is often very tame. If the latter were but up to the standard of their batting and fielding, they would lose very few matches. Cricket all round, however, has greatly improved of late. Some of the reasons for this are because we have better wickets, keener play, and greater competition.

"Australian cricket, I think, should rank next to English. Their best teams were the 1880, 1882, and 1884 elevens. African and American cricket is improving rapidly. My opinion is that in about a couple of years' time they will be enabled to send across elevens good enough to compete with any of our first-class counties. Choice of innings? If you win the toss, of course you inspect the wicket, and if it is wet you should put your opponents in but seldom. When the wicket is caking, however, and on a fine, fast-drying day, then you might put them in to bat first. Upon a dry wicket always put your opponents in the field—and keep them there as long as you can."

In answer to a closing question, Hearne suggested, as some of the members of an All England team, the names of Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, L. C. H. Palaret, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. C. MacLaren, with Ward, Abel, Richardson, Lohmann, and Lilley.

From these opinions it appears that Mr.

W. G. Grace maintains his position as the premier amateur batsman of the day. Honours are easy with one or two of the amateur bowlers, although there is a preponderance of opinion in favour of Mr. C. L. Townsend. Brighton is admittedly the easiest ground for run-getting, while, upon the whole, the class of cricket has, and is, improved. Not the least significant of the opinions are those respecting the opportunities of University players who may desire to secure the much-coveted "Blue."



ALEC HEARNE.

From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

The Romance of the Museums.

V.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



AMONG relics with histories must certainly be mentioned Mr. Tracy Turnerelli's famous Beaconsfield wreath, whereof a photograph is reproduced below. Turnerelli's great idea was to get up a workman's penny subscription as a tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's policy, which brought about "peace with honour," after the famous Congress of Berlin.

The plan was, that each county or large town was to be asked to furnish the cost of one leaf, on the back of which the name of the place contributing the leaf was to be engraved. From calculations he had made, the famous crank found that the cost of each leaf would be about £5, and thus, that each leaf would represent the subscriptions of 1,200 working men. Many humorous questions and doubts were started by the critics of the scheme. For one thing, said some, the "Conservative working man"

has no existence outside Lord Beaconsfield's imagination. But Turnerelli proved the contrary. For no fewer than 52,800 working men readily paid their pennies. The wreath was then ordered of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, the well-known jewellers of Bond Street, and it is really a fine piece of workmanship. The wreath cost £500; and, as a matter of history, this is important, because the amount subscribed was only £220, which shows that more than half the money must have come from some

source other than the workmen. This wreath, which is now in Madame Tussaud's Museum, and was photographed for me by Mr. Edwin J. Poyser, the managing director, has thirty-four leaves of different sizes, and on the back of each leaf is engraved the name of the town that subscribed for it. The largest bear the names of London, Oxford, Norwich, Sheffield, Accrington, Leamington, Greenwich, and Birmingham—all these being of equal size. Some towns gave much smaller leaves; and in several cases three or four towns combined to give one leaf. Thus a little one was provided by the united subscriptions of Holywell, Leicester, Hertford, and Heyward.

When completed, this wreath was put on show, first at the rooms of the makers and afterwards at the Crystal Palace; and it was also shown to the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. When everything had been arranged for its

presentation, Lord Beaconsfield, to the amazement of everyone, declined to have anything to do with it. Of course, this refusal was the subject of much comment, and many reasons were assigned for it. Turnerelli's own explanation was that, according to a high legal functionary, the wreath was a typical Imperial diadem, which could only be legally offered to a Sovereign, and that, therefore, its acceptance by Lord Beaconsfield would be an insult to the Crown.



THE "TURNERELLI" WREATH.



THE "HOUSE FULL" SLAB OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN CIRCUS.

Beaconsfield's letter to Turnerelli, declining the wreath, is dated June 16th, 1879; and the disappointed man sold it to Tussaud's for the mere intrinsic value of the gold. Mr. John T. Tussaud assures me that Turnerelli inserted an advertisement in the papers magnanimously proclaiming that all those who had contributed could have their pennies back *if they wrote to him for them*.

A curious relic of Roman civic life is seen in the above reproduction; it is an ancient circus placard found at Porto Portese (Lanuvium). This is a thin oblong slab of stone, about 3ft. long, the upper corners being pierced with holes for cords, so that it might be hung outside the theatre to warn late arrivals that there was no room within. This is evident from the inscription, which may be thus freely translated: "Circus packed." "Uproarious applause." "Doors shut."

Now, obviously, we have here the prototype of the "House full" boards, hung outside our own theatres, not so much for the convenience of late comers, as to advertise the "big business" that is being done.

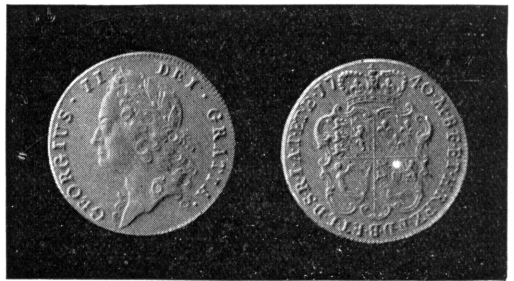
A very interesting fact in connection with this inscription-slab is that it was specially reproduced in platinotype last December so as to form a Christmas card, which was sent across the Atlantic by the staff of the Lyceum Theatre, as a mark of the esteem and respect in which they held their distinguished chief, Sir Henry Irving.

There is a capital story connected with the fine guinea seen in the accompanying illustration, for it is closely associated with an historic wager, made in the House of Commons between Pulteney and Sir Robert Walpole. On February 11th, 1741, Sandys informed Walpole in the House that he should on the following Friday bring an

accusation of several articles against him. The Minister at once rose, thanked him for his notice, and after requesting an impartial hearing, declared he would not fail to be "in his place," since he was unconscious of having committed any crime. So saying, Walpole laid his hand on his breast, and exclaimed, "*Nil conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpa.*"

Pulteney at once got on his legs, and remarked that the right hon. gentleman's logic and Latin were equally faulty; he had mangled Horace, who had written "*Nulla pallescere culpa.*" The Minister defended the quotation, and Pulteney repeating his assertion, he offered to back himself for a guinea. The challenge was accepted, and Sir Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, was nominated arbitrator. Hardinge decided against Walpole, whereupon the guinea was instantly thrown to Pulteney, who caught it, and held it up to the House, exclaiming: "This is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last."

The photograph reproduced is from this



THE PULTENEY-WALPOLE GUINEA (WON OVER THE ONLY BET EVER MADE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS).

identical guinea, which Pulteney deposited in the Medal Room at the British Museum, with an autograph memorandum narrating

the circumstances of the bet, and saying one or two nasty things about the loser. "This guinea, I hope," concludes Pulteney, priggishly, "will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning."

Few objects in the British Museum have such romantic histories as that which attaches to the Moabite Stone, a cast of which is here shown. This world-renowned stone is nearly 3,000 years old, having been erected by Mesha, King of Moab, in the year 890 B.C., as a commemorative offering to his god Chemosh, for delivering him from serious trouble. King Mesha recorded his tardy victories in the Phœnician language; but he could have had no idea how his alien posterity would fight over the slab—which, by the way, was set up at a place called Dibon, to the east of the Dead Sea, where it was discovered in 1868 by a Prussian missionary, the Rev. Augustus Klein.

One day the son of the sheikh, with whom Dr. Klein was staying, told him of a certain mysterious stone with an indecipherable inscription. Of course, the reverend gentleman inspected this stone without delay, and copied a complete alphabet from the inscription; then he found himself compelled to resume his journey. The value of the find was at once perceived by the experts to whom Dr. Klein showed his copy of the writings, and the Arabs were immediately approached on the subject of its purchase.

Now, the Arabs, like the keen business men they are, and ever have been, immediately put a fancy price on the stone; the Franks could have it, they said, casually, for a paltry *thousand pounds!* Furthermore, the rascals pointed out gravely that a blight on their crops, and numerous other agricultural misfortunes, could not possibly fail to descend upon them the moment the sacred stone had disappeared from their midst.

The Grand Vizier interposed, but was defied, and eight months' fruitless negotiation followed. At last a fair price was paid to the local sheikh, who promised to get the stone safely away. But he had reckoned without his subordinates, who at the last moment declared, without the least semblance of regret, that the slab should not be removed.

The French Government next arrived upon the scene in the person of a scientific representative (M. Ganneau), who vainly offered the assembled Arabs a big price.

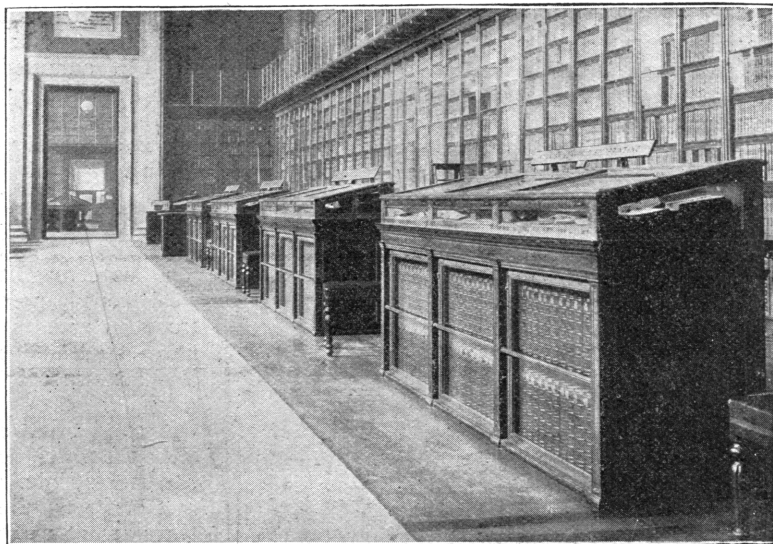
Well, then, might he take an impression of the inscription? They would see; but in the meantime he must do nothing. The Frenchman did take a few impressions, however, whereupon the Arabs grew furious and all but destroyed his wax tablets, finally giving him a wholly unlooked-for "impression" in the shape of a sword-thrust in the back as he fled from their dangerous proximity. After this exciting affair the Arabs broke the Moabite stone in pieces, distributing the fragments as charms among the chief families of the district. Crushed and torn as were the impressions of the inscription taken by the French envoy, M. Ganneau, they were yet decipherable, and proved of inestimable value in piecing the fragments together subsequently; for

M. Ganneau did succeed in buying up these fragments, with the assistance of Captain (now Major-General Sir Charles) Warren; and the famous stone was then restored and presented to the Louvre by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

In my opinion, the most extraordinary printed work in the British Museum is the Chinese Encyclopædia, part of which is shown in the illustration. That this monumental work is a library in itself will be evident from the fact that it was published "complete in 6,109 vols." The Museum



CAST OF THE MOABITE STONE.



THE CHINESE ENCYCLOPÆDIA (PUBLISHED IN 6,109 VOLS.).

authorities, however, have bound it up into a modest thousand, arranged in ten table cases, at the south end of the King's Library. Anyone wishing to look up a subject in this Encyclopædia simply asks one of the courteous assistants for "The Koo Kin T'oo Shoo Tseih Ch'ing—Pekin, 1726," and the exact position of this mine of Celestial knowledge will at once be indicated.

The eminent Orientalists who discuss this work cannot have a particle of humour in their composition. "The historical and literary encyclopædias of China," says one, oracularly, "form a marked feature" (*sic*!) "in every library in that country." I should think they do, indeed. "If Chinese literature contained nothing else," declares another philological enthusiast, "it would be worth while to learn the language in order to read it"—*i.e.*, this *magnum opus*. But does the professor think, poor finite, our lives resemble Tennyson's immortal brook?

It seems that the Koo Kin, etc., is an improved edition of the Wän Heen Tung Kaou, by Ma Twan-Lin. One learns that the new edition—which was small—owes its appearance to the Emperor Kien-Lung (1735–95), who, probably, dictated it aloud—hence his name—though this latter statement is by no means certain. And, of course, I need hardly say that the supersession of Ma's work was by no means intended as a slight upon that distinguished personage.

Everything about this Encyclopædia was of great value—especially the type, which was of copper, and cast specially for the new

edition. Before long the Chinese Government—"yielding," as we are deliciously informed, "to a severe monetary crisis"—ordered the copper type to be melted down and made into innumerable "cash." I learn further that "there are very few copies in existence, and it is but rarely that one finds its way into the market." "Copies" is good, considering the 6,109 volumes; and one marvels

how a copy "finds its way" anywhere without a special train.

Babbage's Calculating Machine, part of which is shown in the next illustration, would require a whole volume to do its marvellous history anything like justice; and, indeed, such a volume exists, written by Major-General Babbage, son of the famous inventor, who was kind enough to come from Cheltenham to these offices for the purpose of giving the writer really authentic details concerning what was unquestionably one of the sensations of the nineteenth century. In the year 1819, Babbage really commenced operations by taking a number of wheels to a wheel-cutter at Lambeth to have the teeth cut in them. Towards the end of July, 1823, the inventor commenced upon the Difference Engine which is the subject of the illustration, and he worked on it for four years regularly, with the result that in October, 1827, he had spent £3,475. The very first Difference Engine made, however, was put together between the year 1820 and June, 1822; it consisted of from six to eight figures. A bigger and more perfect engine was afterwards commenced in 1823 for the Government.

The latter—which our artist has photographed—was to have six orders of differences, each consisting of about twenty places of figures; it was also intended to print the tables it computed. In 1827 Babbage's wife died, and he was advised to travel on the Continent, being in a low state of health. He left the drawings, however, in order that

the work might be carried on in his absence, and he also gave his banker instructions to advance £1,000 while he was away. In the beginning of 1829 the Government directed the Royal Society to inquire into the machine, and the Administration also directed that a fireproof building should be constructed in East Street, Manchester Square, close to Babbage's house, No. 1, Dorset Street, in which it was intended to place the machines when finished. One day, early in 1832, finding he could no longer make payments in advance, Babbage informed the engineer in charge of the works that in future he would not pay him until money was received from the Treasury. Thereupon, the mechanician struck work and dismissed his men; one of these, in receipt of two guineas a week, was afterwards the famous engineer, Sir J. Whitworth.

Babbage's troubles had just commenced. His best draughtsman came to him one day and said he had just received a tempting offer from the French Government; whereupon his tortured employer had to give him a substantial increase of salary in order to retain his services. After the strike of the inventor's men, years of delay and anxiety followed, Babbage applying repeatedly to the Government for its decision upon the subject; but in vain. Notwithstanding that the Difference Engine was suspended, this indomitable man still continued his inquiries, and, having discovered principles of far wider extent, he ultimately embodied them in the Analytical Engine; both machines can be seen on application at the South Kensington Museum. For upwards of twenty years Babbage maintained, in his own house and virtually at his own expense, an elaborate

establishment for carrying out his views. He died at his London house on October 18th, 1871; and Sir Robert Peel admitted in the House of Commons, in March, 1843, that although £17,000 had been spent by the Government on the machine, Babbage himself had never received a shilling.

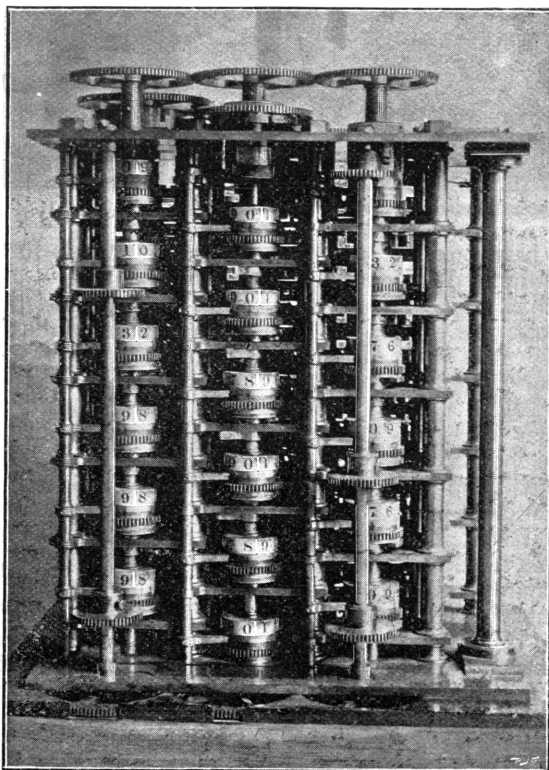
And yet the invention was not wholly valueless. An eminent and wealthy manufacturer of Manchester came to London and saw this machine, and, on inspecting it closely, he found mechanical contrivances which he subsequently introduced with the

greatest advantage into his own spinning machinery. Of course, even after the machine had been definitely cast adrift by the Government, a vast amount of interest was taken in it by the public. Many members of both Houses of Parliament were very fond of putting puerile questions to the inventor. "Pray, Mr. Babbage," cried one of these ancient dandies, "if you put the wrong figures into the machine, would the right answer come out?"

The fame of Babbage's Calculating Machine spread to the ends of the earth. Count Strzylecki once

told Babbage that the Chinese inquired after it. The guileless Celestials were anxious to know whether the machine could be carried in the pocket. The inventor assured them, however, through his Excellency that "it was essentially an *out-of-pocket* machine."

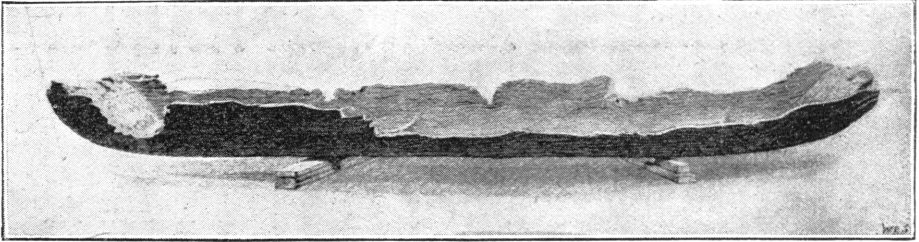
The Difference Engine seen in the above illustration was not exhibited in 1851. Its loan was refused to New York, and also to the Dublin Exhibition of 1847. It was, however, exhibited in the Exhibition of 1862, but space for its drawings was refused; and that the authorities had a low opinion of the thing will be evident from the fact that pay-



THE DIFFERENCE ENGINE OF THE BABBAGE CALCULATING MACHINE.

ment of 6s. a day for a competent person (formerly Babbage's secretary) to explain the mechanism was refused by the Commissioners. General Babbage, the inventor's son, assured me that Wellington, when Premier, went to Lambeth to personally inspect the machine, and having seen it at work—for

side of the entrance. This is a pre-historic "dug-out" canoe, more than 35ft. long, which for generations served as a bridge to connect two big meadows at North Stoke, about three miles above Arundel. In all probability this seared oak-trunk would still be serving its very useful purpose, were it not for certain

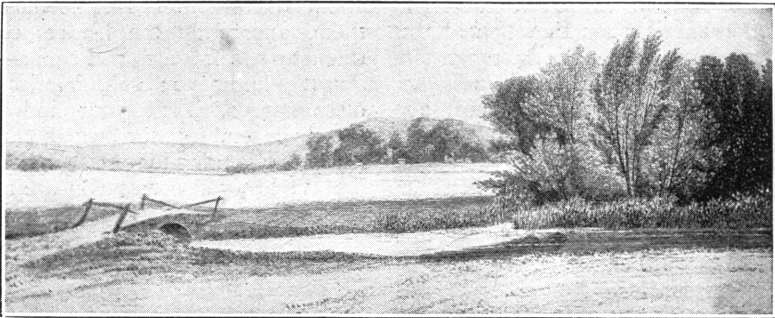


PRE-HISTORIC CANOE WHICH DID DUTY FOR MANY YEARS AS A BRIDGE.

it is quite perfect in its way—he directed the Chancellor of the Exchequer to arrange further grants, his idea being that the calculating part should be finished first, in order that there might be something of real value to show to Parliament in return for the money of the nation. General Babbage further assures me that when the machine was abandoned, it could, in his opinion, have been entirely completed for £500.

It is scarcely correct to speak of the next article as being *in* the British Museum, the fact being that it lies underneath the great colonnade of that famous institution, on one

improvements carried out by the Lord of the Manor, Lord Egremont, of Petworth. Much of its length was buried in either bank of the creek it spanned, consequently the workmen did not at first realize how tough was the job they had tackled. It took eleven horses with chains and ropes to drag the canoe-bridge from its bed; and then it was noticed that three equi-distant bars had been left, partly to strengthen the bottom, and partly also to serve as footholds for those who worked the paddles. This canoe may be safely regarded as a relic of the aboriginal Britons, wrought before or soon after the arrival of the Romans among them.



THE STREAM BETWEEN TWO MEADOWS FORMERLY SPANNED BY THE ABOVE CANOE.



THE ANT MOUNTAIN

A STORY FOR
CHILDREN.

FROM THE GERMAN.



HERE was once a most beautiful maiden named Viorica. Her hair was of a golden hue, her eyes were blue as the heavens, her cheeks like milk, her lips red as cherries, and her slight, graceful form was supple as a reed. All mankind rejoiced when they beheld the beautiful maiden, but not so much on account of her surpassing loveliness as because of her great industry, and her exceeding skill in weaving and in all kinds of embroidery.

All her linen, her dresses, and even her Sunday stockings she had embroidered with flowers. Her little hands could not rest for a single moment; she worked whilst walking in the fields and meadows, as well as in the house. All the young men were in love with the beautiful Viorica. She, however, paid no heed to them; she did not wish to hear of love or marriage; she had no time for that, she said, she must look after her mother.

But the hour at length arrived when her mother fell ill, and all Viorica's love was unable to chain her to the earth. The beautiful maiden had to close the beloved eyes, and was left all alone in the little house now so desolate. For the first time in her life, Viorica's little hands lay idle in her lap.

How could she work? She had no longer anyone to work for.

One day, shortly after her sad loss, she was sitting on the doorstep looking sorrowfully out into the distance, when her attention was attracted by something long and black that moved rapidly over the ground towards her. She looked with curiosity at the moving mass, and saw it was an endless procession of ants. From whence they came she could not discover, the wandering host stretched so far. At a short distance from the cottage they halted, and formed an immense circle round about the astonished maiden. Several of them, apparently the leaders of the host, then stepped forward, and said:—

“We know you well, Viorica, and have often marvelled at your industry, which closely resembles our own, a thing we very rarely find among mortals.

“We know also that you are alone in the world, and therefore beg you to come with us and be our queen. We will build you a palace that shall be larger and more beautiful than any house you have ever seen, only first you must promise to remain with us all your life long, and never again return to dwell among men.”

“I will willingly remain with you,” replied Viorica; “I have nothing to keep me here except my mother's grave; that I must visit from time to time to plant it with fresh flowers.”

“You shall certainly visit your mother's grave, but you must speak to no one on your way, otherwise you will be untrue to us, and our vengeance will be terrible.”

So Viorica went away with the ants. They journeyed on for a long time, until at length they reached a place where it seemed suitable to build her a palace. Then she saw how much less skilful she was than the ants. She could never have erected such a building in so short a time. There were galleries one above the other leading to spacious rooms, and ever higher and higher: at the summit of the building were the rooms for the larvæ, who had to be carried out into the sunshine, and brought in again swiftly should rain-drops threaten. The bed-chambers were adorned in the most costly manner with the leaves of flowers, which were nailed to the walls with the needle-like leaves of the fir-tree; and Viorica learned to spin cobwebs; these formed the carpets and the coverings for the beds.

But though all the rooms in the palace were beautiful, their beauty was as nothing when compared with the apartment destined for Viorica. Many passages led thither, thus in a few seconds she could receive news from every part of her kingdom, and these passages the industrious little ants daily strewed with the leaves of the crimson poppy to form a rich carpet for the feet of their beloved queen. The doors were rose leaves fastened together by a silken thread, so that they might open and shut without noise. The floor of Viorica's chamber was covered with a soft, thick carpet of forget-me-nots, into which her rosy feet sank, for she did not need shoes here: they would have been much too rough, and would have spoilt the beautiful carpet. The walls were covered with carnations, honeysuckle, and forget-me-nots, cleverly woven together; these flowers the ants also constantly renewed, and their freshness and sweet perfume were almost overpowering. The curtains were of the leaves of lilies, spread out like a pavilion; the couch which the diligence of the little ants had stored up in many weeks' work was composed entirely of the dust of flowers, and over it was spread a coverlet of Viorica's spinning. When she lay there wrapt in slumber she was so beautiful that the stars would have fallen from Heaven could they have seen her. But the ants had placed her chamber in the centre of the palace, and guarded their beloved queen most closely and jealously. There was not one of them would have ventured to look on her while asleep.

In the ants' little kingdom everything was most perfectly arranged. Each ant strove to do more work than the others, and to be the

one who should best please the industrious queen. Her orders were carried out with the rapidity of lightning, for she never required too much at a time or ordered impossible things, while her commands were issued in such soft, gentle tones that they sounded more like suggestions or kindly advice, and one sunny glance from her bright eyes was deemed by all a more than sufficient reward for any amount of toil.

The ants often said they had the sunshine continually in their house, and exulted much in their good fortune. To show their gratitude to Viorica they built her a platform, where she could enjoy the fresh air and sunshine should her room feel too small and close. From thence she could see the height of the palace, which already resembled a mighty mountain.

One day as she sat in her chamber embroidering the wings of butterflies on a dress, with the silken thread of a caterpillar that the ants had brought her, she heard a noise about her mountain. It sounded like the noise of voices, and the next moment all her subjects were crowding around her alarmed and breathless.

"Our house is being destroyed!" they cried. "Wicked men are knocking it down. Two, three galleries are already destroyed, and the next is threatened. What shall we do; oh, what shall we do?"

"What, nothing more than this?" said Viorica. "I will stop this immediately, and in two days the galleries will all be rebuilt."

Saying this, she hastened through the labyrinth of passages and suddenly appeared on her platform. Then she beheld a handsome youth, who, having dismounted from his horse, was busily engaged destroying the ant mountain, his attendants assisting him with swords and lances. On seeing her they at once stopped their work, while the handsome youth, half-blinded by her beauty, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed in admiration at the slim figure in shimmering garments that stood before him. Viorica's golden hair fell in thick masses around her feet; a soft flush overspread her features, and her eyes gleamed like the stars. She lowered them for a few seconds before the youth's admiring gaze, but at length, raising her lids, she opened her rosy mouth and said, in a musical voice:—

"Who is it dares lay insolent hands on my kingdom?"

"Pardon, gracious maiden!" cried the astonished youth; "I am a knight and a king's son, but henceforth I will be your

most zealous defender ! How could I guess that a goddess, a fairy, ruled this kingdom ?”

“ I thank you,” replied Viorica. “ I require no other service than that of my faithful subjects, and only desire that no human foot should enter my kingdom.”

With these words she disappeared suddenly, as

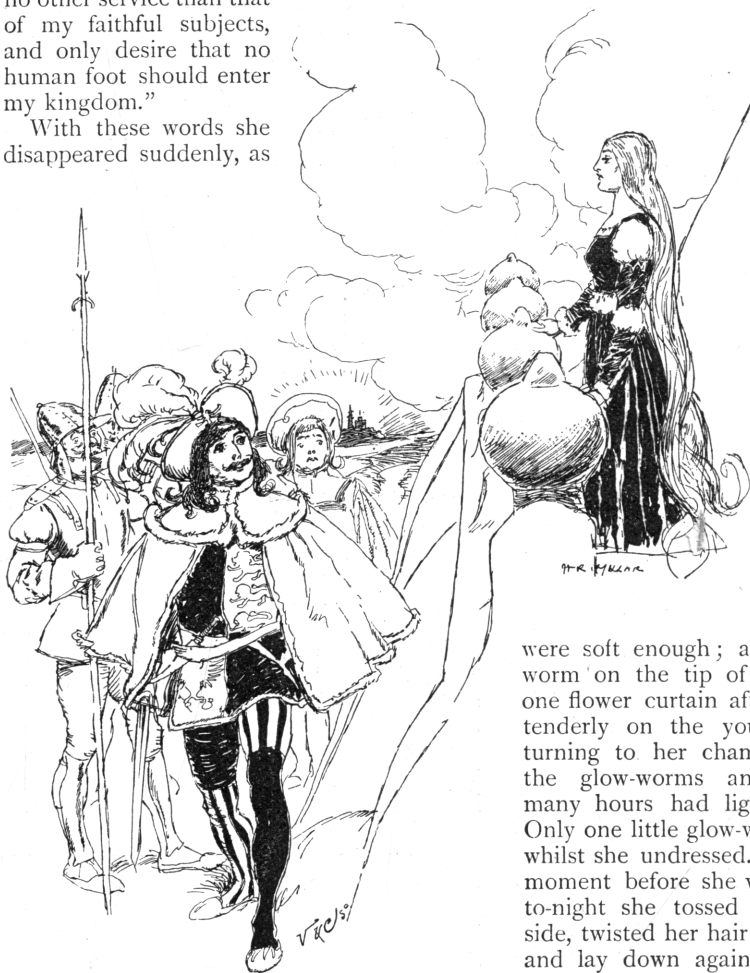
would willingly have trodden under foot in his anger and impatience, for although he questioned them it seemed they either did

not hear or did not understand his words, but continued their work and ran quite boldly about his feet, as if certain of their safety. At length, in despair, the prince mounted his horse and plunged into the forest, where he rode about all night trying to devise a scheme by which he might win this most beautiful maiden for his wife.

Viorica always lay down to rest later than her subjects; she used to look after the larvæ herself every night, and feel if their little beds

were soft enough; and so, holding a glow-worm on the tip of her finger, she raised one flower curtain after another, and looked tenderly on the young brood. Then, returning to her chamber, she dismissed all the glow-worms and fire-flies which for many hours had lighted her at her work. Only one little glow-worm remained with her whilst she undressed. Usually it was only a moment before she was sunk in deep sleep; to-night she tossed restlessly from side to side, twisted her hair round her finger, sat up and lay down again, and then she was so warm—oh ! so very warm ! She had never before found there was too little air in her kingdom. Now she longed to hasten out into the open air, but feared she might be heard and her evil example infect others. She had already, pressed by her subjects, been obliged to pass many a hard sentence, and to banish ants from the community on account of forbidden wanderings; she had even been compelled to sentence some to death, and to watch with bleeding heart whilst they were pitilessly stung to death by the others.

The next morning she was up before any of the ants, and astonished them by building up one of the galleries alone. That she had at the same time looked out into the forest, and also listened a little, she did not even



“ WHO DARES LAY INSOLENT HANDS ON MY KINGDOM ? ”

though the mount had swallowed her up; those outside did not see how all the ants came crowding round to kiss her feet, and then led her back in triumph to her chamber, where she resumed her work as quietly as though nothing had happened. The king's son remained standing before the mountain like one lost in a dream; for a whole hour he did not stir, or even think of remounting his horse. He still hoped that the gracious queen would reappear, even were it with reproving look and word, so that he might once more behold her. But he waited in vain. Ants came in endless crowds, all eagerly striving to make good the damage that he in his youthful gaiety had caused. These he

know herself. She had scarcely returned to her chamber, when some ants came running in in great consternation : " The wicked man of yesterday is here again, and is riding round our mountain."

" Leave him alone!" said Viorica, the queen, quite calmly. But the heart of Viorica the gentle maiden beat so loudly she was obliged to draw a deep breath.

After this a noticeable unrest took possession of her; she wandered about much more than formerly, complained that the larvæ were too little in the sun, and carried them out herself, but only to bring them in again just as quickly; moreover, she often contradicted herself when giving her orders. The ants could not tell what had happened to her, and exerted themselves doubly to make everything good and beautiful; they also surprised her with a new and magnificent curtain, but she scarcely looked at it, and quite forgot to praise.

The tramp of horse's feet could be heard daily round the mountain, but for many days Viorica did not show herself.

She was now seized with a longing for the society of mankind such as she had never before experienced. She thought of her village, her little home, her mother, and her mother's grave that she had never visited.

A few days later she told her subjects that she intended visiting her mother's grave, whereupon the ants, terrified, asked if she were no longer happy with them that she remembered her home.

" Oh, no," said Viorica, " I shall only be away for a few hours. I will be with you again before nightfall."

She forbade any of them to accompany her, but a few ants followed her at a distance without her noticing them. Arrived at the village, she found every place so altered that she knew she must have been away a long time. She began to reckon how long it would have taken the ants to build the great

mountain in which she dwelt, and she told herself that it must have taken years. Her mother's grave was no longer to be found, it was so overgrown with grass, and Viorica wandered about the churchyard weeping bitterly because this also had grown strange to her. Evening came on, and still poor Viorica sought for the grave she could not find. Then close beside her sounded the voice of the king's son. She wished to flee. But he held her fast, and told her of his great love in such soft and tender words, that, with bent head, she stood still and listened.

It was so sweet to hear once

more a human voice speaking of love and friendship. It was only when darkness had quite fallen that she remembered she was a queen forgetting her duty and not a forsaken orphan, and that the ants had forbidden her to hold any communication with mortals. Swiftly she fled from the king's son. But he followed her until they came quite close to the ant mountain, when she begged and implored him to leave her. This he at length consented to do, but not



"THE WICKED MAN IS RIDING ROUND OUR MOUNTAIN."

until she had promised to return the following evening.

She crept in softly and groped her way carefully along the narrow passages, but often paused and looked round anxiously, for she seemed to hear strange sounds, as of a swift tripping and whispering all around her. It was, however, only the anxious beating of her own heart; for as soon as she stood still all was quiet. At length she reached her chamber and sank exhausted on the couch; but no sleep visited her eyes. She felt she had broken her promise, and how could she be any longer respected since her word was not sacred? She tossed restlessly to and fro. Her pride revolted against secrecy; still she hesitated to reveal her adventure of yesterday, for she knew the ants, their fierce hatred, and their pitiless punishments. Oftentimes she raised herself on her elbow, and always she seemed to hear the swift tripping of many thousand feet: it was as if the whole mountain were alive.

As soon as she felt the approach of morning, she raised the flower curtain to hasten out into the open air. But how astonished was she when she found the opening completely blocked up with the needle-pointed leaves of the fir tree. She sought a second, a third, and so on all the openings; but in vain, all were alike entirely filled up. Then she began to call aloud, and, behold! immediately, through many thousand invisible openings, the ants came in in crowds.

"I wish to go out into the open air," she said, sternly.

"No, no," replied the ants, "we cannot let you go out, else we should lose you."

"Do you then no longer obey me?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, in all things except this one. You may tread us under your feet as punishment: we are ready and willing to die for the welfare of the community. The honour of our beloved queen must be preserved at all cost."

Viorica bent her head, and tears streamed from her eyes. She implored the ants to give her her liberty; the stern little creatures silently, and with one accord, departed, and she was left alone in the sweet-scented

chamber. Oh, how poor Viorica wept and lamented, and tore her beautiful hair; then she began with her delicate fingers to tear her way out, but, alas! all that she tore away was as swiftly rebuilt, and, at length, she threw herself on the ground baffled and exhausted. The ants then returned, bringing her the sweetest flowers, nectar, and dewdrops to quench her thirst,

but of her complaints they took no notice. Fearing that her lamentations might be heard by the king's son, the ants built the palace ever higher and higher, until at length it became a mountain that towered far above all the mountains around, and it received the name of the Ant Mountain, which name it still retains.

The king's son has long since ceased to wander round the mountain, but the unfortunate maiden has never ceased to weep, and when the stillness of night reigns over the forest, the sound of Viorica's weeping may be heard to this day.



"IT WAS SWEET TO HEAR ONCE MORE A HUMAN VOICE."

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